

Tree Teachings

By Barb Thomas (April 2024)

the old oak guarding the park
waves to me
not shy
displaying where the bulldozer bit deep
at peace with her amputation
after the storm
asks after my mangling
smashed by a speeding car
so long ago

from the fibres of her strength
she hems callus
cells around the edges
weaves from her pain
a burl*
against further stress

wound wood

alchemy of ache into art

I finger our weathered healing
her trunk my legs
her leaves sigh my wind groans
and vow

to dream my way to the burl

embroider my way home

*burl: rounded knotty growth on a tree, used by carvers to make handcrafted objects.