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Grade 7  
Writing Wild  
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### Pinecone Blues

Sitting here, basking in the sun on this gravel. I do not see or hear my surroundings for I have no thoughts, no feelings, only my physical self. I am crushed, stepped on by merciless feet. The feet of humans. I bear the seeds of my creator, my father. They are encrusted into my deep folds of bark, my strong outer shell. But somehow the heavy and immensely big feet of the humans crush me. They destroy my body, my shell, diminish my thoughts, even though I have none. They come without mercy and leave without guilt. They do not help, merely harm, destroying everything in their path and they do not care who or what was harmed. They continue in their path of destruction until there is sweat on their brow and they collapse in exhaustion.