

ROOTS
BY TALIA LEVY

ORGANIC SKYSCRAPERS PIERCE
BLUE AND WHITE
OVERLAY.

ON GRAY DAYS, THEY
DISAPPEAR-
HIDING.

STRUCTURES
CONNECT EVERY
LIVING THING-
HEART OF US ALL.

GORGEOUS ADORNED WITH LEAVES
GORGEOUS WHEN THEY FALL.

THE BARRON BRANCH REFLECTS ISOLATION, BLOOMING ONE- FERTILITY

FRIENDS TURN TO LOVERS
LOVERS TURN TO PARENTS, WHERE THEIR
CHILDREN
PROTECTED

UNDER PLENTIFUL LEAVES
IN SUMMERTIME.

THEY CRAWL, THEY PLAY-AS DO THE BIRDS INHABITING THE SKYSCRAPER
THE ROBINS SONG, COMING FROM THE STURDY BRANCHES EACH SUMMER MARK TIME PASSING

PARENTS THAT ONCE PLAYED WITH THEIR CHILDREN IN THE SHADE OF THE RED OAK,
NOW REST UNDER THE SOIL ALONGSIDE ITS ROOTS
THEY ARE NOW THE BARK, THEY ARE NOW PIERCING THE SKY
THEY TOO DISAPPEAR ON A GRAY DAY.
THEY ARE NOW THE HEART OF THE PLANET.
THEIR CHILDREN NO LONGER PLAY, THEY WEEP.

THEY MOURN THE LOSS OF THEIR PLAYMATES, AND THE TREE'S GAIN.
THEY MOURN THE LOSS OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, UNDER THE PLENTIFUL LEAVES IN THE SUMMERTIME.
THEY CONTEMPLATE PROTECTING THEIR CHILDREN FROM THE GREED OF THE RED OAK
THEY KNOW IT IS INEVITABLE.

AS THEY MOURN A ROBIN HATCHES FROM ITS EGG.
THEY REMINISCE ON THEIR PAST, THEIR DAYS OF INNOCENCE
THEY TASTE NOSTALGIA, AND TASTE A SMILE.
A WHOLE LIFE CAN HAPPEN UNDER A TREE.

