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If a Tree Falls in a Forest

BY ASHLEY ASAHINA

I don't need ears to know
that it fell, for the vibration it generates
flows through my veins and has plugged
my ears with the ashes of humanity's evolution.
I crave the fallen; the stamp of wisdom's ambiance we so uphold
carved within the stumps of our ancestors
and into the pencils of scholars. I listen without hearing;

lightning that struck its first victim crackling
lovingly through the dead of
winter's brutal chill, shrieks of an
aghast newborn as it broadcasts life for the
first time through tiny lungs, sighs of
shade as it coos gently at the heat-stroked, chirps of
birds and the howls of apes, furious clicking and scribbling on
sheets that determine humankind's future, the gasp of
life inhaled in the wind, groans of industrialization and
agricultural means, the
first juicy crunch of sin that casted Adam and Eve
to the depths of Earth.

I must listen carefully, delicately, as to catch the source of
vibration's waves tickling the tips of my ears. There are those
who have the audacity to ask whether a fallen tree's
lament makes a sound. For them I ask this,

When the last tree falls in the forest,
Will the world make a sound?