

Dirk Tilsner: Seven years later

The stumps – black, like gravestones, standing
In a graveyard, all abandoned.
Even the dead mourn them in silence,
As creepy creatures, with coal dark legs.

Colour is slow to return,
Blossoms, here and there, and it seems,
One day, a green carpet will cover them all.
The old webster, she's taking her time.

The new forest, it is carried by the wind,
In ash's bosom, soft gusts dare,
until, one day, new leaves wave.

Then, it will grow, and in circles
Uncountable wonders nourish,
And finally, light will soak the treetops.

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