

Just Another Forest

By Robin Lipinski

Choked canopy of vegetation, vying for the attention of the Sun.
Reaching high as they can grow, banded together for protection against winds of change, of doubt,
only seeing the sky.
Beneath these old, cranky, branches lay a sterile ground,
Void,
Void,
Void,
A desert for life as not even rain can reach the parched soil,
Soil raped of nutrients to feed the whims of the tree.

Season after season, all the same.
Winter darkness they slow down but even in their stubborn position in life, they never change.
Standing as if they were masters of their domain, yet rooted in stand,
Never listening,
Never moving,
After all, they are all trees.

In younger years, they had glory.
Children played while their parents watched.
Birds and squirrels lived their lives, until the forest aged.

It all seems one sided, such are stories as these, but though they were hundreds of years large with
knowledge,
All things,
Change...

From where they were headed, towards the sky above, it fell.
Lightning shattered and scattered,
Soon there was flame.

What took centuries of angst to create, was burned in a day.
Leaving behind a barren wasteland of ash,
Lifeless,
Or so it may seem.

Sunlight could now reach the soil while rain mixed it to mud.
And new growing grass found the ash fertile soil fantastic,
Yes,
It was change.

In only a short time, a new arrival to the scene.

A single lodge pole pine,
Seed freed by the heat of the flame,
Sprouted and grew strong with new ideas,
Things will never again be the same.

This poem I talk of is about the forest,
Or is it?
Maybe it is about critics and writers,
Or then again,
It could be about me.

The End