

LAST WEEK

**They marked that old tree across the street
With bright yellow plastic tape
Wrapped all around its massive trunk
Bold, black, letters proclaimed "CAUTION"**

Warning of a fate

**The tree in question is a lovely silver maple
Lanky tall branches sweep up eighty or ninety feet
To an increasingly sparser mast of smallish leaves
There must have been half a dozen major branches**

Until the other night

**Early August nights reverse the heat of the day
Our bedroom windows were positioned that night for full advantage
By midnight our street fairly resonates silence
Even the hushed conversation of late night strollers
Is amplified by virtue of its singularity**

It was then this tree choose to justify its' given status

**One hundred feet of air and darkness
Did little to muffle the tragedy
A creaking then cracking sound
Shocked sleepy ears
A hasty whoosh and thrump followed**

No one was nearby to witness this indignity

**Morning light revealed the tale of the tawdry tape
The remainder of the tree, in tact, for now
Its message clearly given**