Median.

Cement center dividers drive me crazy.
Maybe they think we are not intelligent enough
To figure out which side to stay on.
The plants are there to cover that truth.
Decorations can easily hide what the motive is.

What if I want to turn around?
I missed my exit and I want to approach it from the other way?
Who are you, cement, to say I can’t go where I want?
Maybe if concrete was more forgiving
We could correct our own mistakes.

If want to go careening into head on traffic at high speeds.
I want that to be my choice, as well.
Sure, suicide is selfish, but I am man enough to guard myself against that
I don’t need a line of cement median to be my conscience.
Let me make my own mistakes.

It’s just such a pity about trees today.

Trees used to be proud plants.
They ruled the forest and the world with splintering force.
An underground network of unseen roots would hold them high above all the other plants.

In the fall they’d lose a lot of their leaves,
The snow in the winter could never completely erase the memory of their dynasty,
And the spring would always be a march towards the summer of total arboreal domination.

It’s just such a pity what they do today.
Trapped in planters in malls and freeway islands.
I mean, what do they rule in a box like that?
A couple flowers and maybe a bush,
Nothing at all proud about them.
People sit on the partition and relax from their strenuous shopping. The tree consoles them, makes them feel like they’re getting exercise because they’re in wildlife. He’s like the Dr. Phil of the plant world now. “There you go lady, now you can continue on your quest towards materialistic fulfillment, and don’t worry about the fact you couldn’t fit in that dress” the Tree says.

It’s just such a pity about trees today. They rule over nothing now. If trees had memories they’d weep like the willows for the old days. But trees are just plants.