



The Immortal Memory of Trees

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In the interest of honesty and all the things
I cannot bring myself to say aloud,
I'll speak instead to the blue mountains
drifting by as I take the boat home.
I saw a movie once where a man
spoke his secrets into the hole of an ancient temple,
giving them over to a place he knew would hold them safe.
Perhaps the forests, ever green and endless
will themselves cradle and protect what I know
will not hurt me past two am.
Parts untouched, uncovered, undiscovered.
Or rather, existing outside of me.
The pines don't need my nurturing,
but I need their sanity; the first clear breathe
after a month of suffocation.
A bed made up in the shelter of the beaches' shade,
The cradle of the sea, salty and buoyant
and muddled with the seaweed that
in time tangles with my hair and follows me home.

(Written on a ferry, January 2023)