



Alone

Alone I stood,
through tree roots and mangled wood.
In the clearing which man
had so barbarically created:
the whistles, the thud of the impact,
the creaks as trees were uprooted.
Only shattered and pulverised wood remains.
Men's screams on both sides filled the air with thick
sorrow.
The slight slump as empty shells disappeared
into the viscous, drenched mud.

Alone I stand.
Nature found a way
to renew the green canopy surrounding me.

Only I remember the she [BTW*060912eW*nBTf1013