

The Tree's Little Soldiers

Her mast creaks and cracks,
The distant sound of thunder far off,
Waves slap at the ship's edge,
Gently shifting her with the rustling breeze,
As she sinks and crumbles into the sea.

Like the waves that push and pull,
The wind tosses and turns.
With gentle wings that coil and turn,
So crisp and stiff,
The faded colors of fire darken.

The drums of the revolution,
Have almost completely faded.
Like the broken pieces of the ship,
That drift out to sea ever further,
The time to revolt is over.

The prior bursts of color,
The flames that danced across the trees,
A unison of a thousand voices.
Now branches are barren,
The last few trembling in shambles.

Now the sail is torn to pieces.
The fabric crippled against the mast,
The armor of the soldiers has rusted,
The flags of rebellion have drifted,
And now the winter dawns.

You could reach out,
And feel the weathered soldier,
Hold the mast tenderly in your fingertips,
With the gentleness of an artificer,
Looming over years of lore.

But you better be careful,
And hold it steady,

Before the crinkled wings crack,
And it withers to dust.
The snow will cover the bodies.

The trees will miss their little soldiers.

- Christina