

Data Submitted (UTC 11): 2/2/2024 8:35:22 PM

First name: Anne

Last name: Millbrooke

Organization:

Title:

Comments: A tree is...

A green thing

Except those

Colorful trees

About to lose

Their Leaves

And those

Brown things

That have lost

Their leaves

For winter

A thing

Rooted

In soil

Or rocks

Or water

Or not

In the case of

A downed tree

Called

A nurse log,

Itself a soil

Of sorts.

A living thing

Except those dead

Yet still serving as

Habitat for

Other species

And thereby

Leaving a

Legacy

A tree is

Part of a forest

Part of a lawn

A thing of the

Mountains

Plains

Coasts

Jungles

Even deserts

Also farms

And cities

A tree is  
A place of shade  
A place of shelter  
A place of nature

A tree is.  
That's enough.  
That's important.  
Let it be.

Let trees be a forest.  
Let them grow old.

Above is my poem "A Tree," written while I reflected upon the joy that trees have brought me through my life - starting long before I even heard the term "ecological services." I support the Forest Service's proposal to amend forest plans for 128 forests across the nation, to protect remaining old-growth from industrial logging (even if thinly disguised as forest treatment, vegetation treatment, fire prevention measure, livestock pasture improvement, etc.), to prohibit actions that degrade old-growth forests, to promote actions to improve climate change resilience, and to reduce the risk of uncharacteristic fire activity in fire-prone forests.