

Power of One

by Rebecca Savord

One fine morning in mid-June,
A woodsman came walking, his mouth full of tune.
He came to a tree with his axe in the air,
But stopped when he heard a voice say "Ho, there!"

He looked all around 'till he saw a great oak
With a nose and a mouth; why, he looked like a bloke!
He ignored this strange being and returned to his work
And fell a tree with his axe and just a slight jerk.

The woodsman felled another four
Then five, then six, then seven, eight more!
At this the old tree bristled with anger
And fiercely reprimanded this slaughtering stranger

"What Business have you coming into our woods
And chopping down trees as if it were good?
This cruel act of yours is *not* fine by me.
I forbid you to cut down another tree!"

But the woodsman swung his mighty axe
And split the tree with one loud "WHACK!"
It stood there for a minute or two,
Then toppled, dead through and through.

"Woodsman," cried the wise old tree.
"My sibling has been felled by thee.
He was my true and faithful brother.
You sir, are crueller than any other!"

At this the woodsman shook with glee
And laughter rang out heartily.
He threw his head back full of cheer
And said "Oh, tree, now listen here.

"I do not see the harm I've done.
The tree I've cut down is but one.
I've done nothing wrong, so you see.
I do it all to earn money."

At this the tree looked solemnly
And calmly reprimanded he:

One is small
But not too few.
One can change another's view
These changes can be amplified
When many ones* join side by side.
For in the cloak of father time,
It takes just one to change a life.

Then the woodsman dropped his blade
And pondered his words in the shade.
And then he realized with great dread
The tree was right. His anger spread.

“But what of fortune?” the woodsman roared.
“Your words are rubbish, not great lore!
If I can't harm a single tree,
I'll lose my job! I'll cut down *thee!*”

With this he grabbed his axe of fury
And the tree lay lifeless from his hurry
The axe had not felled the tree, but stance;
The tree was cut with ignorance.

With all the trees in the forest chopped down
From their blood and their tears rose a town.
And from the woodsman's shameless bungle
Rose a filthy concrete jungle.

And all along the busy streets
With places to go and people to meet
Businessmen, workers, merchants galore
Would rush right on by, four by four.

And not one had seen a tree in their life,
And not one cared to see this sight.
But, as father time strode by
A rural stranger drew nigh

He looked pitifully at the sorrowful town
And the trees word's echoed to him now:

One is small
But not too few.
One can change what others do
These changes can be amplified
When many ones* join side by side.
For in the cloak of father time,
It takes just one to change a life.

The stranger listened and understood.
And then he knew what he could
Do to change the urban town.
He called to everyone "Now gather 'round.

"There was once a wise old tree
Who lived in this town like you and me.
The forest he lived in was cut down.
It prevented the building of this town.

"But we can give back," he reassured them.
"Tell your sisters, your uncles, your friends.
Everyone will plant a small tree
And care for it always for you see

"One is small
But not too few.
One can change and become two
These changes can be amplified
When many ones* join side by side.
For in the cloak of father time,
It takes just one to change a life."

The townspeople brought new life to the town
And renewed the forest the asphalt had drowned.
That day they learned of the power of one
For when all is said and done

One is small
But not too few.
One can change and become two
All the world will smile wide
When all the ones* stand side by side.
For in the cloak of father time,
Anyone can change a life.