

( i am ) the wood('s ( are mine )

*memory ;*

carbon dated back to the beginning (28 big ones) we've walked hand in branch

**Q: do i like trees more than people?**

**A:** i have never met a tree that i have disliked

Down by the 'Speldhurst River' - as i bullshitted it in my efforts ( successful ) to not do my geography fieldwork - the leaves are rusty, bark brittle, all bathed in the docile light of a mid-summer's afternoon, bluebells and branches bare, frost bitten and naked with the ground ice cracking underfoot

( moments elastic ) .

i follow the channel inverse to the gush as the stream (swollen) cuts through the patter of falling leaves .

Soaking sticks and too-wet-tinder dams the stream ( Speldhurst's river) into a roar of pouring waters

cascading just right

of the glade

where Alice confided in me that

she was pregnant

and was going to get rid of it

and now she's got a delightful four year old .

At the same time, in those four years it has felt, simultaneously that everything has changed and, even more so that everything has always been this way ( moments elastic

)

i stop , the glade to my left ,  
right ear to the stream and its roar; the deafening rush of every spinning  
( pre experimental days ) high i hit each time i  
took a record for a walk ; the trees sound like every

single seminal *alt rock* landmark released between

89 and 94

and the leaves

look like

every blown out cannon IXUS 4 megapixel image file i shot as i first  
tasted the light

that was in the externalising of my mind's eye

into the 'my pictures folder' of the family windows )

( xp computer

in that desperate adolescent attempt to *be somebody* ; capitalise my waxing "i"

The long shadows and the hoots of the owls are  
every night i couldn't sleep

and the gushing of the stream my sad

and lonely

heart

( inclusive of every single line of tortured adolescent poetry

which from it forth bled

)

And, as i walk through

i think of what the trees would've thought of this

wide eyed teenager with his ears full of headphones  
and this little camera through which he was somehow

attempting to communicate

and conclude that

they probably wouldn't have thought much because

trees ( having many more important things to be concerned about ) don't concern themselves with those kind of

things