

the *forest* of **Solidarity**

by Richard David Turner

As a Steward, I am a Tree.
I am Sturdy, and Strong.
I stand tall
through the storms of grievances,
of contracts,
and of political turmoil for
My Roots grow deep into the Soil of Unionism.
I am nourished by the
Spirit of Membership
shared with those around me.
My Leaves are My Thoughts,
My Experiences,
My Memories.
As they fall, they are lifted by
The Winds of Hope and gently settle amongst
The Leaves of Grass.
They are watered by
the Rains of Justice, where they become
the Seeds of Inspiration that feed the
Hunger of Community Activism.
These Seeds are encouraged to grow and
sprout new plants, with More Roots...
The Beginnings of New Trees...
With Stronger Branches.
And More Leaves.
Occasionally, the weeds of division,
the pests of anti-unionism,
and the stones of despair,
try to take over the Grass.
But they cannot,
for their roots are Not from Community.
Denied the comforting
Shade of Our Leaves, they are forced into
harsh Heat and Rays from
The Sun of Truth and can
grow no longer...
As Time passes, there are more Trees.
Many Varieties of Trees that
Spread Diversity, and Togetherness.
I...We, Welcome You,
Brothers and Sisters,
To The
Forest of Solidarity.

