Willow

by sam via sal - Underground Oz Poetry Friday, Jun~6~2014, 12:11pm international / poetry / post



i once asked,
with all the innocence
of a child,
"why do willows weep?"
the answer, as most answers
to my serious questions,
was wholly unsatisfactory
but
i was not deterred

the lake, pond and billabong host my favourite tree; as i developed i attributed its weeping to the cruel manner in which humans treat each other and the world around them

willows where everywhere reminding man, i thought, to be kind to the earth especially the waterways which thronged with life in those days.

during my enforced service in Vietnam

it became obvious that willows weep over the futility of war

but i returned and considered it anew and realised that perhaps willows do not weep at all they simply mimmick water, it seemed as though nature expressed water in a tree hence that great sympathy which bonds tree to water forever

this new view revealed another dimension, willows now 'draped' the banks of waterways and waltzed in the breeze, they belonged, they had a place a highly selective location in which to express their unique relationship with water, air and earth

in later years
i realised that harmony
ruled
-- with a gentle hand -all things natural
and that man was
the aberrant species,
an incongruity
in creation -such appalling
conduct and habits

i lamented man's opposition to harmony to everlasting

today i see
willows in all their various guises
water expressed as tree
tree expressed as dance
and dance mimicking harmony

i see at times, in their graceful swaying, that indeed willows weep silently for me



 $\underline{http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/poetry/poem-514.html}$

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1171.html