

When a Seed Grows

Follow me down
To the old oak tree,
In the backyard
Where we used to play.

Juliana Lepich

Look at the branches;
Look at the leaves,
Old and saddened
By seclusion.

But we are older now,
"Older and wiser."
And so, we overlook that tree
In attempt to overlook our past.



A Little Bit of Nature, Mollie Jeschke, Photograph

Wisconsin

Macey Swierczynski

I am a tree.
The veins in my shoulders are branches
Leading straight into my heart.
When I trace them, my skin is stained with bark.
When I pull my hand away, it is covered in splinters.

I have no soft soil
To curl my toes
Or sink my roots into.
I have gravel,
And the roughness reveals the yellow
Of my skin.

I have lines
On my face, around my eyes,
And I have rings,
So someday, when I am chopped down,
Someone may dip her fingers into me and count.
Both should say something about me:
About my age,
About who I am.

I am a tree.
My bark is peeling.
The branches leading straight into my heart
are breaking.
I am a tree,
And I am dying.

