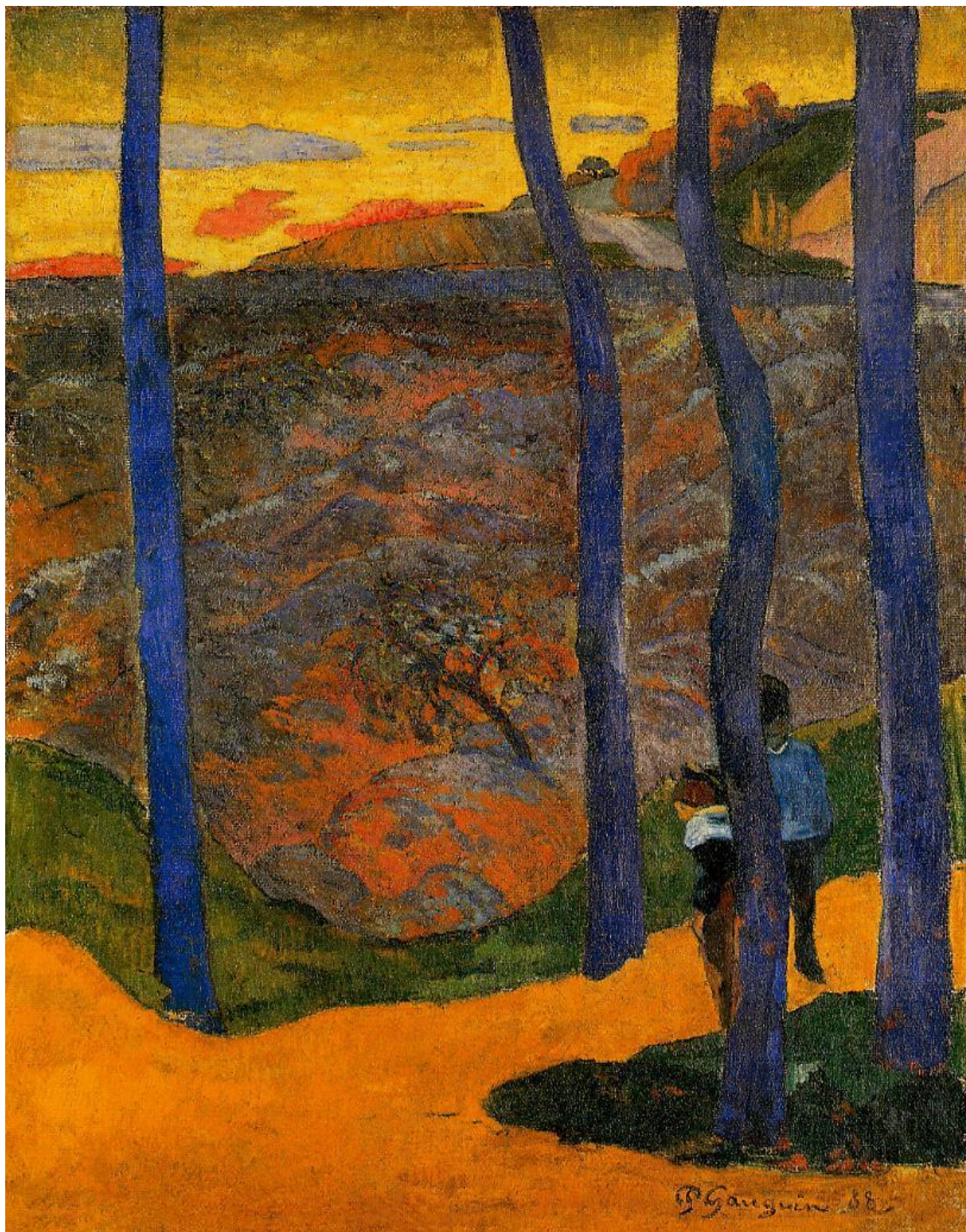


The Trees

by [Michael Shindler](#) (June 2020)



The trees—they wake at once and turn
As the sun strikes the hill.
The winds all wild now upward churn,
And I stand away still.

The sun strikes yet at last above,
The trees grasp at its fire,
The winds stoke yet their lust to love,
Their cries slip into choir...

The trees—they free their fire and fade
As the winds elsewhere stray.
The sun is gone now from the glade,
And still I step away.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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