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The Tree

Helmi Ben Meriem

I sat under the tree,

I spent my days as a toddler

in her shade, like an angel

under the tree of wisdom.

I looked at the swing,

I hung in her middle bough

years ago. I played with it

thinking it will last forever.

Days have gone, years have gone,

and I still have dwelt under the tree.

She gave me hope,

She gave me condolences.

I, now, cut her middle bough.

I turn it into a hatchet.

I will chop this tree,

And make it go down on earth.

She does not deserve to live anymore,

She has lost the right to live.

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Her womb has turned into a tomb.

She is the destroyer, not creator of joy.

O, I lament ancient days.

O, I lament the tree.

But I shall celebrate the lives

Of those saved from Sua.

There shall be no gibbets anymore.

The tree is down.