

OUR WISEST FRIENDS

Trees are superior intelligences, earth's first inhabitants.

Do they dream in their majestic sleep of coffins, tables, floors and ships?

Can they imagine what it's like to have two legs and shoes to walk on?

I pose these serious questions to my fellow poets on this walk.

Trees have always been my closest, wisest friends, kept my boyhood secrets.

At ten or twelve years old I carved my name upon their topmost branches
and also carved the names of those I loved but never dared declare.

The books we fill with words owe their lives to paper taken from a tree.

One very good reason for choosing the things we write with love and care.

Trees can hear the human voice, register feelings, understand our thoughts.

When you embrace a tree, or hug it as we say, you pick a master.

As well as giving you power for free, it shares your derelictions.

The wild trees in a wood, home to the birds, are citizens of the sky.

People are walking trees, although a few have lost their dignity.

Not to have moved one inch for a hundred years – what courage, patience, strength!