

TREE, A PENNY...?

Leland Jamieson

The tree: By what near-mind does spruce or pine—
red maple, tulip poplar, or black oak—
grow up, from seed to tree? By what design?
What towering life force does a tree invoke,
to hoist, against Earth's gravity, its toque
of soft green leaves respiring water by
the barrel-full (and air we breathe—or die)?

Time was, I'd cut a tree down and recite
(that's if I'd consciousness of it at all),
“This tree can't feel my chainsaw's raspy bite....”
But trees hooked up to polygraphs all scrawl
with stress when branches burn! They caterwaul!
More, they scrawl stress when other, distant, trees
are torched! *Trees? Empathy? Communities? **

And man: The scribbled wits we spill in books
can't match the mitochondrial DNA's—
or genes'—in ova's warm, moist, cozy nooks.
The chaste intelligence a gene displays
instructs one's body-brain through all its days.
“Tree, penny for your thoughts?” for sure, makes sense,
as trees, and we, share Earth's Intelligence.

NOTES:

* Experiments carried on by Cleve Backster and reviewed by Hal Puthoff, reported in Lynne McTaggart's *The Field*, pages 144-145.

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