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Creative Writing

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Poem #1 revision: Portfolio

### **Before I Collapse**

She wanted them to remember her.

When she was just a sapling

close to the Earth.

A single bract emerging.

When she grew

her rind ripe and smooth.

The season occasionally interrupting  
her verdure leaves with an amber blush.

Sun filtering through and casting warm  
shadows of veins across their faces.

When for the first time she heard,

told through twisted teeth,

*'Oh look at you*

*Pretty thing'*

When they ran their hands over the curve of her

Trunk.

And as they carved their names into her flesh,

they pretended not to notice her  
aching ribs with each  
labored  
breath.

When she was sure a splinter of her must have lost  
in another's skin  
for unseen there was something gone,  
Stolen.

When even still she spent all of her moments  
with a fervent need  
to remain  
a pretty  
Thing.

A Dryad safe in her still form.

When it must have been that she was rotting  
from inside  
It tasted like morning fog.  
On her tongue a haze of sweet  
turned to copper.  
Blood.

When she felt the ground  
pulling her down  
and the wind easily ripped  
her branches apart.

When she grew bitter

and burdensome.

When she was worn  
and remained worn  
until her roots grew too deep.

When they strangled  
the foundations of their homes  
and flooded their pipes.

Then  
It didn't help her  
to be a pretty thing.  
Not at all.

Most slept through her wailing  
as cold metal bit into her tissue  
and ground her into dust.  
Some came out to watch.

A willow always was most lovely  
when it wept.

And when the last truck left  
and all that remained  
for them to look at was  
a mound of dirt  
and the steam rising from it.

They felt only  
Relief.