

Through the Eyes of the White Oak in Langmoor Gardens

I see you cousin, as you lean towards the Cobb.
I see you great tower of greenness and shade.
Your wharf green branches form nets to catch the windy light
The shapes between your branches make vistas so complete
That
If I were to choose a single one,
I would never be wanting,
Never look elsewhere for entertainment
Or something I knew I could never have.

You show me the way.
So many possibilities,
So many roads to choose the way through to the open sea.
The wintery white light of the sun
Creates a starburst through your soul
From where I am looking

I 'm on another level, lighter in colour and more naked in winter.
I hide more in the background.
Less noticed maybe,
But oh so ready to talk, to share,
To give succour to those who climb up on the wall and wrap their arms around me.
I'm here love to love,
I'm always here.
I was here as a sapling when sheep grazed this land
When tourists in long dresses and parasols
Ate cucumber sandwiches
And saw the view I see today.