

## If I Were a Tree

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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.