



Joey Gignoux

Nathan Hale High School | 9th Grade

Creatures

crescendos of chirps call
to each other, swooping, diving, shaking shimmering branches
ground littered with pinecones
pine needles
feathers
dried-up leaves.
the trees throw away
the dead parts of the forest
to the snails and beetles and worms.
but
dead
doesn't
mean
gone.
to the human, death is the end.
a body stops being here, stops
being useful,
stops.
the trees understand.
you are the mountain and the bugs and the forest debris on the
ground.
what have we traded for
a sense of superiority?
to the bugs, is the sky
the same shade of cobalt?
after all, we're both
just
creatures.



**seattle
arts &
lectures**