

Soft fingers drape for bobbing heads, feeling their features, mapping their minds. As bodies pass, fingertips bend in submission to the wind - outstretched and bobbled by Spring. In rough bark she is thinking. How far can she grow? Before...

Before hunters pick up scent. Their stilted mouths gaping annoyance rather than awe. Turning. From enchantment to true nature: devious, devoid, deadly.

She hears them whispering, slow and panted;

'Willow'

A name for her and all like her. Sallow forms, thin rather than thicket. They'd thought name a gift...

Often they tricked her, luring delicately into ego with coy poetry and romance. Surely they think her magnificent? Their warm soft pelts tracing her grooves declaring their love. As though in revelation. Like she was rare, or ought not to be there...

Yet they will come.

Splintered, fallen or obstructing, their legs cannot bear to step around us. Those creatures who disrupt order. She hears her brethren die beneath the soil. Aqua electric shocks along the umbilical cords of the Earth. Wrists that used to reach for the rain, cut through to pith - fingers scattered. Life discarded.

She takes up space - all trees do. But tree's must strive to see the world, tree's must rise up and wide. Tree's cannot stroll or soar or swim; only stay. Remain as others will not. Her world is what passes within her. Their world is to pass through where they please. A tree knows what others cannot.