

A Tree Transformed

Shielded by grasses
bowed branches and pure air,
we strode onwards
through the resplendent fen.
A morning walk,
serenaded by the sun.
Hints of clouds, a breeze
energising our minds.

A photo opportunity
too good to miss.
When he and me came to a
clearing, with a watery view.
Moving on we were
halted and stunned,
by a splendid tree felled.
Its body lay defeated.

The obstacle obscured
our forward traverse.
We considered our options,
I preferred to climb over.
Not needing to convince
him further, we both
clambered and clung
to branches, without a scratch.

The next vista astounded
taking words and breath away.
In our scope the sky rippled,
as the Earth seemed to stretch.
We shared a look saying,
"What is this strangeness?".
We felt creeping changes:
heat in hands, chill on faces.

Against the extreme elements,
we walked hand-in-hand.
United in the mouth of
this mesmeric mirage.
The sky blended into the Earth
melting and melding inwards.
We felt ourselves being
enclosed, consumed by light.

Shot back as a bolt
of lightning, we now
were part of the maelstrom
of Earth, sky, and the tree.
All mixed, molten, yet
cold as the Arctic.
I stared at my man,
he stared back, silent.

Words not needed
as we were swiftly freed.
Returned unharmed
back to the beaten tree.
Though now, not slain
it had been raised again
some nameless power
brought life to it, through us.