



The
Tree
Of
My
Mind





ÁRBOL ADENTRO

Creció en mi frente

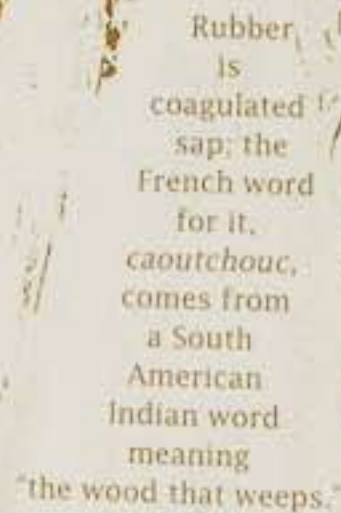
A TREE WITHIN

A tree grew inside my head.
A tree grew in.
Its roots are veins,
its branches nerves,
thoughts its tangled foliage.
Your glance sets it on fire,
and its fruits of shade
are blood oranges
and pomegranates of flame.

Day breaks
in the body's night.
There, within, inside my head,
the tree speaks.

Come closer—can you hear it?

Octavio Paz



Rubber
is
coagulated
sap; the
French word
for it,
caoutchouc,
comes from
a South
American
Indian word
meaning
"the wood that weeps."

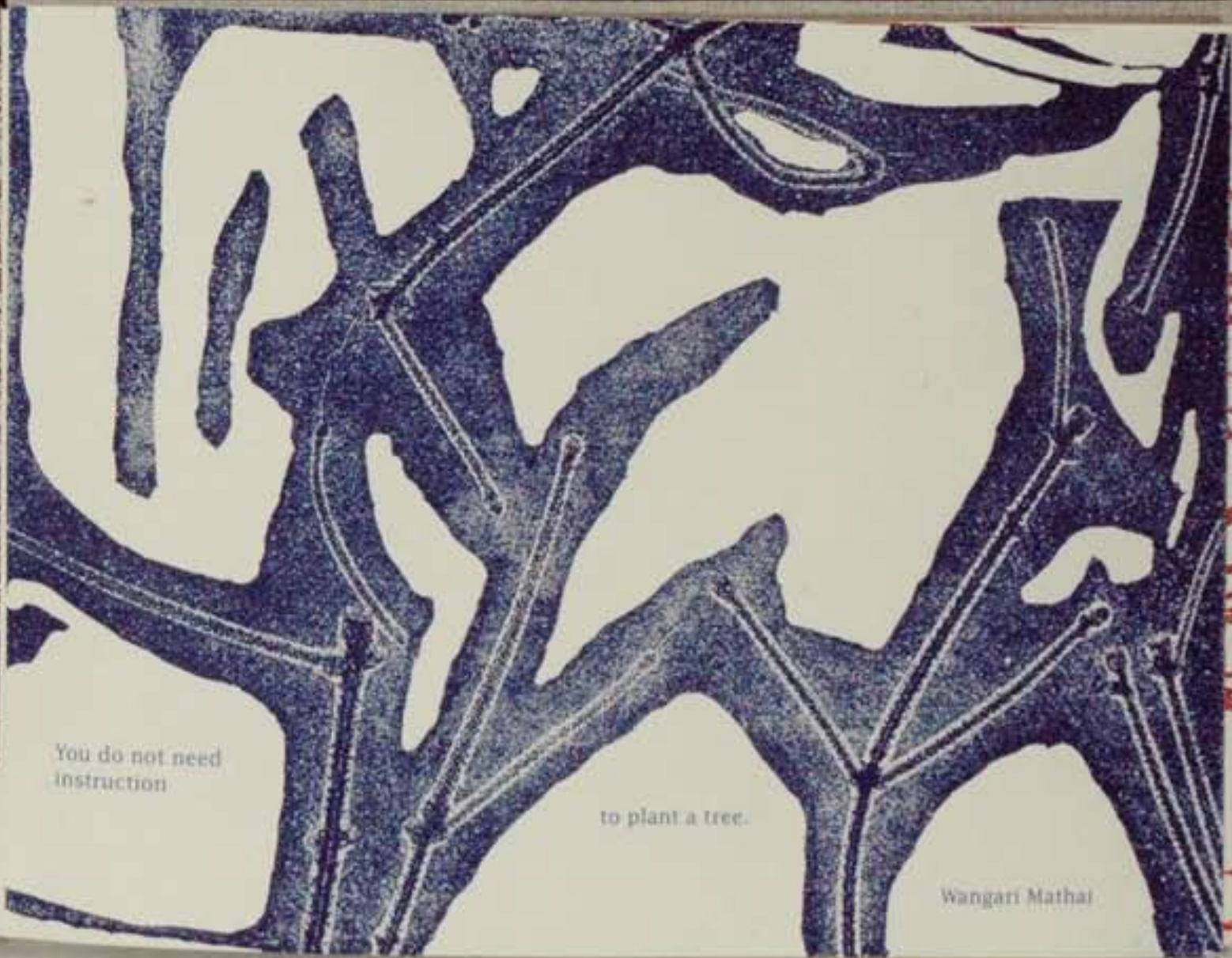
The wood
that wept in
the Congo
was a long
spongy vine of
the *landolphia*
genus.

