

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE PRIZE WINNER

Guilty

The friends I am surrounded with are trees and trees, all trees;
I talk to them, and they answer me in a million, million ways.

We are the proudest plant on Earth; we speak when winds will lend us sound.
We shelter all that runs around; the birds depend on us from birth.
We let them nest and sing and play, never standing in their way.

We have the scent of winter, can't you tell?
A change for spring or summer and for fall as well.
You have not thanked us for so many treats,
but cut us you have, and left just weeds. To replant we use creatures small.
Oh no, you have not learnt at all to be a friend and leave us standing tall.

The accusations flying high, defensively I close my eyes.
My inner voice tells me I read,
my stove is warm, my table has three wooden feet,
the chairs from you do serve me well.
For every one I'm cutting down, replacements number three;
In my defence, the only way to set my conscience free?

I did not hear the answer clear;
the wind has made them talk with fear of a man like me with axe and gear.
A gusting howl is telling me not to prolong.
My presence here has long been overdone.

I sit at home; the flames are high.
The crackling wood has once again made me aware of guilt and pain.
I called them friends, but silently;
they know it better and don't answer me.

Heinz Mayershofer

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