

LOGGING THE TREES

Buzzing of chain saws
Crashing of trees
My eyes rain and sorrow grows
For I cannot hear the breeze,
The sound of precious silence
Pierced by calling birds,
Whirring humming bird wings
Cry of the fawn and chatter of squirrels
Dew water dripping to forest floor
drowned by the raucous sound of commerce.

Those innocent sound makers
That weave a melody through my precious silence
Are made homeless
The golden mushrooms trampled by logger's feet
The bills are paid, but my heart is bereft
For I have lost something sweet.

Oh take me away from this carnage
Take me to the forest deep
Where loggers can never find me
And woodland creatures creep
Take me to oceans crashing on quiet sandy shores
Take me away to healing
For my heart is sore.

Leila 10-24-2013