Adam Hochschild



No. There are limits to saying,
in language, what the tree did.

Robert Hass



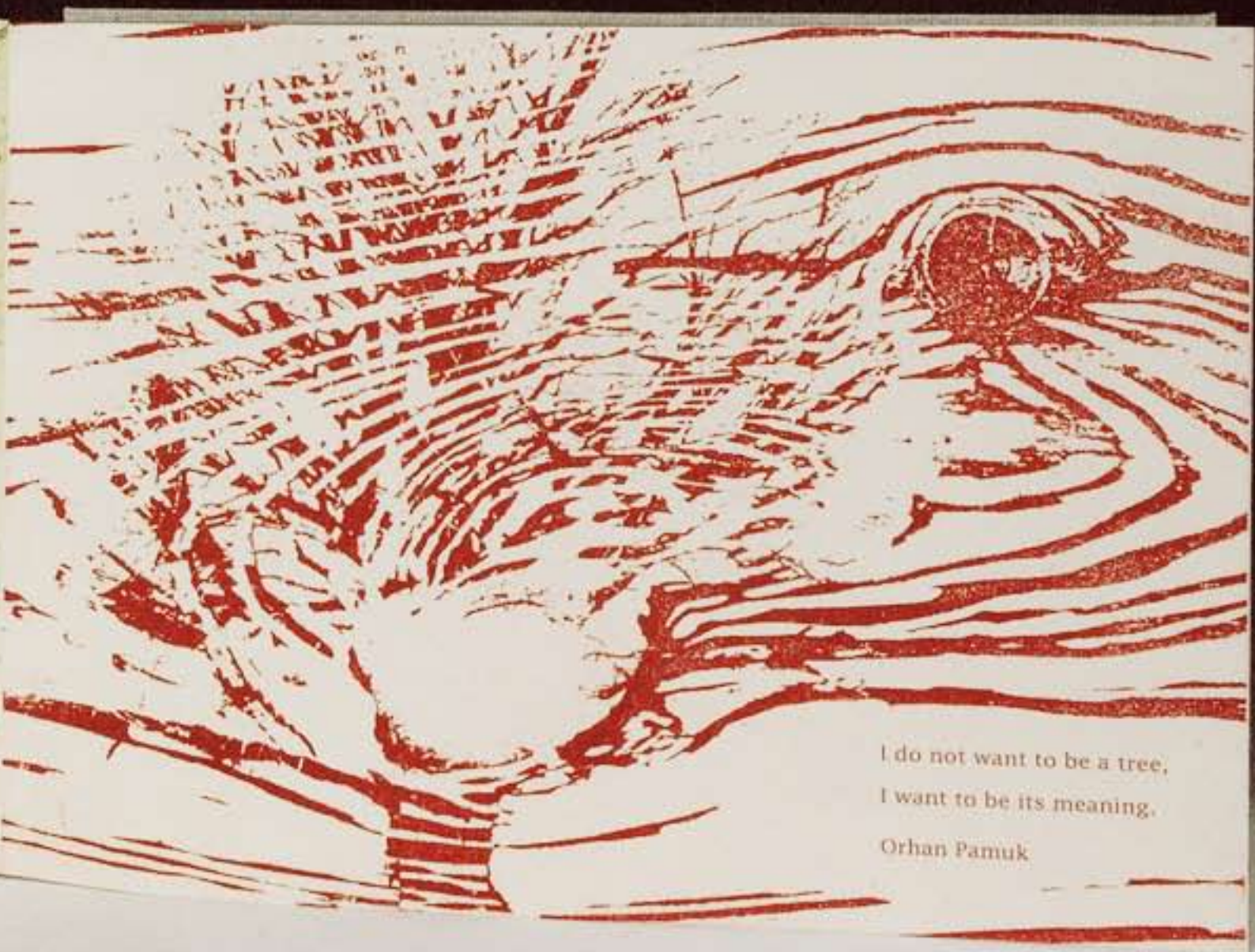
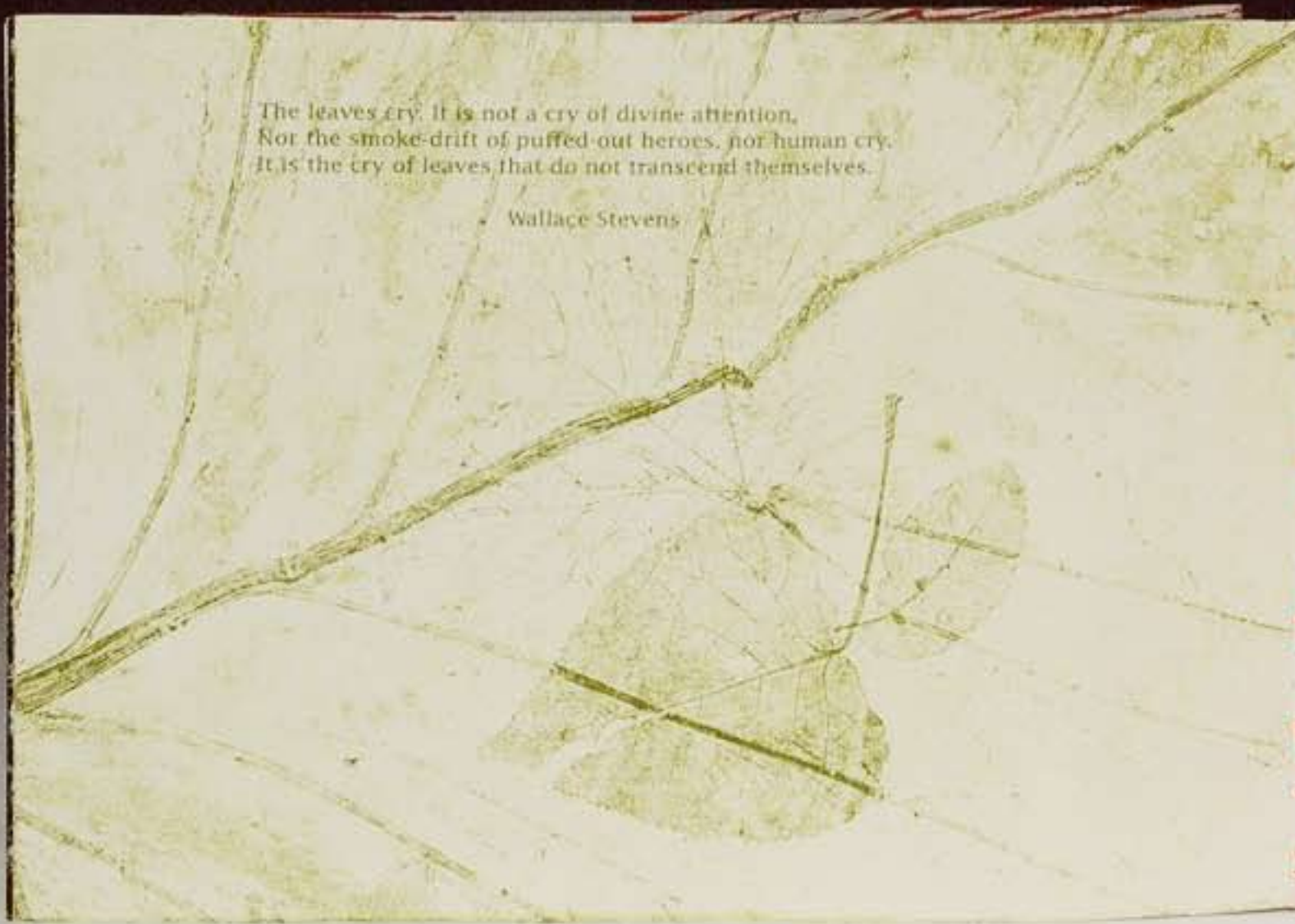
You do not need
instruction

to plant a tree.

