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If I Were a Tree

Kyle Boehm

John Carroll University, kboehm24@jcu.edu

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If I Were a Tree

Kyle Boehm

I would spread my roots into the highest
mountain. My leaves would swell and swivel, catching every last
drop of the Sun's showers. My perfectly chiseled bark would
house
the fluffiest squirrels and the smallest ants. My branches would
dance with the birds
as they sang their morning songs.
The rain would drip and drop from
my highest perch to my lowest root.
My neighbors would follow suite
attempting to be the great tree I am.

Nothing can knock me down.
Not the wind nor winter.
No one can cast a shadow over my canopy. Not the oaks nor
shrubs.
I am king of the mountain!

If I were a tree I would feel
the splintering of the axe.
The buzzing of a saw would
cause my roots to shudder.
The yellow beasts would rip
me from my home, their steel
prongs ushering me into a mass
grave. My neighbors and house guests
would lay next to my decaying greatness.
The blistering black smoke casts a shadow over me. If I were
still standing, I would
be king of a barren waste land.