

**Tree in the forest**

Gusty winds blowing my  
Yellow, Green, and Red  
Children  
Off my arms  
While humans want them gone

My kids dying off  
Every year  
Crippled, Wrinkled  
Flying face first  
Out of my reach

Black claws  
Like a pitchfork  
Injuring my kids  
Taking packs of them at a time  
In big brown leave bags

Curling, Crying  
Dying  
Off my arms,  
Out of my reach  
Into the murders hands

-Timmy Donahue, Dylan Coe