



Trees

How the Mighty Have Fallen

By Wayne Visser

All through the sapling days
Of dark and dappling haze
You stretched for skies
Of perfect blue

Up to refracted rays
All through protracted days
You reached for highs
And so you grew

Until you broke the night
At last unyoked the light
Like living prose
You stood so tall

Until the gale's grey might
Ripped through your sail's green height
And as you rose
So did you fall

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