



To Cath, with love. CS
To the tree keepers: Libby, Mic, Sander, Stu and Victoria;
and to Kaz Brown: thank you. JR

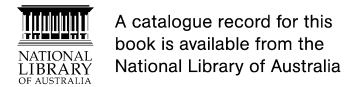
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Allen & Unwin
Cammeraygal Country
83 Alexander Street
Crows Nest NSW 2065
Australia
Phone: (61 2) 8425 0100
Email: info@allenandunwin.com
Web: www.allenandunwin.com

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www.claresaxby.com
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TREE

Claire Saxby • Jess Racklyeft




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Can you see the forest on this misty-morning mountain?
Can you see where the tree stands?
It is the tallest in this forest of tall trees.

This tree is older than those who find it,
younger than the land it grows from.
Every day, its roots drink in water.
Every day, its leaves use light to make energy.
Between sapwood and heartwood, water rises and energy flows.
The tree grows.




See the mist melt and bright the sky blue.
See the branches lean, so far above.
Listen to the leaves bustle. Smell the forest air.
This tree breathes in the air we breathe out,
breathes out the air we breathe in.
This is the world of the tree.





Beneath the ground, white threads
fine as floss connect this tree to others.

The tree roots share food, send stories
through the soil where worms stretch,
ants dig,
spiders nest
and mice burrow.



In the layered litter, a scaly thrush flicks.
A lyrebird scritch-scratches.
Slaters curl, beetles burrow
and centipedes scurry.

A robin perches on a wattle branch,
watches and waits.
Beneath the bracken, a fairy-wren chitters
as a spotted pardalote disappears
into the tunnel that leads to her nest.