

Meeting New Ground

Winter has arrived, with storms.
Heavy skies hide distance
but in between, there are welcome days of light.

Today was one of those days
when the moss lays out its colours
- gold, red and black -
and birch trees shine.

While their roots and stems sleep
do these trees anticipate catkins and leaves
might they hold memories: the breeze,
the touch of peat?

This is not, perhaps, for us to know
but we may nurture trees,
and a future, with a kind of faith:
that care may resonate.

In this world of entangled lives
where doing one thing
is never doing *just one thing*
there is some truth in saying:
we have what we need -

knowledge, passion,
the courage to believe

a readiness to connect.

As trees meet new ground
so might we too

and begin to imagine
a hundred years hence
circles of silver, leaf and light.

by Harriet Fraser

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Read to close the event in Hethersgill village hall*