Screaming Oak

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Cover Page Footnote
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Words on a page never had any meaning to me,
translucent remains of baby oak maybe maple in between each line.
Stretching black and thick across centuries of memories only
to be acknowledged by the swaying leaves which
hurry to escape the martyr
of missionary migrant workers who
are taking away nature’s color to feed the written language
of many nations.

Without a voice, no human can hear the screams of pain belched
from the root of a stump freshly sawed at its core;
when the earth shakes, the trees cry.

What once housed a family of five is now
Recycled over and over.
Theory says to preserve and protect;
nature argues the difference.

All of nature’s beauty
all of the refreshing resources taken for granted
are now fading out.