

Knowledge of the Trees

Sometimes I feel as though the trees know who they are. They dance in the wind as though they have been forever, waving back and forth, back and forth.

They change when they need to, losing their warm coats and killing what needs to be killed, giving us brilliant colours before they go, still putting on a show when they know they have to die.

They grow when they need to, creating life again, in its simplest form, buds forming on branches, with instant knowledge of what they must achieve.

Through the cold, through the sun, through the season of the flowers.

A question for the ages, how do we know who we are?

And we wish we knew, but we don't dance, we don't change or adapt or grow.

Humans; gone so soon, with no idea who they were, who they were meant to be.

Gone without a trace.

- Isla Younger (Year 9)



Inspired by Alia Haider's *Bulleh ki Jaana mai Qon*.