

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/4

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The Cherry Blossom Tree

SOME DAYS I CANNOT WRITE OR PAINT. It often helps me to let go of the "I should," and find another place to center on.

On one such day I went outside and stood where the Cherry Blossom tree once grew. She was the curtain for my window. Birds sung from her branches. Sometimes I would put seeds on the window ledge, and the sparrows would line up chatter chirping as they pecked.

Years ago I wrote about her. It is about how she spoke to me. If I could only write about her as Keats would, then I could have done her justice.

A few months ago the management chopped her down, they said there was rot, yet there was no outward sign of it. Her branches were sturdy bursting pink blossoms.

I stood watching and crying, asking them to show me the rot, crying out, couldn't they just cut out where the rot was.

When I was a child I believed the fairies lived in blossoms, and her presence made this real to me again.

There I stood in silent memorial. Next to her stump was a slice of a branch. I picked it up, and the pattern created by the grain formed a bird ready to fly. I felt she left me a message, a last gift of her beauty, reminding me that beauty never dies it just changes form.