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# If a Tree Falls in a Forest

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# If a Tree Falls in a Forest

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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?