

THROWING TREES by Audrey Hope

Dear M.E. (Mother Earth),

**This year the play was drama.
A presentation to storm our souls,
moving land and heart.
In characters of thunder, and hurricanes and wind and rain,
And pain and fear and loss and death.
And then again.**

**The production was so loud,
The stage so intense,
The message so fierce.
What dear Mother Earth, are you trying to tell -
Speaking a new language by throwing trees?
You'd think it was enough to make us pause,
To question without sense,
Why angry trees are flying?**

**Some of us know-
You are holy land,
You hold our feet and
Let us walk on sacred ground.
You sprinkle flowers,
Sparkle sun,
Glitter moon,
And make fresh air to keep us here.
Some of us understand,
The drowning shores,
The cries of the sea
The washing and twists of uprooted planes.**

**And some of us, the sacred few,
Carry pain for falling trees,
Not deep enough to make us change.**

**DEAR BLESSED SWEET MOTHER EARTH,
SO SORRY WE HURT YOU AND CONTINUE TO DO SO,
AND YOU HAVE TO MAKE THE DESPERATE WIND YOUR MESSENGER.**