

Old Man From An Ancient Forest

I wish I could shout in a language that they understand. I am alone, craving for the cacophony of sounds that once filled the forest. As a sapling, I was surrounded by trees as far as the eye could see. We lived a symbiotic life with the other creatures of the forest, compared to us the little creatures lived short lives. It was a peaceful existence. Slowly, and I can't say when, but I remember a new species arrived, sheltering under our canopy, using our dead branches and leaves to build their shelters. At first, we were intrigued by the new creature. Though they lacked the climbing skills of some of our other residents, they survived well enough with their inventive ways. For eons the new species lived in harmony, but their growing numbers meant taking more of our resources from us. For the first time in our lives, gaps appeared amongst us and as the years passed, the clearings grew. Because of our slower pace, we didn't recognise what was happening to us, until the forest had been reduced to a small wood. Hoping to overwhelm them we grew taller and broader. I tried everything to communicate with them, but they didn't hear me. I am alone, revered as a rare specimen, bounded and dwarfed by soulless structures. The forest doesn't exist anymore and the creatures that lived with us are a distant memory. There is a feeling of anger inside me, towards the current custodians of this world.