

## **Tree Snag**

Standing dead,  
no branches,  
no leaves,  
no photosynthesis.  
What is the point?

With death there is  
sorrow and loneliness,  
the winter of our days.

As spring abounds  
we are reminded of beginnings  
and vitality of life.

With the standing dead there is triumph.  
Insects come for the wood.  
Predators come for the insects.

Cavities are made,  
supporting nests of young.  
Stumps store moisture.  
Rotting wood cradles seed growth,  
And life begins anew.

With every death there is an awakening

And a living memory is maintained.