

THE
TREE
DAN HOY

**The leaves
beneath our feet**

give us away.

**Everything
I feel**

falls

**out of my arms
like**

the thought

**of death
leaving**

the tree of life.

It's hard to climb

**holding on
to time
& the space**

time takes from us.

**You have to
empty your body
of your mind
& make room for
all the dark
magic of the world.**

Give up

**the sacred
body of work**

for what works

for now.

**Reach
underground**

**& pull water
& light**

from the sky.

The forest

**holds my feet
in place**

**as collateral for
the life**

I take from it.

**My legs
are buried.**

**My arms &
body**

are for starting fires.

**My skin
is hard &**

full of medicine.

**Break me
& make**

me into a home

**to abandon or
die in.**

**Rest
your corpse**

in my shade.

**I have
a story to tell.**

**My fruit
is for tasting**

**& shitting
the seeds**

across time.

**If my flowers
smell good**

it's because

**everything
is having sex.**

**My feelings
ripen &**

**rot
& attract life.**

The forest floor

**feeds on leaves &
the life**

that leaves them.

**The years
give me strength**

**& divide
me**

into the sky.

**My arms
& ultimatums
form a canopy
for hiding
from the surveilling
clouds above.**

**The birds sing
because**

**their home is
still alive.**

**Make
your bed**

**in my leaves
& limbs**

**out of
what's left**

**of this world
&**

the next.

**You have to
dig
your roots deep
to find
water & knowledge
worth living for.**

**Every piece
of me**

on the ground

**slows the waters
of time**

& makes the loss

**of memory &
soil**

less.

**You need
a wind break**

**I need to
stop**

the future.

**I'm here
to absorb**

**the pollution
of**

**human beings
breathing.**

**I live longer
than people & the kings
they overthrow.**

**History
is measured
in the rings
of my circumference.**

**The shadow
of my life**

**creates the climate
& conditions**

for more life.

My arms steal

**water from
the air**

**& give
it back to the ground.**

**My very
presence**

makes it rain.

**You can't
breathe without me.**

If I fall

**I fall
with the world**

that cuts me down.

**I need no shelter
because**

I am shelter.

**The soil
I stand in**

**is the waste
of my life**

**& my
greatest work.**

I need you

to be

the part of the forest

on fire.

**Be
the life
you die for.**

**What happens to
your body**

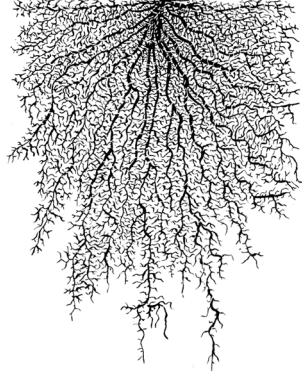
in the dark

**of your mind
is the end of**

the center of the world.

Dan Hoy

THE TREE



SL043

October, 2016

Text © Dan Hoy, 2016

Published by

Solar ▲ Luxuriance

San Francisco, CA

<http://solarluxuriance.com>

Design & Layout by

M Kitchell

