

From the Treetops

Listen! Let me tell you from up here: It rattles! Can you hear?

When branches shake and quiver at night, the stone inside the bark knocks hard and hits the tree trunk wall. It scrapes the inside of hollowness and ripples the waters of sap.

I sit here in the tree tops day and night to catch a murmur of this stone. Have never seen it, just know it's there: all grey of stone-age wisdom and smoothed by friction long time.

Sometimes I reach into the tree through woodpecker's nest or bark beetle's track. Dip my hand into hidden moisture past rings of age and fibrous sheath to touch the vein in which it rests, lodged deep: this stone of mine.

I have never pulled it out – so far. It squirms and jumps quicksilver-like, evades my grip, all gone again. The mystery remains.

Instead, I decorate the tree with fruits and flowers of my imagination. Paint, dreamlike, streaks of rainbow all up and down the furrows of the bark. Write wishes and desires on each leaf. And then, I sit and straddle it all again.

I am waiting for the tide. Waiting for the sap to rise, up, between my legs. That's how the stone will come to enter me, and stay next to my heart.

And in this way, one day, I will be tree. Then the murmur will be mine, all through and through. And inside, what will rise is be my sound, my voice, to sing the tales of all the trees, from root to treetop crown.

Until then: come up and sit with me. Listen! It starts again:

Click

Clunk

Cutttt

Schrippp

Sssap

Ssssssaahhhh.....