

They Are Growing

By ANNA PICKETT

The feel of hooves upon my
body,
The sound of birds in my ears,
The tickling of squirmy slimy
reptiles,
Then the hurt of trees pulling
from my soul,
They are Growing.
The thought is good,
Having buildt a home where
I can keep hearing and feeling
these beautiful things.
The radiance of the Sunbeams
tan my body,
The Rain softening my skin,
Putting ease to the pain from the
trees.
Everything is starting to die off,
Leaves are covering me like a
blanket,
I'm getting cold.
Animals are burrowing holes and
Hiding under my arms to stay
warm.
Winter has come to take His part,
Giving a challenge for those who
are strong,
Killing those who are weak.
Snow is protecting me from Mr.
Jack Frost.
It is all quiet around me.

No echos; no noise.

The Sun is sparkling on top of
my blanket
As the wind brushes it against
my face.
Slowly, but surely, I am thawing
out.
It's getting warmer and the days
longer.
Those who have survived, come
out to mate,
And others come out with their
new born.
Spring has melted the snow to
cause floods—
A hazard to those who are
unknown,
Unknown to the surface of my
body.
The Sun is drying the flood and
making lakes out of ice bergs.
Everybody is drinking my blood,
Only to return it as time goes on.
Spring has passed...
And I feel the hooves upon my
body,
The sound of birds in my ears,
The tickling of squirmy, slimy
reptiles,
Then the hurt of trees pulling
from my soul,
They are Growing.....