

The Eyes of the Forest

Mostly Autumn

I have seen you cutting down trees...
Trees that were planted
To aid you to breathe
And I've seen you pluck carelessly
Fruit yet unripened
Then discard their seeds.

Over mist, through leaves
I have seen
Change in the fields
Where corn once stood in sheaves.
Scattering poisons?
Tainting our earth!
No salute to life's cycle
No hope of rebirth.