

A Rich Man's Forest

The father of the forest awakens
to a wasteland
where the concrete colored clouds are weighed down
by the tears trying to escape.
Below, growing from the rich soil
are sickly yellow-brown weeds
coughing out for fresh air.

With one swift strike of a scythe,
the father of the forest falls.
The gloomy blooms with the last of their withering
petals have been wisped away by the wind.
They plead with the man in the business suit,
“Haven't you taken enough?”

His corporate cackle croaks in their ears,
as the birds sing a funeral hymn.
The last bit of greenery greedily held
tightly in his palm.
Defaced with a dead man's portrait.