

## The Oak

There she stands in all her finery of green, wide of girth,  
Putting down roots since her birth.  
Squirrels on her branches, looking for fruit;  
Owls on her branches looking for a mate with a hoot.  
What has she seen in all of her years?  
Children laughing and crying tears.  
Standing alone on the village green,  
Over the years what has she seen?  
But alas, the time has come for this old lady;  
Now fallen on the ground,  
No saviour could be found.  
The tree surgeon with his axe and saw  
Will cut her right to the core.  
To the carpenter, without a care,  
Made into a table, perhaps a chair?  
Who will shed a tear  
Now that the end is near?  
When will we stop this mindless tree felling?  
For the future is not for the telling.  
All the trees are what we need for the very air we breathe.  
Save them now for the future generations,  
Send the word out to all other nations:  
Please, please, save the trees.

Keith Parsons