



Pine Tree

By Deepak Sarkar

Oh mighty pine –
You were born to live long with pride!
Having grown from a small cone with head high
Surrounded by family or alone in countryside
Withstanding droughts and fires, storms and cold nights
Enjoying snow, rain, and sunshine
Sheltering birds, insects, moss, and vines
Watching sunset and sunrise
Staring at the stars in dark night sky
Wondering about phases of moonlit night
Bathing in dawn's early light
Witnessing time passing by with season's rhyme
Hearing cyclic stories of deciduous nearby!
But without knowing –
You would be terminated depriving long natural life
Along with all supported insects and vines
Leaving birds homeless without shelter so cozy and high -
As logger's saw would cut through rings without a sigh
Selling body parts for lucrative civilized sites
Making mulch from your branches so full of life
Fowl smell would replace enchanting odour of pine!
Some will protest quietly, a few may cry
Consoling with hopes you left some cones in the wild!
I will protect siblings growing in yard with smile
As long as I can raise my head high!