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Tree of Sorrow

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There was once a man
And branches were his hands.
His hair was made of leaves.
His face made of reflections.
Glass was his eyes and teeth.
He did not have a heart
for his torso was hollow.
His body was sunken in the mud below.
He states,
“I don’t understand.”
“Why am I a tree, and not a man?”
He had a wife,
and a bird she was.
The most beautiful white dove
any eye could see.
One day she left, and did not return.
Inside the tree’s torso, a fire burned.
This fire was not of hatred,
but of sadness and regret;
Why didn’t she come back
to settle their nest?

Winter did come.

Sorrow did not go.

Tree’s dead corpse

lay buried in the snow.