Dessa Shapiro

Period 7

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Where am I Now ?

This place is not my home. At least not the one I used to know, no longer surrounded by family, I stand alone rooted in place for years, Standing erect despite the deafening winds, so destructing to have torn through my bark, and the downpours of rain drenching me to my core. I have stood here and watched through the holes in my bark as my forest was torn down by the small moving dots that now litter the gray paths they have built. Not shortly after, my brothers and sisters got torn from the ground, cut into pieces of flesh and skeleton bleeding perspiration, receiving replacement boxes made of flesh and stone.. Now, those same boxes surround my circumference; different shades of monochrome brown and gray tiles look up at me. The murmur of leaves swaying is now replaced by the sounds of cars, communicating with a beep or honk.

But they are limited to wide pathways of various shades of gray, the substance that of mush, flattened out and then baked by the heat emitted by the sun. There are six of these from my vantage point, but I imagine they continue for many miles. They bend and snake around the small boxes I gaze down on. And to anyone that has had fewer years pass them by, it would seem these paths got built around the boxes, but it is much the other way around, as plants grow only after a river is formed. Boxes of flesh and stone are carefully placed in a rectangular section with a perimeter of pavement, allowing access to places too vast to ponder.

When the sun slowly vanishes from my sight carrying the light in the sky shortly after it, and the moon takes center stage in the sky, I sleep. Or I used to, in past years, when there were no illuminations from boxes beneath me. Or flashes of light that follow the steady sound as invisible cars zoom past, replicating that of ocean tides. For all the change churning the world around me, there is much that stays constant. Such as the squeals scampering up and down my trunk, finding shelter in my imperfections made perfect by creation. The shouts of children remind me much of the coyotes howl that once echoed through the open skies, sending scared squirrels scampering. The wind continues to run, and the sky has yet to cease crying; this place is not my home, but I think it could be.