

What the trees have seen

A long time ago, I hope you remember, you dwarfed me and were young like me.

You cared to water me and made sure I grew straight and tall.

You got older, I grew taller.

You sought out my shade on a hot day.

You carved out your name and your sweethearts name into my bark to show your ability to love.

You built make believe forts among my branches.

You built highways that were once trails, homes, and shopping malls in among me only to supply your greed and domination.

Although I provide the very air you breathe, you still knock me down.

You have waged wars among yourselves. Dropped countless bombs, burning me. All for who is right and who is wrong or to gain a social or world dominance.

As these events continue, I will outlast you, the ones you don't knock down.

In the end, I will dwarf you in many ways.

-Troy A. Liberty, 12/20/2018.

HCC, Class of 2016