

Scruffy Eagle Poetry

"THANK GOD FOR THE TREES"

Background info:

This poem was devised while I stood on the porch, surrounded by the dense, dark forest and (almost) insulated against the world - listening to the sounds of fireworks going off 8 miles away in Land O' Lakes, on the evening of July 3rd, 2008.

"THANK GOD FOR THE TREES"

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Written: 07/03/08

Thank God, for the trees that obscure and hide
The riotous display of lights in the sky,
Celebrating the freedom that was ripped from me
By brute force abuse of law in a court
When they kidnapped my child and accused me
Of all that I despise.

Yes, thank God for the trees.
If I could only do something about the sound...

I hear the booming, and sounds like guns -
Firecrackers, that share the rape of the air
For the dullards and lucky ones who've never been
Raped in the court room like fathers, like me.
The sizzling of phosphorus and sulfer missiles
Echoing carnage survived by forefathers;
Now mothers wreak havoc, and kill families -
Enslaving the fathers and children for thrills.
Power-trips in black robes, after aerobics.
Where's their hoods? Dressed in blue, I suppose.

The burning above, like crosses on fire -
scorching the clouds to prove it's all right.
Thank God, for the trees.

In conclusion:

*I hope you've enjoyed reading my poem,
"Thank God For The Trees".
May it be a gift of spirit, for whoever listens.*

May you be guided and protected as you journey through life!

~~~ Scruffy Eagle ~~~