

IN CENTRAL PARK

Elizabeth J. Coleman

There must be a million trees in the park,
as stately and soft-spoken as can be,
a green nunnery; in habits of bark,
a vow of silence taken by each tree.
The denizens: sparrows, starlings, squirrels,
carry no boom-boxes, no i-pods, no
watches on their wrists, no angry quarrel.
There's just a scurrying sound, a seed, a song.

My parents felled an oak to build their pool,
the oak that held me, reading, after school.
Its quiet gave the awesome axe its way;
the rustling of the tree held no real sway.
Trees are hewn heedlessly outside our parks;
it's we who must defend the meadowlark.

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