

Memory

I watch from my perch, high above them. Below the people embrace, they fight, they play and run. Above, I am trapped, I call out to them with a voice they hear but cannot comprehend. I was once one of them, now I am transformed, trapped in this new form where to escape is all I wish for.

Each night brings the chill, I remember what it was to be a person, to run and play. I remember that the sun will rise again, but as the dark descends and the chill creeps into me and those that surround me, we cry. We forget for those hours in the dark, we weep for the sun to return to us. To warm us, fill us with life. Without her we will die but our cries fall on deaf ears to those below us as they return to their warm homes. The ones we once lived in.

The longer I stay here, the less I remember. But every morning as the sun peaks her head over the horizon once more, I remember this is the cycle and I try and hold onto that for the next night, but I cannot. Soon the chill comes even when the sun shines bright upon us, my fellow captives, they falter, their life draining away until they are released and fall.

I feel my own time coming, my edges dull, my effervescent green fades. Soon I will join my brothers and sisters below our great tree.