

The Top of the Tree

It seems to be burning hot or frigidly cold lately. It wasn't always that way. In my youth, we had smooth seasons gliding one after another. Those were easy days when plants and trees covered the land in lush and fertile forests and wildlife flourished.

Back then, people were just beginning to comprehend the scale of the world and their place in it. As the people multiplied, the trees and plants divided.

People didn't want trees to stabilise the land anymore; they wanted to dig in their own plants. They didn't appreciate the trees holding back the waters; they wanted the land to build on. They didn't want strong trees to calm the weather; they wanted the tree's flesh for themselves. Where trees gallantly offered shade in the burning days, people complained about their obscured view and they turned on their electric fans. The energising and calming green screens they proudly fluttered were replaced with glowing blue screens. It seems people even had a problem with the vital life-sustaining, air-purifying leaves, those vivid miracles of nature – people moaned when the leaves littered their lawns.

People didn't want trees unless they were at the top of them. They didn't know the tree's mysteries.

And yet, I feel a change. Now, people are making room for the trees in their lives. They are tending them as I do, spreading and protecting them just as the trees have always protected them. Maybe those easy and balanced days aren't so far away after all.