

**LOST AND FALLEN – a voice from the future.**

My grandfather lived for hundreds of years,

Happy, not sad.

But I won't.

Do you believe me?

Most of my friends have gone by now,

Dead, not living.

I shall go soon.

Are you listening?

We are many, all different, just like you,

Some tall, some short.

We give you fruit.

Don't you care?

Our leaves fell each autumn,

For us to grow once more.

But, no longer.

What are you doing?

We rustled with laughter,

As the wind stroked our leaves.

Now we must cower in storms.

Why do you hide inside?

When your little ones stole our conkers,

To play silly games.

We smiled at their joy.

Don't you care we can't give any more?

My grandparents loved me,

I love my children too.

Take pride as they grow.

Do you really think they'll be here?

I hear a far-off sound.

I trust it's the sound of the wind,

Not the sound of car exhausts.

Exhausted is the word, don't you agree?

**They took all the trees and put 'em in a tree museum**

**And they charged the people a dollar and half, just to see 'em.**

Is now the time to say goodbye?

*Emboldened lyrics are taken from 'Big Yellow Taxi' by Joni Mitchell.*