

The Trees

By Charlie Chalkley

that day, the trees were something else. the leaves shimmered hues of myrtle, sun-mottled chloromagic, brought to lazy life by the breeze. ivy clambered and enveloped the trunks, desperate to be one with the oaks and the evergreens, like they were in love, so very much in love. the sky, nigh curaçao, hung atop the high street, a michelangelo skybox. i felt high and i wasn't even high on anything except the day