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# Pine Cone

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#### Pine Cone

### Eric Leightman

The pine cone starts to grow.

Gradually, it forms its unique sliced, oval shape.

Dangling from a vast and wrinkled grandmother tree

From a thin and weakening twig,

The cone dwindles back and forth

Through the soothing daytime breeze.

Suddenly, like an infant losing its umbilical chord,

The pine cone is separated from its mother.

It falls to a long death
Only to experience a new life.
It lays in a small pile of grass, dirt, and colorful leaves.
Unable to move and all alone, it is at the mercy of a higher power.

Silence and darkness sweep over the tree and the surrounding land. A blinding light flashes for only a swift moment; A long, chaotic echo and a terrifying rumble follow directly behind. From there a different kind of light appears to heat up the valley, Growing exponentially minute by minute. These bright orange flames engulf the tree, leaves and pine cone. As the crunchy and sharp exterior of the brown object Starts to crumble away, Its delicate and miniature seeds are freed. They are buried deep in the comforting, soft soil. The land is now seemingly desolate and dormant. Life lies just beneath the surface.

In time, seed will sprout again and a new tree will slowly grow.