

Spring 5-1-2012

My Brother Speaks of Trees

James Hill
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Hill, James (2012) "My Brother Speaks of Trees," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 33 : No. 2 , Article 66.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol34/iss2/66>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

Hill: My Brother Speaks of Trees

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