There's Always A Tree Dying Somewhere

by Brenda Bishop Blakey

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No one mourns.

In the night they fall, their crashing sounds unheard.
Their spirits silently transported to a high holy place,
a sanctuary known only by trees.
They perhaps mourn their own.
In an unknown language they ritualistically recount:
the broken branches once besat by robin and owl.
   Do trees know that they know?
Do they lean over a lake to glimpse themselves?
Do they wonder if their pockmarked skin will someday
be transfigured into fences with knotholes?

Will their remains be formed into a casket smooth
and quilted-satin lined.
Or maybe their fate is to become loose kindling for
the campers' summer fire, out gloried by weenie roasts
and late night s'mores.

But, no one mourns the odd tree down, give or take, right or wrong.
   No one mourns.

   (Bonus)
   The following was also written to the same prompt.
   #
   Robotics
   The problem starts with the SR-T3100 and the phone rings.

"Yes, yes, yessir. Will do, will check it immediately." Says Wiley.

Wiley repockets his phone and takes out his kerchief to clean his glasses. He's not in a rush. He reflects on his rebellion: *Today Wiley simultaneously uploads two completely conflicting software protocols. The first is a functionality schematic. The second allows a degree of creativity in design or what the coders refer to as the 'cuteness factor'.*

Meanwhile the assembly line is rapidly forming planks or boards. Each one has a perfectly presented die-cut knothole in the same place. The phone rings again.

"Yesss, uh, I think I know what I did wrong."

Wiley looks at the line and the SR-T3100 is defiantly holding two boards in front of where a head might be pretending to peer out through knotholes.

"No sir. It's not cute, I agree."