

The Great American Elm

Shadow and light played through the leaves for a century.

He knew her. He knew the curves of her roofline
and the babies born there.

He knew laughter and christenings and saw wars and farewells.

He was forgotten.

She was the lady pieced together with cypress and pine.

She was peacock plume and classic buff.

She slumbered in the shadow of his strength.

She was home to those who built her
and the generations to follow.

He became the violent giant

ascending from the deep.

He rose, this angry god, and fell hard.

He shattered her foundation.

Her piers crumbled.

They sliced him to pieces and cried over the loss.

They picked up the pieces and tried to save her.