

# OASIS OF NO TREES

**Lorne Braun**

We remember the green  
Pristine and known  
We remember the earth  
Grounding what we believe  
To be of worth  
Nesting and resting the  
Harbingers of new life  
Will they no longer reach the sky?  
See eye to eye?  
With God?

And in its place  
The race to riches  
Sowing discontent  
And all it favours  
Acrid flavours

Shall we then bless this place?  
Redeem the space?  
Accept with grace?

With sadness acknowledging loss