

# The Sound of Paper

*by* Kerry Johnston

From the earth it erupts

Growing longer, stronger, as the sun rises and sets

Days and nights pass, bringing the wind, the rain, the moon, the stars

A place of shelter it becomes

Its sturdy arms swaying in the breeze

Green and brown intertwined

Strong, solid - a masterpiece

Rings mark the passing of the years

So much it has seen; so much it could tell

Enter the sound of destruction

Slicing through those rings - those years

The mighty falls, for it is needed

Needed for the world to document

And, ultimately, to pay

It is a necessary sorrow...

The sound of paper, becoming

