

POEM-Envision a tree.

There was a family. A family of mice. living in a burrow,

Under a tree, In a forest full, Roots wrapped around the entrance, loose soil,
spilling slightly into their home. Berries and nuts covered the floor, dark red berry

stains on their rug. These mice thrived in their home, nothing near rats or rodents.

They were distinguished members of forest society. Winter had just finished. The month of may was

happy. Mice and rats and opossums and raccoons. They all lived in different parts of this tree. The leaves
and the trunk and the roots and the bark. They had neighbors from woodpeckers to ants. These mice may

be seen as the cutest members of this tree, and mice had a stature in the forest, despite their small size,
they were haute monde. The pure nobility of the tree. Seen as tolerable animals, as clean rodents. Small
and cute. Even kept as pets by humans, the family is now safe. Sun packs its bags, leaving
the night shift to moon.

Where does the light go.

All left is a reflection of day.

Moon lulls to deep slumber.

As does the mice family...

Night forest comes to play.

Packs of wolves, fleets of
foxes. Even the mosquitoes.

Have joined the feast. The
world, a dangerous place
at night. Gangs. Criminals.

A fox could even attack you.

“Nothing good happens after
midnight”, my mother once

said. Scratches echo the forest

floor. Dinner was served. To some.

But the poor mouse mother. The

poor poor mouse mother.

Her carpet was ever more stained.

Stained red. And her face.

The moon left room for sun.

For sun has needed to shine.

If only earlier, mother mouse
would not have to live through

this life of guilt. The sunlight spilled into her burrow. But her face would be forever scarred by the moon.

Mother mouse wishes it could have been her instead of her kids. Her life would never be the same.

Mother mouse lives through a very real issue. Survivors' guilt. Survivors' guilt ruins the lives of one

involved in a trauma who wishes they could have helped or wishes it could've been them instead to take
the place of one they lost. Their life will be forever plagued, and their face forever scarred by the moon.