

we look at the trees
in two-dimensional planes
we see their circular time
and remove them from their environments
to observe them
we see their decay and temporality
we have dug them up by their roots
our fingers deep in the soil.

we have seen them sprout
we have seen their potential
and dreamed about their internal time
only to categorise and
classify them
according to order,
family and genera.
we have tried to describe them;
the diameters, the egg-shapes, the ovals,
the pinnately veined,
the irregular lobate structure,
often to the bottom
of the curves.
we have seen them
continuous-rimmed and slightly undulating.
the tree suckers,
tasselled, hairy, upright.
and the hermits,
The style
the crusts, the longitudinal grooves
finely pored, diffusely pored
the root centres and shafts of core wood
firm and strong.

but
how do we get to know a landscape,
a forest
we move in it,
leaving traces
we find our way while treading it
we try to reveal the essence
by doing nothing
we make our way
with the hands around the roots
we pull them up and see possibilities
in wasted lives
but is it?
this cycle, this part of the rhythm
what is it we would like to ask,
forest

someone said that if we are so fond of you,
why don't we leave you be?

life is movements
towards understanding
something,
how to work together
to show something
that is already interconnected,
one long investigation.

The forest is one future
it transforms life
and life is change

So, we talk about finding new ways
to live
but who sits with the trees

who gives time to trees?

Rune Bosse