

Nature Abound

by Ben Harrington

Tall trees as far as the eye can see.

All the colours that can be found,

Up high and all around.

Animals creeping

Not making a sound peaceful, happy, nature abound.

But not all is peaceful in this land

My friend.

The whirring of blades,

The crashing of logs,

Man comes stamping through the fog.

And when all is done and man

Has left,

Left behind,

Is a valley of death.