

## **Return to Earth**

For days on end  
I sat by the dim windowsill  
Writing in the same black book  
Till the tiny words ran dry.

Every day I looked out the stained glass window,  
At the fire ash tree in the garth,  
Growing from an old, untempered seed,  
Which had travelled the greatest oceans, deserts, and mountains,  
To land right here.

Every year I spent  
Listening to her growing lush roots  
Twisting through my flesh and bone,  
Her leaves flying wild and free  
In through the open lancet arch.

And days came when the clouds took over,  
When the rays of sunlight did not dance or sing,  
When her roots fell to disease and confusion,  
When my mind split and collapsed.

And from those days I saw that,  
Though we still lay apart,  
With each passing scourge  
And return to vigour,  
My own roots had spread through the Earth,  
Grain by grain,  
To embrace hers.

And we grew to the sky together.