Poem for Muddy Brook, Hardwick, Massachusetts, Near Quabin Reservoire:

"Driving by Muddy Brook ~ Easter Sunday Anno TwoThousandAndNineTeen

Trees in absentia held up their spindly brethren ~ like signs

that said " STOP ! Speak of this Crime! "

One year later I have less Time

to obey their Request,

and do my Best.

  Read like Hiaku, but its not a Haiku:

 Trees Socially Distanced by Force. Before my society felt how that feels.

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