

Jim Dravec

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Alone in the Park

My roots plunge
deep into the ground
and I stand solid
only observing.
I used to live in such a beautiful place
many trunk rings ago.
My home is now a Mecca
for the damned.
Empty beer bottles and broken condoms.
Marijuana smoke singes my leaves
and some teenager carved
his insignificant initials
in my skin.
I hope for help
but there is no chance of change.
Trees have no god.