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The Holy Tree

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The Holy Tree

When the wind goes through the tree of the soul,
It looks like a ribbon
Winding through a woman's hair.
The fruits, persimmon, mulberry, pear
Fall off one at a time. Then it is possible
To see the fish in the center of the tree.
The lucky ones are able to see
The fish opening and closing its mouth.
Like children, they don't question this miracle.
Some come and bury clocks near the tree's roots
Hoping to live forever.
This is where the beggars come,
Where their pockets begin to sprout.
Some say prayer has built a nest in the tree.
I believe this.
Because of the blind birds that come
Out of it, flying straight.

Eva Skrande