

## Red Oak Dying

How does that huge  
Fallen red oak feel  
As it lays dying on the trail?  
Did it go protesting?  
Did it plead for life?  
Its leaves are shriveled green,  
Never to turn orange, gold, brown.

While it lived  
Did it try to be the best tree it could be?  
Did it negotiate  
Boundaries with its roots?  
Did it know  
What colors it would manifest in autumn?

And as it lays dying,  
Does it feel  
The next phase  
Of its existence  
As shelter or as fire wood  
For those still living?