Salty Being- Poem by Laura Morales

Tree, tree, tree

Your long legs, and wide arms

You hug each other in this saline marsh

I wonder if you are tired, and lonely

But that can’t be !

you have sister and brother

You raised children from your fingertips

You have little crabs keeping you clean

You have birds singing to you on the warm days

They gossip about and about of the the two legged creature

Near the shore

They keep you entertained

You get tickles all year long with the swim, swim, swim of the fishes

Sure, the speedy wind wants to knock you off your feet

Sure, the storm and electricity want to scare you away

But you are so strong, strong, strong

 you grind your legs way deep into the ground

You push and push

The storm has passed

 You still stand tall and proud

Do you feel hatred towards my presence?

Does my loud voice annoys you linear ears

Do you wish for us to not pester you longer?

Well, my apologizes you salty being

I shall wish you peace and calm

No more cold storm coming your way

No more rumbling near your entrance

No more waste near your bed

Tree, tree, tree

I wish you to keep going

To simply just exist.