

A TREE GROWS

Mist hangs heavy, deep inside the forest, a seed takes root.
Slivers of light push their way through the canopy.
Tiny green shoots poke from the ground.

Soon the tree is tall enough, standing on its own.
A woman digs up the tree, wrapping the roots in burlap.
Down the mountain the tree goes.
Bopping along with the bumps in the road.

The truck stops. The tree sees rows of trees just like it. The woman
opens the back of the truck, pulling the tree out. She places the tree down in the
line. Waters it and gives it a pat.

Day turns to night, the tree waits. And waits.

Until, one day someone comes. The tree is picked up, tied to the back of a car.
Driving on the freeway past rolling green hills, past the sparkling blue ocean, past
the cows, finally, into the city.

The tree is planted in a backyard.
Sun shines.
Rain falls.
The tree is happy.

Months, years go by.
The tree towers over its neighbors.
Its trunk ruddy red brown, thick, soft.
Branches touch the sky.

The tree sturdy, strong.

But then,
rain stops.
Sun glows hotter.
The tree's leaves turn brown.
It's roots dig deeper, searching for water.

At last, a rainstorm.

The tree soaks up water.
Leaves turn back to green.
The tree stands tall, strong.

Again the rain stops.
Sun burns bright, hot.
Leaves turn brittle.
Ground turns to dust.

One by one, leaves drop.

The tree is no more.