Somebody else is the Sycamore.  
I am the whispered wind rumors  
of treetop gossip.  
Mine are vein switchyards  
that thin and stretch.  
I am the songbird’s hopeshout.  

Ice-fingered limbs condescend  
to my burden of snow.  

I am the mottled flecking  
of multicolored camouflage bark.  
Mine are the worm tunnels  
in the softest skinwood.  
I am the crackle of dessicated leaves.  
Yet someone else is the Sycamore.

Rodney Smythston had never understood his brother when he was alive. He wasn’t sure he understood him now that he was dead.  
Ralph hated Rodney. Everyone who knew the Smythstons knew that. Now Ralph had died and left his only valuable possession, the Ellington Emerald, to his despised sibling. He had inherited it from Grandfather Ellington, his mother’s father, who stipulated the jewel be given to the first born Smythston son. It was the only thing of Ralph’s that Rodney had ever wanted. Now it was his and he was damn glad about it.