

Stanley Park Fir

by Julie Emerson

Aiming up, so far
above you, we are
in the sky, loving
light, we align leaves
precisely for sun,
aspire to be one
evergrowing swirl
galaxy of green,
arms up spiraling,
cumulus tickling,
ant-flavoured needles,
secret undersides:
narrow stripes of white,
our reserve of light
in the rain forest.

We are your mothers.

Eagles understand
how to be a friend
of wind, we're dancing,
risking death - a storm?
we ride it. Each mouse
gets a shaggy cone,
each squirrel its seeds.

We are your mothers.

Raccoons and humans –
could they be conscious?

Not only rootless,
unaware of roots
right below their feet.

We are your mothers.

Close to our lovers,
those cedars you carve,
amid splashy ferns
horsetail cavorts here
in season, we trees
have had centuries.

We accumulate
the honour of age
from thin supple skin
to thick reptilian.
Groins itching with voles,
sap-sucking aphids,
carbuncles, bruises,
when the crown teases
lightning we drop limbs,
live in cambium.
A scarf of soft moss
for cold, resinous
icicles glisten
on clingy lichen.
We are your mothers.
Distant skyscrapers
transparent cells, tall
rigid forms will fall,
put a plant on top.
So you want to walk
inside on wood; talk
about afterlife.
We are your mothers.