

ME

Theme - Paper

September 2024

The story of me
When I was part of a tree,
We'd been in that wood
As long as we could,
We grew each year
Without any fear,
Our rings told the story
Of our ongoing glory,
Day after day
We would gently sway,
But a general stagnation
Then a frightening vibration,
From lower beams
Came pitiful screams,
Shaking and creaking
And the sound of men speaking,
Our roots clung on
But not for long,
We started to shake
And prayed for God's sake,
A strange word to shout
As 'timber' rang out,
The birds on our tree
They started to flee,
Squirrels jumping
Hearts were pumping,
I felt the tree tilt
Which made our leaves wilt,
We then hit the ground
With a terrible sound,
Nothing was heard
Except a solitary bird,
We lay there in wait
Not knowing our fate,
Chain saws revved up
The end of our luck,
Without a song
Our soul was gone,
Sawn to a length
It sapped our strength,
Twas eternal night
Then light so bright,

Up through the air
We were led to despair,
On a journey we went
Scrapped and unkempt,
The doors slid apart
It was then I lost heart,
In a cacophony of noise
We lost our poise,
Descending claws
And grinding saws,
Stripped of our bark
Naked and stark,
A frightening sound
As they churned us around,
A heavy soup
Where fibres loop,
Turned into pulp
Misery and sulk,
When our glue was taken
It left us forsaken,
Chemicals were mixed
To make us betwixt,
Then bleach to whiten
Or was it enlighten,
No longer a talker
Immersed in water,
Sprayed through a hose
To evaporate I suppose,
Spread thin on a mesh
Our own kind of flesh,
Heat and rollers squeezed us dry
Mortified I couldn't cry,
So now we're paper clean and neat
Ready to be sold on Web or street,
A5, A4, posters and mags
But me I became one of those rags,
Ink, gossip and dreams
Untruths and spin.. reams and reams,
I had my day then into the bin
But recycled soon to live and begin,
Where once stood my tree
There's nothing to see,
But an acorn lay there warm in the earth
And in a few months will surely give birth.