

# THE DRYAD'S TREE

by Grace Clarke

Illustration by David Clarke



My tree is dead,  
But the bark still lives,  
And from its hollow heart,  
Springs a thick new growth,  
The grass grows wild and free,  
At it's dead feet,  
Wind and darkness enfold me.

A hand reaches out,  
To greet me.  
A voice calls my name;  
For one brief moment,  
My friend clasps me.  
Then the wind and rain,  
And we are away.

Playing Tag,  
Along the playful air currents,  
Spirits of the night,  
Laughing and free.  
Reaching out in vain,  
For warmth and love,  
To men's hearts.

No need for masks,  
All is truth,  
Soon my bog oak will stir,  
And be garlanded,  
With sweet eglantine,  
And golden stars of kingcup.  
My tree lives, but in another dimension.