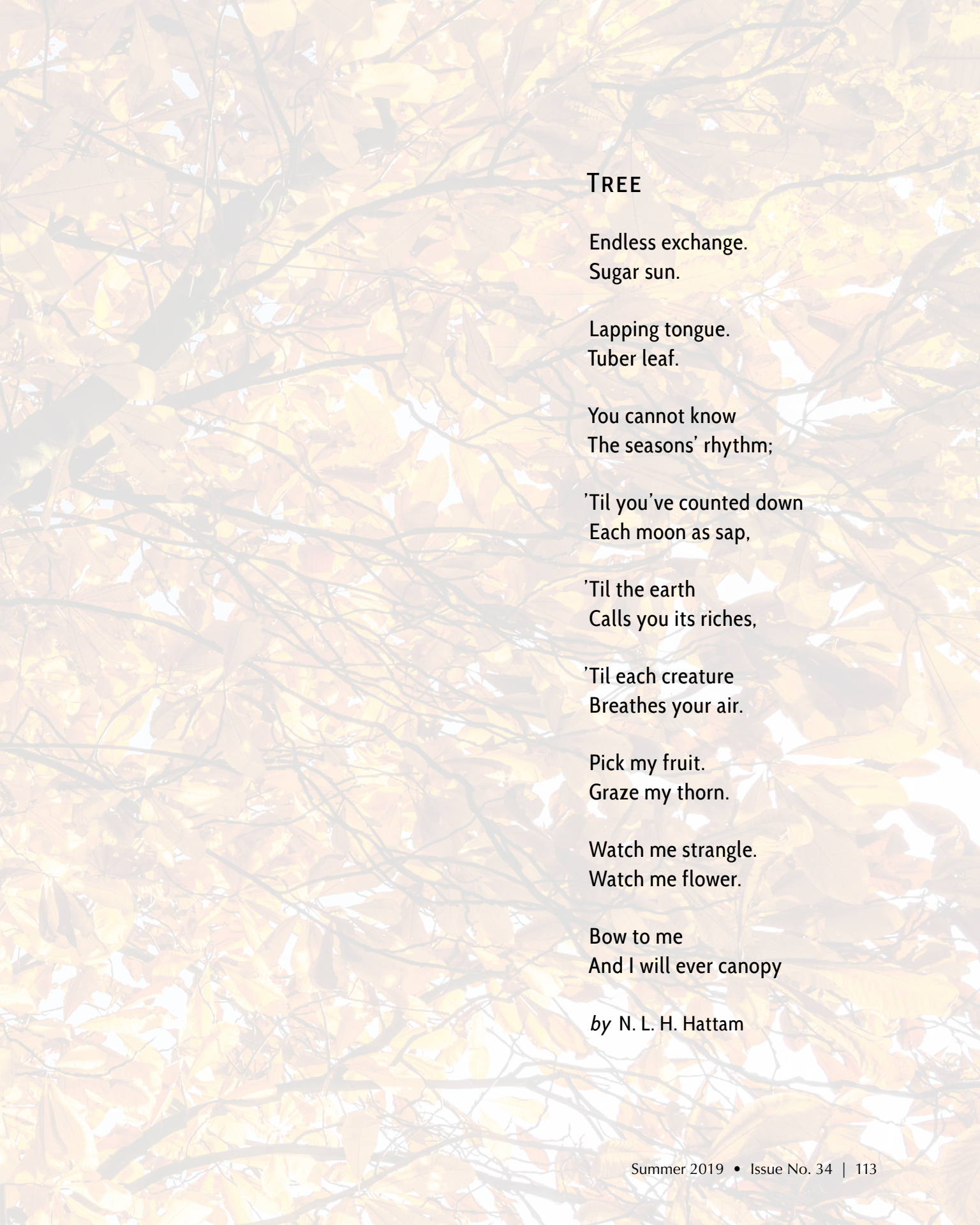




## TREE

Endless exchange.  
Sugar sun.

Lapping tongue.  
Tuber leaf.

You cannot know  
The seasons' rhythm;

'Til you've counted down  
Each moon as sap,

'Til the earth  
Calls you its riches,

'Til each creature  
Breathes your air.

Pick my fruit.  
Graze my thorn.

Watch me strangle.  
Watch me flower.

Bow to me  
And I will ever canopy

*by N. L. H. Hattam*