

Conversation with a New Friend

as I step into the picnic grove
a eucalyptus tree calls to me
I wander to her side
look up towards her crown
then to her third eye
gazing at her throat down to her heart
and the solar plexus center of her trunk
to her wounded sacral area
then down to her roots

I silently ask permission to touch her
she agrees, but please don't touch her wounds
i gently place my hand on her bark, near her scar
feeling the warmth of her body healing itself

I notice we are wounded in the same place
our sacral chakras carry scars
hers are from fire, mine are from knives
this space above our roots, our wombs
have been marred in this life
I pray for her healing, and my own

stepping backwards and looking up
her limbs sway in the breeze
I raise my arms and sway with her
turn around, she says
face the sun

i do, and feel the radiant warmth
travel from my fingertips to my womb
down through my feet to her roots
Then up again into her wounded trunk

that's the way, she says
be still in this moment
face the radiance and absorb it
let it heal you, and then
with the serenity that only grace provides
share our healing with the world

Will you do this in remembrance of me?