



WHEN FORESTS DREAM:

A verdured fantasy

What do forests dream of at night?

Do they imagine the stars above them?
Or do they dream of the strange creatures
beneath their boughs?

Perhaps they fantasize about seeds
that ripen in their branches,
or what their ancestors dreamed of.

Perhaps they have nightmares
about chainsaws and bulldozers
that change their entire existence
into rubbish and lumber or charcoal.

Do they even feel pity the blind people
who operate such machines?

If we listened to the voice of the forest
more carefully would our lives be different?

– T Newfields

Beg.: 2001 Nagoya ☆ Rev. 2023 Shizuoka