

There's no such thing as forests anymore

There's no such thing as forests anymore,
Just hills with needle backs.
A little grove remains perhaps,
A lost vestigial limb.
It's said that down in the South-West
A thicket still exists,
Hidden in a cut of rocks
Where folks no longer trek.
A coppice here and there you'll find,
On failing timber farms,
But not a forest, they're all gone,
Like dinosaurs and birds.
I've heard that in the distant north
In the boreal waste
A group of trees that's big enough
To call a wood exists.
The rumour's unfounded most likely,
But people like to dream.
All that's left are silent trunks
Arranged in broken ranks.
The pumping xylem and phloem
Have long lost their cargo.
What's left are dried out branches and
The memories of leaves.
There's no such thing as forests anymore,
Just eulogies for trees.

Zak Barouh