

14 ♦ Poetry

A Lumbering Soul

David Rhodes

Trees standing sentinel, inanimate in deep slumber,
unaware of death approaching, a drop in their number.

A whirring in the distance, the shrill shriek of gears;
death comes one closer, life shortened by years.

A cabinet soon to be, dragged up from the valley,
one less tree now standing, add *that* to the tally.