

Written by Sheryl Persson
(Poetry by DiVerse)

A poetic response to the painting *My Tree Lives Here* 2007
Portia Geach Memorial Award, the National Trust – S. H. Ervin Gallery



My Tree Lives Here

Trapped in the entity of my tethered tree
Christo has wrapped it in red entrails
To bind us

It is the tree of me, my bonsai life
A parasite papering windows, budding the walls
Of my skin

I grow out of the rustle of priestess satin
Grow down to myself, to the roots of my tree
Worship the possibilities

The breeze is becalmed in the blueness of sky
Blood clots in the veins of living limbs
Bars cannot be breached

In the doorless room I writhe with my tree
Vie for most perfect, most permanent
Ignoring the trespass of shadows