

Willow Tree
By Lisa Butala

A firm tug on a willow tree;
In one second,
There's no life to be.

A sudden but soft screech in the air;
Countless ears listen,
Without care.

An innocent life gone;
Why wasn't it considered wrong?

What is the difference between him and me?
What other, than color, could you possibly see,
That justifies what occurs on that tree.

For color signifies no difference between him and me,
No reason, just bias;
Stop it,
I plea.

That tree, once beautiful,
Now condemned to ugliness,
Carrying the weight of innocent bodies;
Their breath stolen.

Why such hatred,
That can never be understood;
By the families watching in horror,
Praying if they only could,
Stop it.

It is not right,
For one to have to struggle with all their might,
To be treated as a human being.

Eyes so tired of the ways of the world,
Closing forever;
In hope.

A photograph taken as a souvenir;
A spectacle,

Capturing all of its unseen drear.

We give the action a name,
And put it in the past;
But the issue stills remains,
For it is much more vast.

The willow tree once standing,
Crumbles to the ground;
The memories and actions that occurred,
Too profound,
To be forgotten.

References

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