

## **The Naked Trees**

It was a pitiable sight, to see the stretch of trees bereft of leaves and adoration. But, it was the routine that the years had bestowed upon them, ever since the first of their kind bloomed eagerly from a seed. In the winter, they hunched naked and bent like crones; crooked and spindled tombs, mourning the adornments of the kinder months.

But they withstood the abandonment, and endured the grief as the wind whistled through their withered limbs, forcing them to clack angrily at their neighbours as if blaming each other for their shared fate.

They endured because they knew, that soon, the icy gusts that tickled and taunted would grow warmer and gentler. The days that fled and submitted to darkness will glow longer and brighter. The birds that claimed their twigs as homes will return, and sing and chirp at the reoccurrence of both— and when these changes crept, as they always did, in to their annual relevance. So too would the brilliant and vivid blossoms - that accrued footfall from all around the world to marvel, wonder, and beam at – would unfurl, yawning from their dormant absence and bask in the beauty of all.

But until then... they'll shiver.