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

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