

Claire Burnett

Sessile Oak in the Watersmeet Valley (survivor of the 195? flood) –
response to free-write about a body of water I know.

My roots connect with all beings flora around me,
through mycorrhizal fungi attached through our roots
and we talk.

As this rain teems down,
the jungle drums of rocks and boulders creak
and in Watersmeet valley, we talk.

And we remember the violence of water.

We remember the high Summer day,
of incessant rain.
When our leaves ran with rivulets,
filling the rivers and building momentum.

We remember when our tree friends fell into the torrents.

When trees took down bridges
when boulders large as cars
were picked up by natural forces and
brought down the houses,
when the rivers took town.

Today fortified bridges keep
the East and West
Lyn waters apart.

Yet one day, we and the waters
may yet unite once again
to wash
those works of Men clear away.