

## Broken Promises, Broken Trees

by Leila Bolster  
November 7, 2013

As I look over the charnel of the fallen trees  
the piles of broken limbs  
the rotting leaves  
the mud bog on the road  
I say, "What for?"

Is it worth the loss of beauty  
to do our duty  
The pittance paid?  
Does it equal our need  
or  
Was it just greed?

The golden chantrels are gone  
Lying prone the shelt'ring trees  
No more whistling bird song  
Higher winds, not gentle breeze

Neighbors angry for  
Trees cut on their land  
I was promised happy neighbors  
This is something I can't stand  
Now they want to sue  
What do we do?

Golden light shines through  
The skeletal remains  
Vivid sunset new view  
Somehow shoots renew  
Young trees are nurtured by the rain

What to plant in churned-up soil  
Where Divine Gardener sowed  
Now we're faced with new toil  
Re-treing empty soil owed.