

Tree Woman



Over the years
We had heard the local legend of Om
The woman who lived in a tree
For ten years



We had even gotten to know Om
And had stayed at Casa Magica
The house in town that she rents to visitors



So this was the year
To make a pilgrimage
To Om's tree





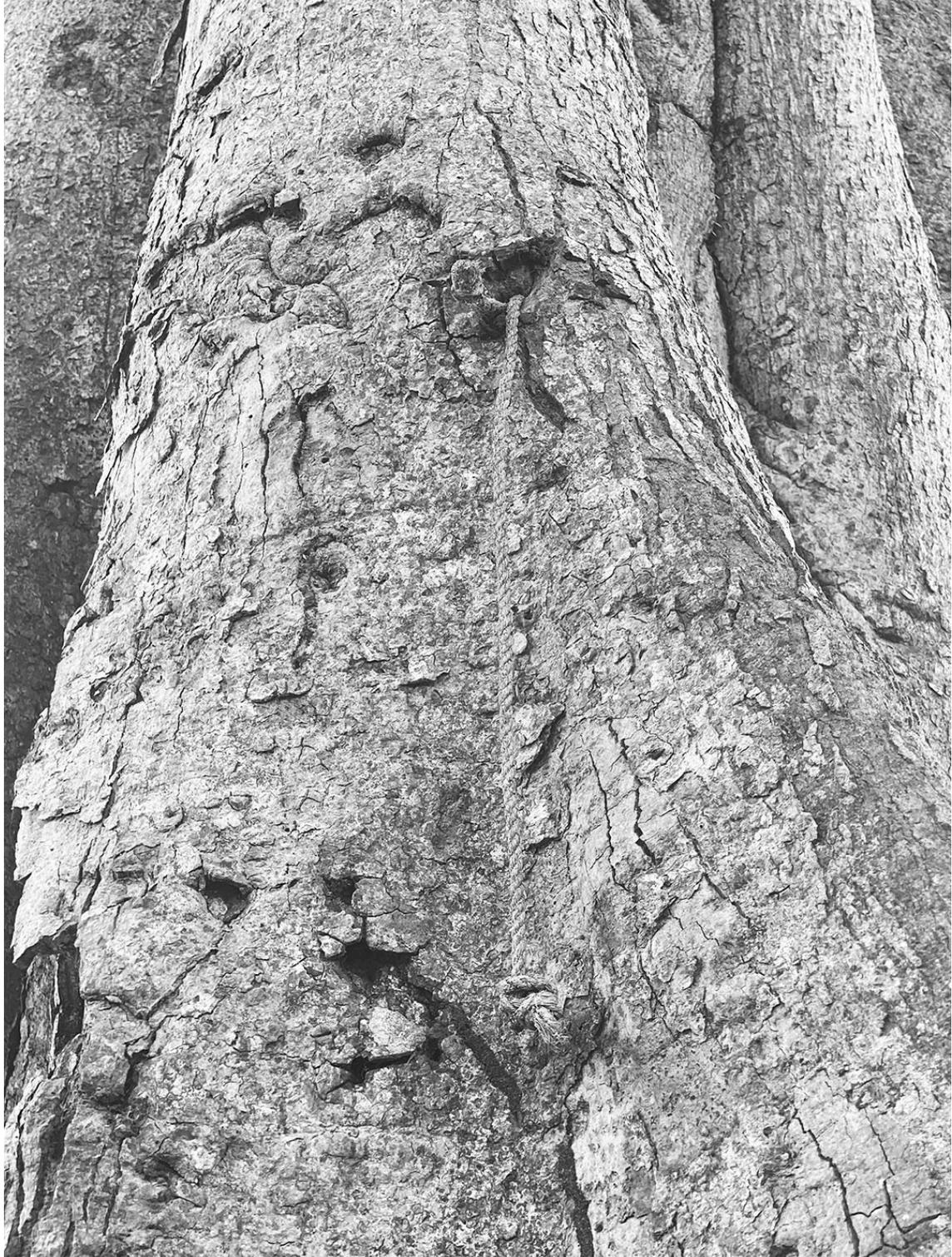
First to honour this tree
And its singular presence
On the Chacala coast



And then to touch it
To examine it more closely



To marvel at how its branches
Embrace each other at the crown
Creating a circular space
For the platform of Om's tree home



A rope from her ladder
Recalling the daily climbs to her abode

What other stories are hidden in this tree?



