

## Like Trees

Rose Cousins

I swear your nerves are thick like trees  
You sit so still, do you breathe?  
The world comes just to your knees

Scars like leather, weather, and age  
Softest when they meet the grave  
We may never be saved  
Saved  
Saved

I thought that I could lift anything  
The rain from the ground  
Your ship from the deep  
You're probably stronger than me  
Me