

over us all they held their counsel and could not but weep a green tear falls from a green eye
we think they have no eyes no face but the reason for this is that we cannot see we may look at them we may look them
in the face but not see never see there was a time when we did see these things but not now there may be a time when we will see such things again let
that be the hope they promised us nothing and if we have hope in them they do not know it the hope should be more in us for the morning when memory rises again they have given
us their better hope but could not tell us this they have stayed with that hope for a better time the reason they cannot and do not pray for us for they would if they could is this that they know it is to them one should
pray they have bended down over us to keep us from the sun and from the eyes of the so many more we do not see and from what we see when we look in to a glass they had a wish to show us green showers in a green glass showers of green
things in the sun things that would please us it is a wish they have held for so long and will keep for as long as it may take before they may look at us and see eyes that light up eyes not cast down the difference being that they have more time than we do which is to say
that this is how it was but not now when it may be the time we have and they have is so little they have stayed where they have been all this time but would have left by now if they could gone from a time of which they could have had no expectation so still they take their long look at us
as if it would be a last look but is not for they have stayed all this time with these eyes upon us they could well have turned away from us by now they would have had the right but did not by reason of their hope by reason of their green memory of the time before us they raised an arm but before it
could help by touching us at the shoulder we had gone away we took another path we took them with us as we went away so we did think took them out of the ground where they had been but this was not so and now we cannot find the way again to where we had been at that time where we had all been we and
they us and them but not then as us and them but as all we do not see them now show us how with that arm still raised how to restore the day and have the sun turned to where it was in their stature is their mercy but we have been so reckless we could not receive this eyes we have raised but not a hand they did at one
time show us a green chamber had us look in to that chamber where we could see a green key that lay on a green bed at the end of the chamber was a green door we did not ask if the key was for the door and as we did not ask they did not tell us and so we left no doubt the key is still there on the bed where we left it in
that chamber but we cannot find it again cannot find the chamber the bed the key the door they did ask us close to that time to look at the green light in a green stone this was when they could still speak to us now and then this was when we could still make out their words but we could not see the green light we turned the stone
this way and that we held it close but it stayed cold and there was no light in it no light we could see we let it go all this was at a time before memory but their memory is long their memory is a wheel in which we are so little in which we have been so little in which we will go on being so little if we have gone before them they will
remember us for as long as they may what they will remember most of us will be the shame this more and more up to the time when that memory is lost it did not have to be as it is but still it is they had no wish for it to be as it is but still it is they will never give up on us for they would not know how to give up on us they are locked
us locked with us in something we have lost the way to see something we do not know is there something for which we have no words and do not know we have no words as we cannot see their eyes we do not think they see what we do to them but they know one would speak of it more than one it may be they have no tongue but
still they speak and all of them know what is in another's mind for they speak without speech one to another to another to another in words that go by way of the ground in words of such length we cannot keep still to the end of one in words of such length we have gone before they end in words of such length they have been
here from before us in words of close breath in green music they have done what they could for us they have done more than they should for us now what may we do for them

nearer to yew my foot ash faster fly wet earth for for to forget elm touch ash I chased or or chasing ash over stopping slipping elm cradling elm the earth turns rowan turns me so nearer to yew that he runs reaches and

elm reaches again am I chasing or or chased across open spans oak cradling ash into even earth oak root oak chasing keep on running running across plains into marsh ash thicket elm nearer to yew yew as ash remembering that he his energy elm decaying seeks seeks oak this last am I chasing oak or being chased chased into ash eternal oak a flame fire flame no seizing yew yew yew elm to yew is there an end end ash tiring and hearing beech breath bráeth there behind I must not cannot turn cause the fire reach oak flaming heat he elm he elm and raw heat elm am willow chasing or or birch being chased along nearer to yew heat elm exhales yew cannot turn see ash I chased or oak chasing chasing over stopping slipping beech must elm ahead leave leave elm autumn leaves nearer to yew elm purple beech so am I chasing or oak being being chased along am willow chased or or cherry over rowan streams streams nearer oak yew to run run run holly ahead ash I chasing or or being birch chased along nearer oak yew lime near the last sallow this elm last grove he alder please ash firm beech oak me

to feel in your hand the songs of birds
and see down in the dark underground
each infinitesimal

to hear in your mind the colours of flowers
and scent the shapes of clouds
moving past momentaneously

to not know your presence is limitless
or that you hold the weights of silences
gone immemorially

to grow in perpetual motionlessness
and touch the hum of time

Memory flown, you go off on your own,

Divinity hardens into them.

But trees become gods.

No longer hearing this voice that we share.

A sapling is a sapling

Slow rot the fruit from those seeds we have sown

Trees become gods.

Memory flown, you go off on your own.

enduring

My leaves turn brown, and so bare now my crown,

elm

No other will I trust or give my care.

red

Memory flown, you go off on your own

the

No longer hearing this voice that we share.

TREE

