

Tree Heart

Her skin is like bark.

Rough to the eye,

Soft to the touch.

But not just her skin,

Her arms are branches that run through every city,

Woven around every man, woman, child.

They tether to any who dare to feel,

Any who dare to let their heart wail.

While her embrace holds the boisterous as if they were her own.

She cradles those who choose to tope alone.

Some find her captivating,

But she is merely captive.

In the chokehold of their expression, she is suffocated.

The emotions pour into her branch like arms,

Flooding her narrow veins.

They beg for a quiet place to call their own,

But what they find is neither silence nor solitude.

The veins connect to a frail heart,

Dressed in exhaustion,

Beating every drop of energy left.

A heart so full it stretched and wore thin.

The emotions shove their way in,

Taking the place of another broken feeling.

The heart of the women whose skin is like bark,

Arms are like branches,

And veins grow like tangled roots,

Holds the feelings of every soul in the world.

The keeper of joy, sadness, anger and loss,

No longer has room for any feelings of her own.