

Sap, Sadness, and Singing with Joy

She came to us one day in Autumn.

Walking with sluggish movements, shoulders hunched forward, the front centre of her body pulling her down. Another human with a wounded heart, we wondered?

We, that's the vegetal life of a small urban space next to the regional museum. We are oaks and silver birches, together with azaleas, rhododendrons, crustose lichens, and many other folks. We love holding this space above and below ground, for the humans to come and enjoy a break, a breather - as they say.

That day in autumn, the female being who appeared was not a happy one. I remembered her, because she's one of the few who sing to us, as we swoosh our leaves in the wind. That day she just stood for a while, a forlorn single human, desperately trying to root and gain new stability. We sensed her trying to expand her energetic awareness into the ground, and connect with our mycelia. As she did so, the heaviness of her heart and her deep sadness became palpable to our saps.

All I could do, was to send out signals, and invite this human being towards me. Invite her to touch and feel my bark textures, smell my leaves, taste the air directly around me, and offer my trunk as something to embrace and hold on to for a while.

Or as a human might say: anything to make her smile and sing again, with us.
Sap we care.