



Here

I am well past my peak
while the rest of this landscape
continues to thrive.

I may not be beautiful
as I once was but at least
everything in view is.

I will rest in the shade of my saplings,
staring proud as they reach new heights,
above and beyond what I was able to.

When I fell I was the only to hear.

What remains of my residence
has grown silent but birds, bugs,
and sunlight still find shelter
in the shell of my former glory.

I was stumped,
I am here to stay.

Inspired by
Generations
by Matt Smith

By Rodolfo Abresinos