



The Oak Tree

By Matt
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& George
O'Shaughnessy

Dedicated to those who wish to find peace

I wrote this poem last year, when an oak tree in my parents' garden had come to the end of its life and was ready to be felled. It wasn't an old tree, maybe 30 years or so, yet I had shared much of my time on this planet with that single solitary fellow.

I have been incredibly lucky in my life. I have travelled, wished, dreamt, cried, lost, hoped and been dismayed. Yet in all that time the tree sat in the corner of the garden rooted to its place, watching the world go by and simply, being a tree.

I cannot pretend that this particular tree was unique to me; I did not spend my days nurturing the soil around its roots, shading in its bower or making sure it had water in times of drought. Yet in these unusual times, when the world is changed and we may feel uncertain of the future, I wonder if we may look to the nature of such a tree and learn from its stillness.

I believe in stillness, and that through stillness comes peace.

I believe in gratitude, and that through gratitude comes love.

For in a time when we may feel separated from who we are, may we also remember that in every acorn there is an oak tree, quietly waiting. So please send the story to those who you feel would enjoy it, as this is a time of giving what we can, to make the experience of others just that little bit easier.

Thank you

Matt

The Oak Tree



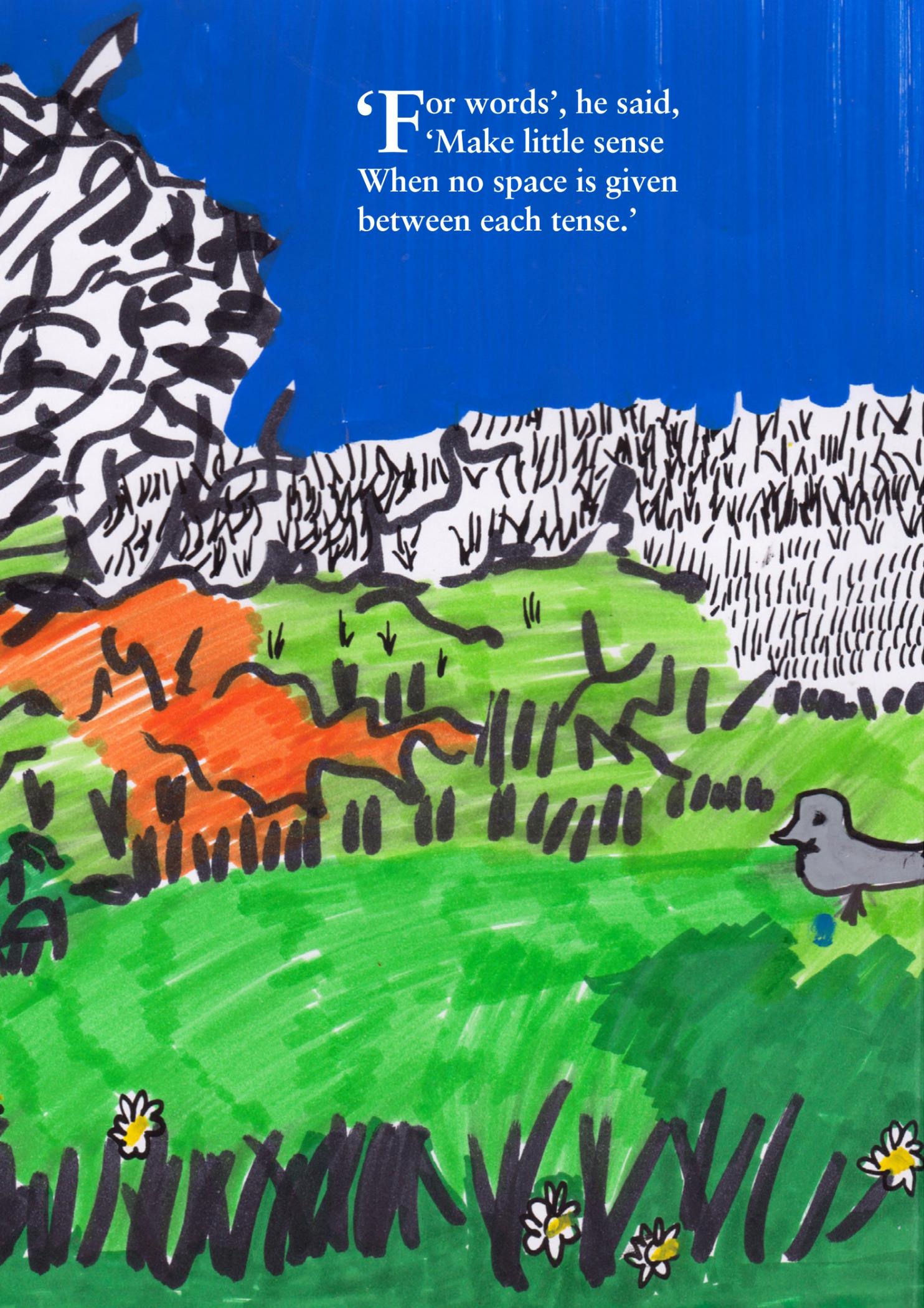
I once met an Oak,
An old, wise tree.
And I asked him
How he came to be.

