

# TIED TO TREES



The Celts kept their rites in the oak groves, and the word for their priests, Druid, stands tree-knower. A prince sat down under a fig and refused to move until he understood, and when he rose he was the Buddha and the tree became the world tree. For as long as we have been human we have put our backs against the largest living thing we could find, and asked it to hold what we could not.

Trees are sanctuaries.



Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth. A tree cannot leave. It cannot walk to the shade, cannot find water, cannot wait this out somewhere cooler. It roots, it takes whatever the sky decides to do. The trees are paying a debt they never ran up - we did. The thing we are killing is the thing trying hardest to save us.

So go and stand under one this week, in the shade it is spending its life to make. Put your hand on the bark. Feel how it does not flinch. Then remember it cannot run, and ask yourself what that makes us, who can, and don't.

*Anna*