

*The Life of the Tree*

*I'm the soul of the tree  
I have left the disgusting life  
And now I'm a free soul  
Let me tell you the story of my life  
I was born on a day very fine  
My mother was a seed  
The boy who planted her knew my need  
He gave me water everyday  
And with the butterflies I would play  
The sun gave me sunshine  
And the wind gave me air  
I made my food by these  
And ate it every day  
I grew up very happily  
Playing with my friends  
And now I was a tree  
I gave fruits, flowers, and shade to every one  
But one day the humans cut me  
With an axe to make a building  
Before dying I told my story to you  
Please don't cut my brothers or sisters  
Or a very few of us will be left.*

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