

Tree.

One bleak word. It may not seem much.

On the outside, a gnarly mess of knots of roots. Insects bore through the dense, textured slab of wood. Inside, the wood is rotting, decaying, home to a colony of earthworms and banana slugs. A fox passes by, shocked to find a surplus of food.

Listen.

The birds are chirping their happy-go-lucky song, carefree.

Listen.

One cries out, to find itself in the jaws of a common fox.

Look.

Blood, pure red liquid, flowing from the cranium.

Look.

Triumphant, the fox greedily pounces at the bittern, forcing it to the dense, forest ground. Hunting season has begun.

Listen.

The trees with their own, vigilant hum. Waiting, patiently, to see a jolly squirrel, bouncing around, carrying acorns.

Listen.

The rustle of leaves, a squirrel burying the acorn into the ground, *scrape, scrape*.

Look.

Nothing. No life can be found. Flora has overtaken fauna, an abundant forest.

Breathe.

Crisp autumn air, late November, in a temperate rainforest.

The trees await.

Scarlet oak, boasting with pride, its permanent maroon daggers.

Pierce the bark of deciduous trees.

Taunting, tantalizing.

Winter is near.

The anatomy of trees is quite interesting.

Xylem, tiny tubes, transporting water to the peak of the giant.

Cohesion, adhesion.

The rain dance is arriving.

They spread their branches,

Swaying giddily in the breeze.

The rain dance has begun.

Look.

Massive drops, falling onto the great bosom of the trees.  
They gladly accept Mother Nature's gift, in return of oxygen exhalation.

Listen.

The rain has ceased. Animals are coming out of their deep burrows, greedily lapping up the water in the polar molecules they possess.

Look.

Peace, harmony, an overgrown, lush forest.

Look.

Vines snaking up the bark of the birch, seeping nutrition.

Survival.

A tree is helpful.

