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The Trappists

Amy Leach

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The Trappists

“I am a Trappist like the trees,” the lily thought to herself as she let the breeze sway her but said no words to it. “I am a Trappist like the lily,” the creek thought to himself as he swelled with pearly orange fishes but declined to interview them. “We are Trappists like the creek,” thought the raindrops, as they filled the pond with fresh cloud water, or mixed with the juice of a fallen cherry, or came to rest deep in the dirt, and everywhere neglected to explain or introduce themselves. “I am a Trappist like the rain,” thought the tree, as she felt the taciturn rain dripping off her warm needles onto the ground and the wet birds returning, and she made no speeches at all. “I am a Trappist like the trees,” the Trappist thought to himself as he walked into the forest, as he let the lily, the creek, and the fishes and the rain sway him, and said not a word.