

I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: Trees Talking



TREES TALKING



Hello, Douglas, Fir.

How's your day going? How did you get here?

Sounds like my story.

Were they hot?

You don't have to be so barky.

Ewe.

My day was the same.

A male and female human, fucked. Right under me.

And then, he shat.

Gross.

We should both move, get out of here → find a better place.

Mushrooms.

Run. LOL.

Sure.

I feel a tingling sensation.

Is that your root →

Hello, Red, Cedar.

My day. My day.

Let me tell you about my day?

But first, one day, it rained, the next day I was here.

As for my day, yesterday, I looked down, a man was blowing another, right at my base.

What?

They're not trees.

I'm only into trees.

Sorry, no they were not hot.

They left a wrapper at my trunk. It stuck.

I'm sorry to hear that.

Are you daft. We can't.

We're trees for Christ's sake.

Are you fricken high?

OMG.

Here comes the two guys again.

They've brought friends.

When they're done, did you want to grab a root beer or something.

Yes.