

Tree Friends – August 3, 2021 – by Angie Trudell Vasquez, Madison Poet Laureate

Talk grows deep in bereft woods

no human hands to mold or trim limbs.

Tree friends decide “The People” are worth saving.

They call to the gusts their desires

and off go tiny helicopters.

Off go robins carrying seed.

Forests take over farm fields.

Thirsty limbs stretch to creeks.

Gossip in the wood root web say

hill cousins spring where land was stripped.

Children run under boughs.

Leaves wind in wind currents.

Folks do not mind scat squirrels, birds leave.

Trunks bend sway, leaf whispers meander:

maybe the Earth will not fade

if we keep weaving shade, and people can nap

under our branches on clear sky fair days.