

What they see *is* beautiful.

The emerging green, then the gold and the red, and the proud nakedness of the branches in winter, sure. The clubhouses and home base for neighborhood games. The sometimes smelly, always holy, fruit bursting from buds. The life-saving shade, of course. The cleanliness of the oxygen exuding to the great beyond and to each humans' nostrils.

But that is only half the story. Or less.

In our world below, there exists a pulse in us, a purest desire to be together, linked by the tiniest whiskers on roots' tips.

The tap roots lead the way into the fertile soil. Even still, always, always, our rebellious offspring are eager to see the world. So they reach out, any way we can, among the nitrogen, rocks and carbon. Deeper and deeper daily, the rendezvous of life teems with laughter, with *electricity* as we find lifelong friends and lovers.

The now-people take and replace us as they see fit. The then-people were not like that. We feel every one of the losses but not even steel beams, hammered with rhythm, for grand structures, can keep apart our dreamy destiny in the dark. When we just touch, just curlicue our ends, we are strong enough to lift the finite layer of humanity off our shoulders. (This is why the sidewalks split.)

We will not be tamed. It is not in our nature.

Union, that is our heartbeat. If only they knew.