

# Three Poems of Nature

By Drew Wendt

## Who am I?

Once an integral weave of nature's tapestry, my purpose was severed in mere moments.

The damage done to me was not, and cannot be, inflicted by me.

I can impede your path without trickery. Ignoring me can bring you pain or destruction.

Once a bastion of the earth, a bleak future of decay awaits me.

A remnant of my former self, I remain as memorial to life cut short.

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Life revolves around me, but I may also extinguish it.

After time I can dwindle into nothing, but in the next moment surge to life stronger than before.

The fury and wrath of my unchecked nature can obliterate anything in my path, but I can also be harnessed to foster life's activities and brighten those around me.

Often sought after, the desperate will dig deep into the earth on the possibility of finding me, but I appear where I please when I please.

My nature is ever-changing, shifting forms based on the environment's conditions.

I am worth everything and nothing. The callous will ruin me, while the extravagant will buy even when free.

You can't live without me, even though you may curse my name.

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Moods may be lifted, or spirits quenched, based on the façade of my presence.

I exist as a harbinger of peril for the meek and mighty, but cannot directly harm anyone.

Readily visible to any and all who would seek me, no mortal hand can touch me.

Few have ever left me behind, even as no container can capture me.

Life is not possible without me, yet life is slowly destroying me. **Who am I?**

Answers to Three Poems of Nature by Drew Wendt

Tree Stump,  
*Forgotten by man and time*

Water,  
*In a vanishing creek*

The Sky,  
*On a nearly cloudless day*

