

The Oak Tree Stands.. by Tara

*Like little ants,
They march
Eyes blazing, jaws clenched
They have the hunger of sharks, it seems*

*On they go, scuttling towards me
I'm an oak tree they wish to beat
But my dark branches are trophies, my bark is protection
I'm swarmed, rooted,
But I flow*

*They wish to conquer,
And so I'll be conquered*

*The path is set,
The flags are out,
The goal is in sight.
But I am not won*

*Hundreds of crimson tendrils bloom high, climb tall
And as a spark pierces through my bark,
It is called, the first blood has been drawn*

*But red, violet, green fluid spill
All the colors of the rainbow within me
Make their way out*

*I stand through the storm of their want
I am here
I am strong.*