

## Open Secrets

Trees aren't in general a secretive bunch by nature,  
They don't so much spy on us  
As reflect our shortcomings back upon us.

Look to the uplands and highlands;  
That greenish blue army of uphill marching clones,  
A fenced off monoculture crop sold to us by the lackeys of money grubbers  
As 'forestry'  
Is simply depletion  
Written large in a bird's eye.

That London city Plane tree  
"My word, a huge specimen!"  
Overfed on the exhausted, carbon dioxide heavy 'Old Smoke' air.

Those last remaining Caledonian pines,  
Black on mauve and  
Stranded over the nearest two horizons,  
Too far out to fetch down  
For Nelson's cannons.