

I am the Bunya Bunya tree

I am part of the family of Monkey Puzzle trees

I am speaking through Magick, as I have no human voice

What puzzles me

Is that humans make laws

that do not abide by the intrinsic laws of nature

and then feel compelled to uphold them.

I have stood amongst you for generations

I am also home to hundreds of friends and allies

that no one is speaking for either.

So many sweet songs have been sung in my branches as birds

nest and raise their families

I am the home of millions of insects

I feel the winds of change in my branches

I sway and bend with its energy so I may continue to grow

I am an immigrant; my family is from Australia,

I am not an invader, you brought me here,

Maybe to deliver a message

The aboriginal people honored me as sacred

I fed them and they gathered around me to declare

an end to all feuds.

I have watched you grow

and your children grow

so many generations

gone by

My friends, I can live 500 years  
Many generations for you, my human sisters and brothers.

I hold dear the stories of this town  
The welcoming sign that says we are a nuclear free and toxic  
free zone give me trust in you.  
It seems you would at least care about yourselves...  
Do you not know that you cannot breathe  
If I do not live?

I am witness  
to so many lumber trucks  
going by carrying the corpses of my kin  
and yet I know  
Somewhere in your hearts  
you care about me.  
You don't want  
to sacrifice me to industry  
But some of your laws say you  
own me  
you own the Earth  
that your laws give you the right to enslave and exploit  
all other species and even your own.

One of your justices, William O. Douglas  
declared in a court decision  
that Trees have Standing, that trees  
have the right to exist;  
their purpose and autonomy rooted  
in the rights of all species, the Earth and life itself  
I like your song, "just like a tree standing by the water

I shall not be moved”.  
I know you are struggling at this time,  
But All of creation is calling you home.

The people of Sebastopol have felt divided  
again and again over the use of land.  
Come home to me now,  
let go of your hubris, become humble  
and really human  
the roots of all those words are the same  
they come from hummus the earth itself in which all things find  
life.

Maybe it is because you walk that you have forgotten  
you too can have fertile minds and hearts where love and  
empathy can grow, like I grow in the earth  
Circle me, let the music of the one song  
break down your animosity,  
let the drums of life  
find resonance  
All of us, you and I, are here,  
One family.  
Your conscious minds  
can let you feel apart from the rest of us  
but it is time for your minds to bow down to your hearts,  
When you do that you are so beautiful, creative,  
Celebrating with all of us.

Come home my sisters and brothers,  
Use your gift of consciousness wisely,  
Every day you must choose between right and wrong  
it is not so hard, love will always guide you to the right choice.

I know you can do it  
let your children and your children's children  
be greeted by me  
they will tell the story of your finest hour  
When you were no longer puzzled  
by greed and power.

I am standing tall among you  
so that all life can flower,  
to help you remember  
The Power of Love that has created the web of life.

By  
Magick  
(Written and read at City Council to save the tree, still standing!)