

TELL THE WIND MY SECRETS

LAURIE LAKER

We are like trees.
We brave the elements,
 simply for the sake of living,
 bending to whatever winds may blow.
We drink in rain, and we huddle
 close in cold.

We go to war.
A place, a thing, where strong men
 wilt,
 and weak men fall as leaves in
 autumn chill.

We are like trees,
 but we are not wise.

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