

A tree's wisdom

The environment.

What a beautiful thing to be surrounded by.

All the colours shimmering in my eye and leaving a print on my soul.

The sun shining brightly onto the earth and bringing light to the darkest of times.

The feeling of leaves and grass between my fingers so pure and tender.

The smell in the air after a long day of rain and thunder, filling my lungs with the best scent there is.

The rain watering the small blossom at its birth and helping it grow into a tree.

A tree, so beautiful and strong, lives through all the years of waste and war.

A tree, which has seen too much already, lives and breathes our air.

A tree we cut the leaves and branches from, to burn them for our wellbeing.

A tree watching us grow old, remembering our past while we are forgetting it.

A tree being our parents, our playground, our hiding spot.

A tree seeing our footprints on the world.

A tree laughing at our jokes.

A tree whose bloodline surpasses all of ours, whose bloodline is clearer and richer than all of ours.

It grows so tall and understands so much, but the beauty of humankind, it will never understand.

And so the beauty of the environment gets lost in its deepest doom, caused by the chosen ones.

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