



Trees

Centuries have passed,
but firm they still stand
as timeless fragments,
vulnerable, yet vigorous.

They sway loudly
in the calm breeze,
stand exposed
in the bitter cold,
graciously extending themselves
out to the world –
reaching out to me,
reaching out to you.

But do we care to listen
to their screams in the wind?
Do we notice how they weep in the rain,
burn as we bask in their shade
that will be no more if care is not taken
to cherish the trees behind the fruit.

Centuries have passed but
how much more will they see?

Jennifer Aniboh
May 2023