

TREES

By Lucy Wood

Life is like a tree,

Swishing in the wind.

It's like turning the page,

When you age.

Always going on and on and on,

Screaming this will never end.

Until your mortality hits,

Like deforestation.

You go through seasons,

Never quite the same,

Always going on and on and on.

Until your mortality hits.

Like deforestation.

As you grow and go,

Your roots go deeper.

Does any of this matter?

When in the end,

You'll be forgotten?

You could have it all,

Until your mortality hits.