

and come back as something new —
like nothing ever happened.



For they show us
what endures.

Even their death
is beautiful,

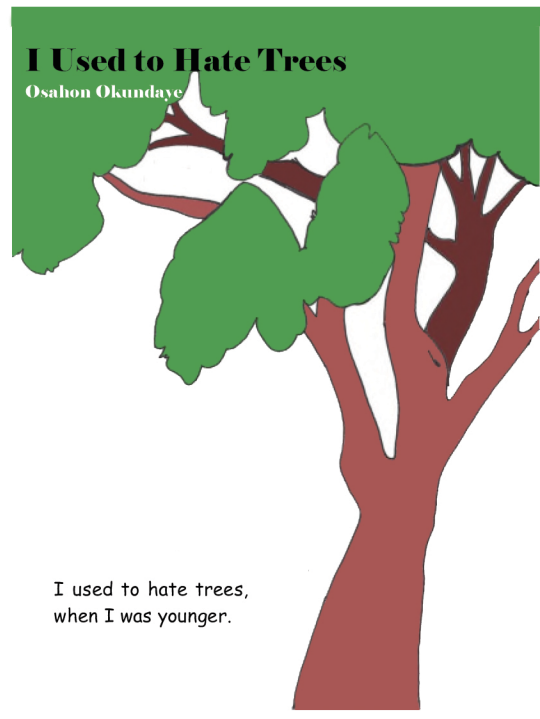


They get bigger and bigger.
People revel in their shade.

I get nothing.
I just feel smaller
and smaller.



I know that I was cast away. But I'm older now, and
have lived among the trees.



I Used to Hate Trees

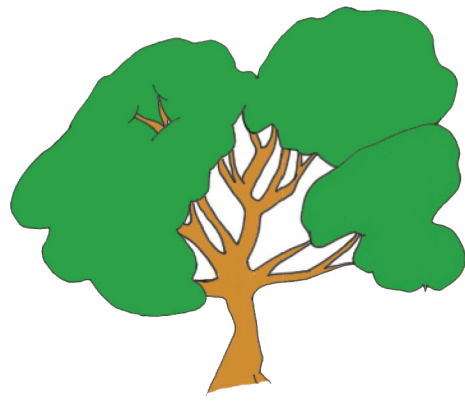
Osahon Okundaye

I used to hate trees,
when I was younger.

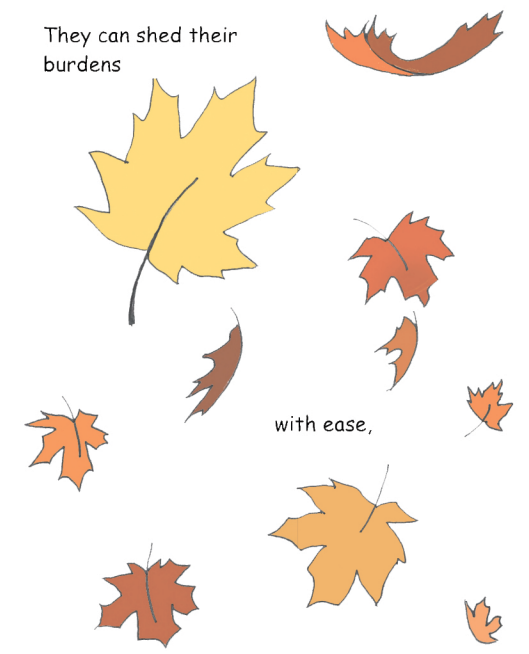


Hoping that if I'm
patient

I'll grow to
be loved too.



So self-assured. So imposing.



They can shed their
burdens

with ease,