

## The Downing

The worst thing I ever did  
Waking up to the icy world  
Not enough sun or warmth  
But the harsh sun is already beating down on the earth  
Have to get up but I can't  
Nonetheless, it needs to be done  
Last day I have to  
Last day to wake up  
So I go

In the shy sunlight just coming up  
I'm already gone to the forest  
Getting the tools  
I can hear the trees screaming  
Wanting to stay up for the winter  
But like rest of the farm  
They need to go, to live  
I want to save them  
But I go

Wind like knives terrorize the dying forest

I don't want to  
But it has to fall  
Too late for goodbyes  
Too late to stop  
The iron is already spinning  
Too late to stop  
The chain is already taut  
Too late to stop  
It has to be done  
  
I can feel the agony as the saw rips through  
I hurt for it  
But it hurts more  
I want to  
But all is already done  
The severed limb has fallen  
Too fast to say goodbye  
Then  
The tree is no more

Caleb Barer

