

Ryan Bangs
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“A Tree and Some Weeds”

You would be amazed at some of the things people sitting in prison miss, then find themselves thinking and dreaming about. For me, growing up in a town full of trees, groves, and within walking distance of the mountains, I have had a long time to think about, remember, and picture the simplest act of walking beneath and touching a tree. To sit in its shade and breathe it all in... to relax!

Yes, there is a big or bigger picture going on there. The connection with Mother Nature, the peace it brings and yes, the freedom of it all. All these things can be wrapped up in the idea of a tree for me. The land I live in is barren and depressing, not one tree or bush. The only thing living and green are weeds! Ha Just me, and the weeds, two things no one wants, yet here we are... living and waiting to die.