

London's Pharos pass on by.

The *cedrus libani* stands wide and reaching, the broadest of the park's trees. Her crown peers across the rose garden, her roots stretch out beyond her Holly neighbours.

This is a well-walked corner; to pass through the park one must skirt this imposing cedar. I imagine her marking the hours of the day: the heavy tread of early morning joggers & rolling buggy wheels giving way to creeping foxes and the scent of after dinner cigarettes.

My son has long played in her lap. This solid, holy trunk hosts 'what's the time mr fox?', and her branches shield birthday parties from the sun. At Christmas time we pick cones for a wreath, and I tell my boy this tree is in the bible, the book you learnt about at school.

Her forefathers furnished empires - in antiquity cedar wood raised temples and ships – and great battles have been fought in her name.

Perhaps life in this quiet city corner seems humdrum? She is rooted in our clay, but her tale spans many worlds. I suspect she is proud, whispering to parkside neighbours of the Kingdoms she has known.

All the while, London's Pharos pass on by.