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## MICKEY THE TREE

Jeanne Casagrande, Sara Sherif

A tree stranded in the city,  
Going by the name of Mickey.

Trying to fit in,  
Was its daily routine.  
It had to find its purpose,  
Poor thing, it was so nervous!

The city appeared so splendid  
But our tree was a little candid  
Imitating pillar, support and rod.  
Look at that distorted log!

In a way, its woody texture  
Did not echo the architecture.  
Against the steel and the concrete  
Mickey could simply not compete.

It sadly felt like an alien  
Whose aim was utopian.  
Until the day it found them,  
And thought that solved the problem.

But the sense of belonging to  
Never felt entirely true.  
Mickey had grown differently,  
Although they seemed like family.

That's when it understood,  
It wasn't just a piece of wood.  
Mickey gained integrity,  
Not willing to fit society.

Now proudly standing at its place  
In a city lacking wooden grace,  
Mickey's a celebrity,  
A symbol of ambiguity.







