

TREE

If you were a tree what kind would it be?
How tall would you be?
How big?
Wide?
What kind of trunk would you have? Straight, curved, twisted...
Boughs that cradle and surround?
Are you marked, bearing scars
Weep sap, trickle golden amber tears?
Tell a story of the tapper, the saw that kissed against your bark
And your arms, do they reach up, down, out?
How far up do they start? Above your head and out of reach?
Do they strike outwards, preventing contact with your trunk,
the body of you?
Or droop pendulously towards the earth.
Is your growth slow, a life unhurried, ring upon ring,
nourishing the sapling beneath you
Or do you covet the season, regenerating with the rains,
sustaining your genes through rapid rebirth?
Are you alone, or among others, touching one another?
The other trees, are they of your species... family?
Native
Exotic
Displaced, yet admired
How long does it take to circle your trunk?
To climb to your top most branch?
And your leaves, what shade of green are they? Light, emerald,
viridian, silver... evergreen
Size, shape?

Are you dense, trapping the light absorbing your mystery?
Or do you filter the sun, shedding dappling shade, open,
visible, translucent?
Do you take the water from smaller trees, or do your roots dig
down below the surface seeking a source shared by others whose
roots also delve deep?
Will you stand before the wind, do you bend with it, do you
give up your branches to the wind?
like the tree of a thousand trees
sing with the wind,
shhh she oak, pohon rrrhu
And what, who moves below you? Snakes, rodents, children,
farmers and gardeners... lovers?
What moves within you, squirrels, birds, crickets... butterflies?
Your fruit, does it drip juices, cling to the life that fed it
Or graciously release itself to earth
...and your wood, is it moulded by the carver's hands, or left to
twist, knot and gnarl with the passing of time
Are you dwarfed and shaped, crafted in aim of perfection, world
within world?
Do you cleanse the air, does the air soil you, struggling to
breathe?
Do you dwell on the edge, inhabit land and sea, soil and water
Roots, coils, tendrils and branches
Embracing shifting earths in places of uncertainty
You are a tree

victoria cattoni
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