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# The Prayer of the Trees



You who pass by and would raise a hand against us, heed well our prayer before you harm us.

We are the fuel for your fires on cold nights, the friendly shade protecting you from the fierce sun and our fruits are refreshments to quench your thirst and cheer you as you journey on.

We are the rafters of your roofs, the bodies of your boats, the seats of your stools and the boards of your beds.

We are the handles of your hoes, the gates of your homes, the wood of your cradles and the shells of your coffins.

We are the saviours of your soil from loss by rain and wind and to your soil we give richness and life for the benefit of all men.

We are the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

You who pass by, listen to our prayer and harm us not.

