

The tree in its dilemma of existing



I looked at the sky on a cloudy day. That grayish one that did not grieve me but brought me peace. The wind passed over my leaves lightly, making them sway like a dance. I felt it would be like any other day. But then I looked at the sky again. Something brought color to the grayish infinity. It was a distant thing, but it moved gracefully through the sky. What would that be? I kept observing the movement that brought the fun to that moment. I didn't know what it was, but I liked it a lot. I started feeling something I haven't known I could ever feel. Suddenly that colored spot in the sky began to come closer and to become more visible. I could see it... It was a bird full of colors and with long wings that I had never seen before. Her beauty was unique. She landed on my twig so gently that I could barely feel it. I was admiring that majestic living being who was resting on me.

She rested and then returned to the sky on such a lovely flight that made me want to fly along. I felt an immense urge to be a bird and have the freedom to go wherever I want. I felt sad since I was just a tree fixed to this monotonous cloudy day with no color.

Maybe I wouldn't care if I hadn't seen that bird, but it brought me a new meaning of life. She returned on the following day bringing with her the freedom that I yearn so much. I started to think over it now, wondering how good it was. But then she landed on my branch again. She looked at me, perceiving my expression of admiration. I tried to imagine what she might be feeling, it seemed that she had a kind of sad expression. But I couldn't think of a single reason why she was not happy. She then returned to the sky and flew from one side to the other without having a destination.

After a long time flying like that, she came back and landed again on my twig. She looked like she was waiting for me to understand a message. I got a little confused, but after a while, I realized it was a simple message. Even if she possesses the freedom to go wherever she wants, not having a place to finally rest her wings makes it all dull. It's good to have where to stay and be able to feel good where you are. That was when I understood the importance I had to her. She brought me joy. In ways we don't realize, we end up making each other's lives better. I could continue

being just a simple tree fixed in the Earth, but now a colorful bird with beautiful huge wings landed on my twigs every day and flew over the sky turning the gray day into a joyful and colored one. And the bird always had where to land and rest its beautiful wings, I was her companion and her coziness.

I was finally happy and my days were colorful, even though the sky was cloudy. I began to realize that cloudy days have its beauty. But time brings many changes, and they're not always good ones.

It was hard to rain in this place but perhaps the coming of something new has brought with it changes. On a rainy day, the bird didn't show up. I was thinking about all the possibilities that prevented her from reaching me, but I didn't worry, she was strong and smart, she'd know a way to protect herself.

On the following day, she didn't show up again. I began to realize that something was wrong because she always came, it was almost like a commitment.

But I couldn't go out and look for her, my only option was to have patience and believe that she would return soon, as beautiful as before. And then, she didn't show up. I started to panic. What happened to

her? What would I do now?

I communicated with all the plants nearby and no one would know to explain to me what happened to the bird. I felt useless. What if she needed my help? I was trapped here on Earth just in despair of being able to find it. I had no wings and could not fly trying to find her, I could not do anything.

It's been days, and the bird hasn't returned. I thought life had given me a gift and then taken it away without any pity. The days returned to have a grey sky and joy disappeared, but not completely. Something's changed in me. Even when I was sad with the fall of the leaves, I remembered that a beautiful bird landed on my branch and made my days more colorful, sometimes the green of my leaves almost mingled with the colors of her feathers and it seemed that we were one. We were intertwined. Then, in an impossible way to explain, I felt that she was fine, just had followed another path. Although I was sad because I'd probably never see her again, she was on the right track for her happiness, and it made me feel good. I couldn't arrest her; her freedom was what I admired the most. She was happy and that was all I

cared about.

Finally, I was at peace with my thoughts, I missed her terribly, but I knew it was better this way. I would never forget her and how I came to admire the clouded days thanks to her. Even though I spared no more on my twigs weakened by time, I still felt her with me. My sky would never be gray again because she left all the colors I needed to color my life. I will be eternally grateful for the joy she has brought on her enormous wings.

It seemed that time was in my favor, my leaves were renewed on that humid and cloudy day. The renovation made me think of how different everything was, even if nothing had changed. New leaves mean new chances to flourish. It's hard to see your own beauty. I never stopped to notice it, but I don't have much to do. I feel good, my green leaves ready to make photosynthesis seem livelier than I am. I eagerly await the pollinators.

My very vivid flowers must surely fill the eyes of a beautiful little bird. I think about the possibility of the colorful bird appearing again, bringing color to the gray sky as she always did, but I try not to hold on to

it.

Some birds begin to appear full of joy and they are delighted with the beautiful flowers I proudly show. They begin to work carefully by going from flower to flower, without losing one's sight. I watch them still thinking about the possibility of flying, but I get out of this illusion as soon as I consider that if I was a bird, I would not be able to produce beautiful flowers, and without flowers, this gray place would be sadder and dull. I recognize my importance to this place without any color, but full of life.

I ended up remembering my own importance and how I can be happy being myself and loving who I am. I wish I could send this message to the seeds that someday will take our place. After all, I'm an old tree, now almost out of leaves. I had a good life and I did my part. I just want to say goodbye to this beautiful cloudy day and this eternal gray sky, and say goodbye to the bird that has colored my sky to this day, even though she is not here anymore. My existence on Earth is coming to an end, but I'm sure I'll continue to exist on someone's mind.