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## My Brother Speaks of Trees

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Betrayed and misled to a shot in the head  
He of wires now saw all destroyed  
Which had suffered and bled in a heart made of lead  
In the tin of a soul of a boy  
Who had wanted no torture, had longed for no pain  
But in finding no kindness to cheer him  
In a desperate fervor established a flame  
In the end to seize all who were near him.

## My Brother Speaks of Trees

James Hill

“I have an early memory  
Of trees that graced our childhood home,  
Of two tall trees that stood alone.

The elm was dignified and straight  
And planted when the house was new  
To discipline the front yard view.

With outstretched arms the elm stood forth  
To shade the sidewalk and the street,  
Protecting us from summer’s heat.

Against this tree and leaning back  
We sometimes sat to have the shade  
And ‘round it often hid or played.

This tree dropped twigs we gathered up;  
With twigs we fortified a space:  
The crenelated elm tree’s base.

With you and I on either side,  
The elm sometimes we would embrace,  
By joining hands around its waist.

The cottonwood began its life  
A gypsy seed that carried in—  
A wisp of cotton on the wind.

It rooted on a back fence line  
When houses on the block were few,  
And there for 50 years it grew.

Upon its bough dad hung a swing.  
We rode up through the summer air  
When summer days were blue and fair,

And cottonseeds were in the air.  
We felt the soft against our skin  
When cottonseeds we gathered in.

At night we'd listen from our beds—  
The cottonwood would clap its leaves  
When stirred by just a little breeze

While in the moonlight we could see  
That other continuity,  
Our other friend, the front yard tree.

I have an early memory  
Of trees that graced our childhood home,  
Of two tall trees that stood alone.”

## The Wrecking Yard

Gabrielle Lehmann

The wrecking yard is full tonight  
But it won't be for long  
The wrecking yard is full for now  
Tomorrow, we'll be gone  
We're all the things you never knew  
You missed- the things you threw away  
We're all abandoned, old and blue  
Our life ends here because of you

The wrecking yard is full tonight  
Of old machines and busted parts  
The wrecking yard is full of stories-  
Tales spun deep in hard-drive hearts  
Each toy left here was once a friend  
But now it seems we're all but lost  
And what it comes to, in the end  
Is that our time comes with a cost  
They're hard facts, here, to try and face  
But here they are to ponder on-  
That we aren't all just here, misplaced  
Maybe now we've been replaced,

Or maybe we were never really there for them at all  
Or maybe now we're all a pile of bones, however small

Tonight the wrecking yard is full  
Of click-track hearts and old machines  
Tonight the wrecking yard is full  
The wrecking yard is full of screams