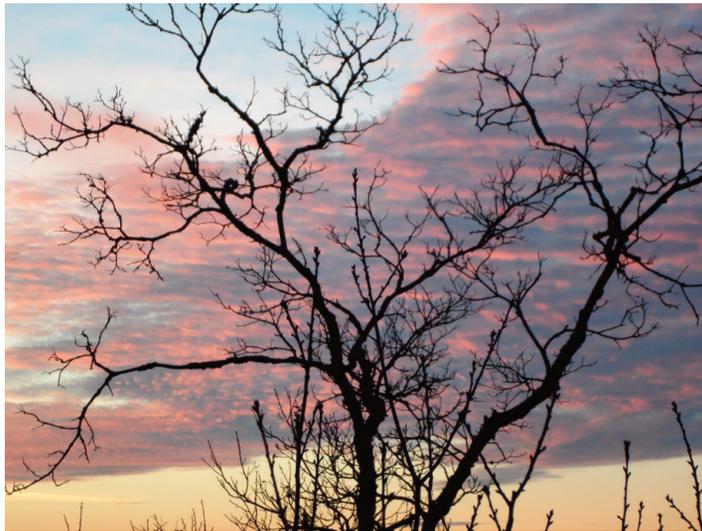




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# Trees

*Jordan Snyder*



My mom says that she likes the shape of the silhouette of the trees against the sunset because they look like capillaries.



Our hearts push blood through our veins, extending life to our limbs. The blood is hidden, or perhaps protected from our exterior by skin and tissue.



Trees are stronger, or perhaps a more brave expression of vitality. The shape of their life extends ever upward toward the infinitely unreachable sky.



Trees carry no shame in their existence, no insecurity about their shape. Trees do not question if they are growing the right way or ask permission to be present. In nature's undeveloped stillness I affirm my own nature.

**Jordan Snyder**  
comments: "I can remember the first time I looked through a camera and that was it. I knew there was nothing else I could do in this world." Email: [snyderj91@gmail.com](mailto:snyderj91@gmail.com)