From its billowing skirt
where the trunk meets its roots



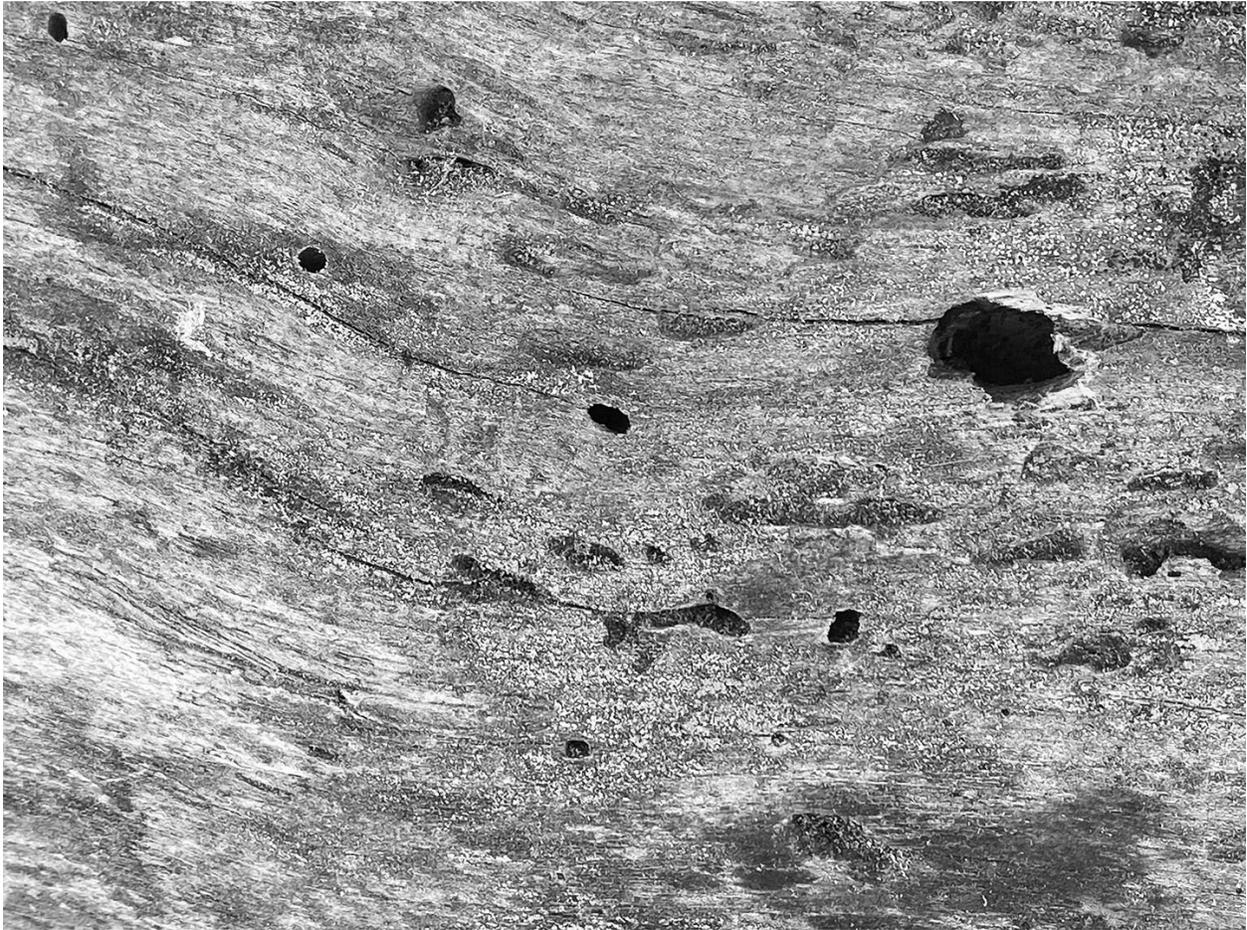
To the umbilical cord
Scar for a lost branch



While one branch disappears
Another escapes sideways
Toward the sea



There are signs of Wabi Sabi
Parts of the tree skinned of bark
Defiant knots that hint at trauma



Some surfaces are disintegrating
Feeding insects who also call this home



I shared with Om
my Wabi Sabi exhibit
about my aging body and aging trees



It resonated with her and
she let me photograph her hand



So I compared her tree and her hands



After all, we are both confronting our aging bodies



Two crones ever deepening our love of trees...!