

# A Stand of Trees

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We slay trees, we lawyers do,  
They fall as our words resound.  
Ink spills.  
Lead smears.  
Our tongues will not be bound.

No nit clears, none seems too small,  
We pick them with loving care.  
Eyes close.  
Mouths gape.  
While forests die, stripped bare.

Trees can sue, said Justice D,  
But what shall the suit discuss?  
"Oh, please."  
"We pray."  
"Kill them, or they'll kill us."

