

Tree people

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i, divided
i am one tree, divided
just above the root of me
from where I grow
as two:
my own companion
i am also you



This drama is a mute past

This drama is a mute past
tense in the forest;
the disruption is ended
when I, an ignorant observer
encounter its slow player,
the leaning tree -
Leaning and why?
cause absorbed into effect,
suspended
in the gesture of a swoon,
caught in the arms
of a slender gallant.



A deep hole

A deep hole — ovoid, foot sized,
inverse of an egg
expertly turned
in silvery flesh,
just level to my umbilicus
from where I stand,
not daring to enter there
my hand.

Frayed straps of thick skin
clung to plump contours
protect the entry;
I feel it there in my own being,
in sensitive, secretive regions
where darkness gives
rise to sensation.



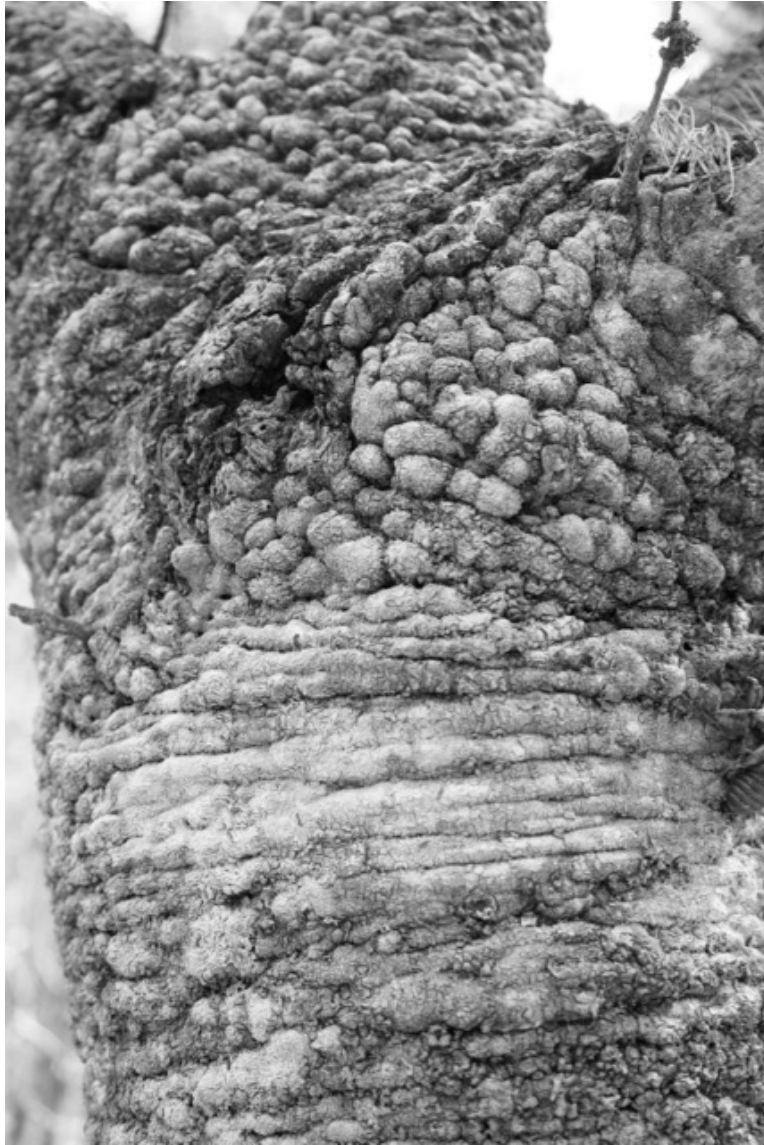
Certain trees like this one

Certain trees
like this one there:
bulging at the belly, creasing
full bodied at the bend
Olympian of limb,
such flesh, such confidence
authority, ease, such *style*!

Expressions, epiphanies
For us people trees
all pass in time,
leaving here this vague trace
that bears a name;
while for you, tree person,
all remains at once:
the turbulence of growth
a lifetime of self-correction,
of gesture, hesitation, collapse.

If I am to read you right
you are saying
Definition is futile!





Banksia

That skin of yours! –
animal, elephantine
or
a loose fitting knit,
hardened to armory,
rippling, beaded, crazed, puckered;
such excess of surface
like Gothic design,
devours any hint of form.

I try to read your surface

I try to read your surface:
What weather! What events!
What forces made your long, sealed ruts?
What of these remains
of curling skin,
clinging, just,
to your rust stained trunk?
What fissures running deep
like old wounds
what of the dimples
and that delicate,
speckle like Belgian lace
trailing lightly over you.
what creatures make their use of you,
have signed their names upon you?
The more I try to list
The cryptic gathering
of codes and signs,
the mysterious litany
of your charms,
you, as a tree,
begin to dissolve
and in your place,
an endless world.