He spoke very slowly
And taught me to see
That language is precious
And silence is key.



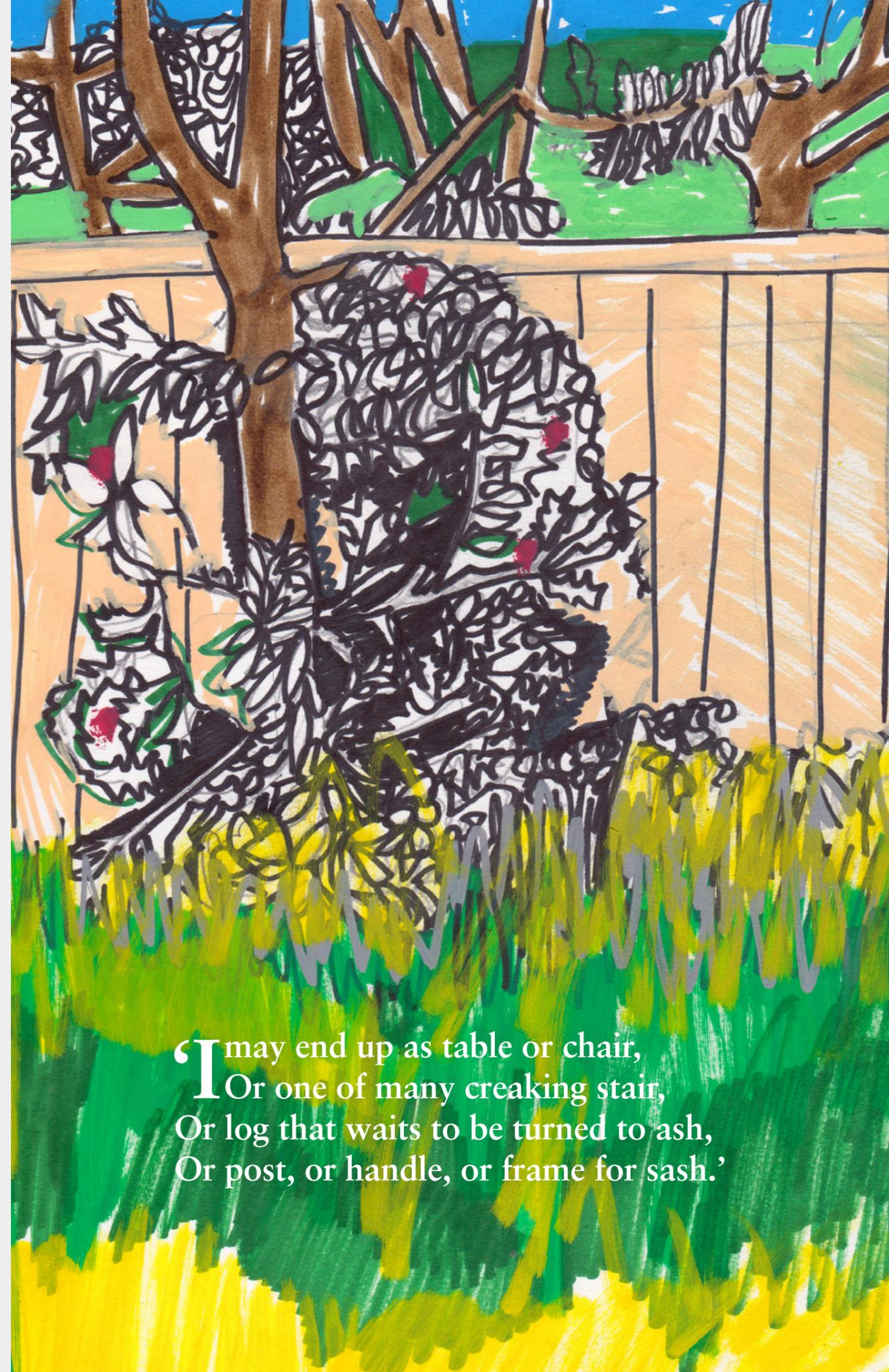
So he saves his words
For those who listen
To birds and grass
And stars that glisten.

‘For words’, he said,
‘Make little sense
When no space is given
between each tense.’



‘I see many people rush and chase
This time called life they start to race.
They look in places far from here
To find a future and bring it near.’

‘But I’ve waited quietly
In rooted pose
To look and see
What my life chose.’



‘I may end up as table or chair,
Or one of many creaking stair,
Or log that waits to be turned to ash,
Or post, or handle, or frame for sash.’



‘I may fall by wind on winter’s night,
Or catch a child’s wandering kite,
Or lose myself as ivy creeps,
Up to my bowers whilst I sleep.’

‘But none of these I strive to be,
For I am happy as a tree.’



‘So how, you ask, I came to be?
I stand and listen and watch and see.’





So be still my friend and let noises pass,
For silence teaches all that lasts.



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By Matt Moser-Clark
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