

Save The Trees

by **Sarah Taylor**

They're hugging trees in Laman Street
The wide, grey Moreton Bay Figs,
A man wants me to sign a petition
To give this old arbor reprieve.

The trunks are draped with banners,
'Save me from the chainsaws'
'Trees are the lungs of the planet,
Without them we are doomed'.

The chanting is beginning
Some kneel to say a prayer,
A child starts up a keening
Piercing the candle lit air.

A stuffed toy sits in a bower
Its beady eye hangs by a thread,
The fur is tattered and dirty
Possum poo covers its head.

An aborist comes with a nervous look
And reads aloud from a heavy report.
He trips on a gnarled, woody claw
That has ruptured the path at his foot.

The usual suspects push forward
Fresh from the fight to 'Save our rail',
Seasoned campaigners for heritage sites,
Sandstone colonial buildings and more.

They boo him and launch rotten fruit,
'See you in Land and Environment Court,
You're guilty of crimes against nature
And vandalism of the most heinous sort.'

The wood turners wait in the back stalls
A lathe and a saw at home in the shed,
From the grain and the rings of the timber
They'll turn out cases to make up a set.

You can go along to next year's show
To watch them hard at work,
They'll tell you they've used each splinter
And the mulcher has dealt with the rest.

I glance beyond to Tyrrell St
Where ficus cousins fell,
Buildings bathe in dappled sun
The gloom and damp seen off.

Now Tuckeroos climb up that hill
Their branches form a crown,
Roots have gone far down below
No chasms split the ground.

I want to say, but hold my tongue,
That trees grow old like me,
The sap no longer flows too good
Our limbs are tired and done.

I long for rest and peace and quiet
My bones returned to earth,
Like me these giants are fading,
Shed your tears and let us go.

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