

## The Druids Oak 1870

Imagine my surprise  
to find  
the magic of a druids oak  
upside down, down under

Looking into the ladder of your limbs  
Travelling the length of your mast I see,  
the rigging of the sailing ships  
that brought us to the antipodes

Strong as a team of bullocks  
regal as a sceptre  
your stories have survived  
the inversion of the hemispheres

I hear the rustling in your boughs  
I watch the lilt and lift of lobate leaves  
You give this harsh land, your green, not gold,  
in our garden where you transplant your feet

Inside your soaring cathedral  
I see the white robed priests  
I hear the echo of chant and sigh  
Teaching me their pagan ways

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Mary Melcherts