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Burning Trees

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JOSIAH ZUIDERVEEN

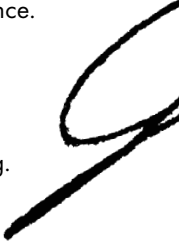
Burning Trees

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The trees are Burning!
First one in the distance.
Then a few more, Leaves turning
Yellow orange and red.
This cacophony of color every fall.
As I walk down this path, they seem alive
Moving like a woman with her arms raised
Branches raised, to the sun, a dance of fire.
The trees are choosing to burn. Now. Here
Her leaves turn bright, and the scientist in me says
Her leaves are colored because they are dying, suffocating.
Somehow, I cannot find sorrow in the knowledge. They fulfill their purpose
And in doing so die honored
Glorious colors Red and Green
Like apples, consumed to give life
to feeling, the fire-dance.

As I
Walk further,
Seeing more trees.
I am surprised that
trees can move so much.
Branches raised in dance, exposed. No more hiding,
No more throwing shade.
Show their heart by all its exposed crevasses.
Patterned branches telling twisted, merging stories of personal significance.
Their innermost forms known by the world. The trees
Are screaming silently. Happy, wild, and raucous.
Leaves suffocating, using what little is left
What could never last forever and reveling in colors
Mixing hue, and all the different ways to scream the singing of feeling.
These moving, shouting, dances are too much for me to take in.
So I sit and stare
At leaves on the ground.
Passion spent, some still
bright but the rest
uniform and brown.
Renewal found.



Be more like the trees.
Show emotion through your colored leaves
Do not let them rot on your branches
Whatever was inside, come out,
In color vibrant and free.
These trees whose leaves have already left still say more.
They do not end in fire.
They reveal through their expression of emotion their inner working
And find a community of trees dancing with the breeze
These things can burn but once, only once be felt. And while they were kept green
for a time,
the time comes when all must be lit up and experienced. Burning in this moment.
And so should you with your sorrow-joy-anger filling you to the brim.
Learn from the trees. Choose a time with friends or alone
To express. Laugh a dance, scream a song, sway in silent remembrance, just feel.
Let your leaves burn.
Revel in the burning.
And learn to live again.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "David G. G. G." with a horizontal line above the second "G".