

A neighbor is cutting his ash tree down

a mature tree in his front yard.

My heart pangs for a split second

Ow! It hurts.

Why? Why? Why?

Yesterday, coming home after work, I was shocked to see
that tree has no more leaves.

All the branches were cut down and laid on the curb side.

The bare tree trunk, still rooted, looked like a skeletal remain,
arms cut off, begging, at the sky.

Denuded and exposed.

Why? Why? Why?

Fear of the emerald ash borer?

All the ashes in the surrounding area have not been infested with it. Yet.

Bad feng shui?

All the previous occupants did not cut the tree.

Should I expect the tree to be completely cut down to the base tomorrow?

Should I be so judgmental of my neighbor?

Should I impose my values on others?

My body will be all right,

The ash whispers in my ear.

It will be the monarchs, the lilies,

the moss and the dragonflies you love.

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