

# A Girl and Her Trees

by Jackie Parslow

Trees smelled of her hair- they regarded her,  
as she wrote them little notes and hugged them,  
nourished one and all for their daily needs, sat under their shifting  
leaves,  
traced their bark with her rugged finger tips,  
held tea parties and picnics,  
for they gave breeze to her locks, and relief to her weary mind,  
"I'll be back tomorrow," she'd declare  
Until then, she'd always go somewhere.  
The trees would answer with a creak and a crackle.  
Fall was near, a rotten apple.  
The wind hurried, one late Summer's day,  
she ran for shelter, keeping doom at bay, as the sky darkened and  
the clouds grumbled.  
She kept on for ages, slamming into her door, painted pink as a  
cherry blossom —  
She dropped to the ground, a game of possum,  
"AU REVOIR!," said the sky.  
"And it grew both day and night.  
Till it bore an apple bright."

