



Kneeling under a fig tree,
I stroke the bark of her
exposed roots, stroking
the dry skin of an elder
I admire & love.

She lives at the park,
near my house, overlooks
an algae-tinted lake
& shiny green ducks.
Squirrels nibble on her fruit,
I step on half-bitten slices.

Her trunk is two elephant legs,
used at the feet, split
at the knee. Some days, I bring
her lavender sprigs, asking
for her protection. Once,

I stood under her leaves
while it rained
& never got wet.

White flat-topped mushrooms
grow around her core. Visible
reminders of the fungal-tree
network below my toes. Their
energy electrifies my flesh,
as I kneel holding her hand.

I ask her a question:
am I on the right path?

Her answer doesn't come
in words but in gentle pulses
in my bones: a Morse code.

Her answer doesn't come
in words but in a gentle breeze
through my hair: encrypted whispers.

Her answer doesn't come
in words, but in a gentle reminder
through my heart: joy, be joy,
you have so little time.