Eviction

A bird and a squirrel
Best of friends
Live close together
Until their ends
Left for the day
For food that will be their prey
Return to find
Their homes thrown to the ground
Branch by branch
The floral floor is littered with dead limbs
For a tree in which they called their home
Is falling down
“Look there!” The perceptive bird shouts
People dragging away
Not only their home
But the abodes of the entire neighborhood
The bird and the squirrel look at each other in unsurprised dismay
For this isn’t the first time things have gone this way
How the two first met starts the same
With a row of trees being swept away
Now they must find a place to rest their heads
They don’t know if the eviction from their homes is what the people intend
Hope for a permanent residence diminishes
Again and again