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The Trees Are Talking

Maeve Saunders

The Walking Routine

On my way to class, I watched a construction worker drop his hat in a puddle of mud. It was more like muddy water actually and the hat was now covered in it. I stopped in my tracks. I don't know why; nothing was compelling me to stop and stare at this man. We've all dropped things before. It's nothing new or interesting, but I stopped and stared anyways. I stared at this man as he bent down with what looked like years of wear and tear and mistreatment by the grunt of his knees. How tired he looked having to repeat himself. How worn out he looked, picking himself back off the ground only to dirty himself in the process with the same muddy water that pulled him down to it. Oh, how tired we are of picking things up and finding that they have been ruined once again.

I've Been Seeing Pelicans

I don't sleep. I wake up tired every hour on the hour, torn and cold and shaking. It's annoying really. I don't do anything to help it though so it's my fault. It's my own selfish sabotaging cycle that I love. No one ever talks about it, but not sleeping makes you lose your mind. It makes you see things differently. The room you're in changes to a room you are simply viewing. Things happen in that room. They change, I change, the pelicans change.

I Sometimes Get Angry

I'm hot-headed, my mother says. She's said that all my life. Whenever I'm having a hot-headed day she calls me Audrey, she says "you're having a lot of Audrey moments Maeve". Audrey is my middle name as well as my grandmothers, her mothers, name. Most things about me are very Audrey. My smile, my temper, my sarcasm, and my desire to break people down to the roots and the core with just a look. It's very easy to be Audrey I have to say. Sometimes my mother, my family, call me Audrey by accident. I guess I'm just so

much like her that they easily get confused. It's nice having my personality written for me.

Me and Our Special Little Treats

Nothing is ever simple with us. My friends and I often get coffee after class, but it isn't coffee, it's "I deserve a special little treat today". You say the words "special little treat" and they know what you mean. I think really anyone could come up to them and say, "I'm looking for a special little treat, do you know where I could find one" and they would be able to point them in the best direction. They would probably even join them because who are we to turn down a chance to do nothing.

Today we got a special little treat, and we spent over two hours talking in the coffee shop. My friend said to me "I wonder what the rest of the people are doing right now?" We laughed at the question and said, "probably the same thing".

Another Bad Omen

Sometimes I think about what it would be like if my dad died. You can call me insane if you want, but to say that you haven't thought the same would be a lie. I know you and I know what all people my age fear.

I think about it in the context of how would I just move on? I don't believe there is any moving on, there is just learning to live and learning to forget. Forgetting is the key part. I don't think I could ever feel at peace if I couldn't make myself forget. Forget his laugh, forget his terrible cooking, forget his obsessive cleaning and organizing, his complex jokes that always take me a least a minute to understand, his hats and his glasses (I always liked his glasses), his "you pop me, and I pop you" hugs, his singing and crying and reckless driving and his make you lose your mind long talks about how to live a life. I hope I forgot those or else I'll never be able to move on.

Pick and Choose Your Battles

On an evening when I was feeling particularly suffocated, we decided to watch the movie *Brave*. It was me and my mother sitting on

opposite sides of the room enjoying the same pictures and lines and comedic reliefs as they appeared on the screen. I turned to my mother and asked, "How could a mother ever ignore her child". My mother paused the movie and said "A mother could never ignore her child. If a mother ignores her child, it means that they shouldn't have had kids in the first place. To ignore your daughter especially is to ignore a part of yourself. That's a part of yourself that never grew up, was never given the chance. The part that will always live in fear. The part that knows the horrors of the world, knows the men and the guns and the rights and lack thereof and the hate and the suffering and the killing and screaming and crying and dying and fighting and..."

I wish this was real, but more than that, I wish I ever had the strength to ask.

Maybe You're Just Tired

I rarely hear people talk about how tiring having a chronic illness is. I know I talk about it all the time and maybe other people do but I'm never there to hear it so therefore it doesn't happen. I've lived my life in pain, so much to the point where I can't remember what it was like to wake up in my body and not regret existing. I've existed in my head for far too long, but I've existed in my body for much longer. I'm often reminded of a quote I heard somewhere, on some day, probably on T.V. because let's be real, I actually never read, that women are born with pain built in. We learn how to deal with it quickly and quietly because that's how we survive. Well, the thing is, I've survived long enough and now all I really want is a fuckin' break.

When it's Too Much

It feels like there is blood in my hair.

I wash it and scrub it and I even bought one of those eco-friendly scrubby wooden "wash your dandruff away" scalp massagers.

But there is blood in my hair.

I cut my hair every three months and I wash it every day.

It grows back in a second. Stringy and frail. Thinner than it ever was before.

It's a pet peeve really.
I can't stand it. I can't stand the feeling of my hair on my hair.
My hair on my neck and on my shoulders.
I think about shaving it off all the time, ripping it out
and making it bloody.
I think about cutting through the strings and craziness and
overthinking and sheer hatred.
I think about making it bleed. Making my head bleed.
There is blood in my head.
There is blood in my head.
There is blood in my head.

When You Least Expect It

We had just gotten to Dunkin' and I decided to finally fess up about a traumatic experience that happened to me when I was young. My brother and his girlfriend (a best friend of mine) just stared at me. They couldn't think of the words to say so I said it for them. I told them everything. I told them about how I came to realize the event after burying it for so many years. How I've been talking about it a lot with my friends and how I could not have gone through it without them. How I've been seeing a therapist and will eventually be doing EMDR therapy to help. I told them how I don't blame anyone, that I never once blamed anyone. It wasn't my parents' fault, or my brothers, or my friends, or anyone's fault other than those who did it. I told them how I was never upset or angry with them for not noticing. Not noticing was the whole point of my being and I could not blame them for falling victim to it. My brother simply told me that he loved me and that he has never once in his life has not been in complete awe of me. But Liv. Liv. She said the words, which I hadn't realized at first, were the words I've been waiting to hear my whole life. The words I didn't even know existed yet and could never imagine to be formed in anyone's mouth. She said it to me with tears running down her face and her heart practically aching out of her chest. She said it to me with 18 years of patience and waiting, waiting for me to open up the door and become her sister again: "You look like you don't hate the world anymore".