

There's a Tree outside my House

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There's a tree outside my house.
It's a big tree, an oak tree.

It has presence.

For a longtime I thought it was silent, but it is I who did not listen.

The tree speaks. It speaks in waves as you walk past it; waves which throb outwards like a stone striking a still pool. It's unmistakable once you feel it. Sometimes the waves musically sing.

The tree was here when there was land, just land, low land flooded yearly by the great river, now hemmed in a mile away.

The tree has a full-formed crown. It's hundreds of years old. It flourishes above my house and basks in the light. They shouldn't have built so close. After all, the tree was here long before any builder eyed the land. Will we ever be done, destroyers of the garden?

There's a tree outside my house. Its canopy creates space, a cathedral, a clear, lucid, watery space filled with throbbing. No longer a child I still want to live in its branches, to climb, to sit, to view the world and feel held by its great arms about me.

There's a tree outside my house, a big tree, a massive tree.

I love her completely.