

The Sacred Tree

I sat in a willow tarp lodge
alone in the forest.
Inhaled the sweet birth of leaves.
Looked at the deep black scars
that bled from the branches.

I wondered what agony the trees
felt to release
those black tears. I touched gently,
brought their taste to my mouth.

In a night-dream
I walked into a sparce sunlit room
four trees graced each corner.
In their arms a nest curled,
cradled against the winds.

Gray haired, wrinkled and saggy skin
I've been shown my birthplace
after I landed from the seven stars.
I was curled within the roots
of trees.
My arms are now thin twigs
that yearn
to hold my children,
my grandchildren.
This breath
a leaf living through spring,
maturing through the summer
falling in the fall
brittle in the winter.
Nurturing the earth.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate**