

October 14th

To Be a Tree

Ryder Sands | Trees | photography

In the solitude of my backyard, I watch the color of the day wane. I look to the trees towering over me, noticing the way the sunlight bathes their leaves in amber glow, the color of warm honey. I ponder with curiosity what life must be like for them. They spend their days standing tall, looking beautiful for people to enjoy. For trees, everything is constant. Their task remains the same, whether rainy or sunny, warm or cold. They must sustain themselves and produce for others. We don't have enough respect for trees, I think. When I truly consider it, trees are utterly selfless, the opposite of humankind. They give so much: beauty, oxygen, paper, shelter, even food. I feel for them, unrespected, unappreciated. They give so much but get nothing in return. How sad to be a tree, yet how beautiful. I consider my own life and how much I give. The trees stand before me, their leaves shaking in the wind as if waving, perhaps thanking me for appreciating them when no one else does. Their lives aren't glamorous, but they are virtuous and indispensable. As I sit, sheltered from the chilly wind by their branches, I want to be more like a tree.

By Sofia Mercado

