ORIGINAL POETRY

Feed the Meter

This poem comes from regular Shoreline contributor Jim Turner. After jotting down a few thoughts on the removal of the family's Christmas tree, he was surprised to learn that those who read them saw a moving and lovely poem. He shares this on his "accidental" poem: In 1974 when our daughter, Jami, was three years old, we started a tradition of selecting live trees for Christmas. The selection was a family decision and Charlie Brown would have loved us. We planted them along the back border of our property, and created what would grow to become a beautiful natural separation. A few years later, in 1979, we built another house in Durham County and continued that tradition for several more seasons. I have always cherished the smells and feel of live and cut trees and have resisted for 47 years the draw to go plastic. At the same time, I have guilt feelings about cutting down a living tree only to throw it away to rot a month later. Residing at the coast has created new options for us, and now the process doesn't seem so selfish. This year we used Jean's convertible to haul the deceased loved one up the road to the Iron Steamer parking lot and offered it there to be given back to the warm southwest winds.

Letting Go

By Jim Turner

Don't weep for me whispered the tree.

I was planted in kindness and kissed by the sun.
The mountain showers strengthened my soul
And helped my branches grow sturdy and green.

You chose me from a crowd of many Illuminated me in white lights And adorned me with colorful memories. Your family smiled on me and I felt their love.

Now I go to rest on the shore and guard the dunes. My body will suffer the weather and return to the dust. Don't weep for me whispered the tree.

Poets among us are invited to submit original poetry to shoreline@townofpks.com. Editorial deadlines are listed on page 3 of The Shoreline.—The Editors



The Turner family Christmas tree, loaded and ready for the trip to the beach for recycle— *Photo by Jim Turner*

