

December 18/19 2013.

Treeing on the full moon prior to the Solstice

The eve of December 18, 2013

Leaning on the tree watching the full moon at night.

Leaning on the tree watching the full moon in the night sky.

Leaning on the tree watching the full moon wrapped in clouds in the night sky.

Leaning on the tree.

The morning of December 19, 2013

Remembering as I write this date it is the third anniversary of my sister's death.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secured on its exposed roots.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I shed tears.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I shed tears and cry.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I cry and wail with the wind blowing into my open mouth.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I cry and wail and my body shakes and trembles.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I cry and wail and wail louder with my mouth wide open.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I cry and wail with my brother's lost voice.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I cry and wail with my brother's lost sight.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I hear the crow's cries.

Sitting on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I hear the crow's cries and the black birds wings in flight.

Sitting still on the tree with my back supported by the trunk and my feet secure on its exposed roots I join my roots with the tree and send compassion out through its many channels.

Walking away from the tree I look down and see Robert Scott on the grey ground stone beneath my feet.

Sitting still with my brother's name.

Barbara Bickel