Wangari Mathai

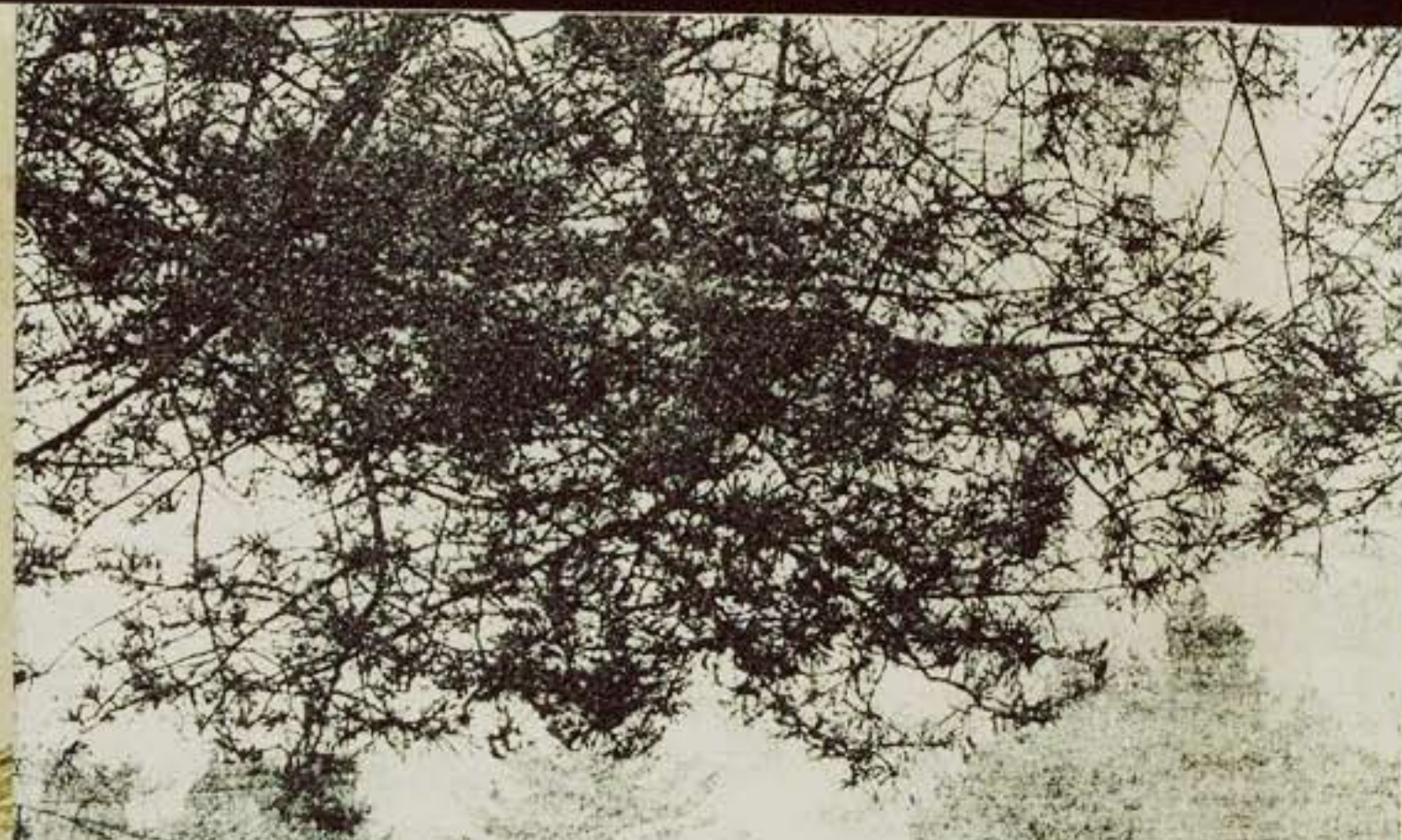
The leaves cry. It is not a cry of divine attention,
Nor the smoke-drift of puffed-out heroes, nor human cry.
It is the cry of leaves that do not transcend themselves.

Wallace Stevens



I do not want to be a tree,
I want to be its meaning.

Orhan Pamuk



A MURMUR in the trees to note,

Not loud enough for wind.

A star not far enough to seek.

Not near enough to find.

Emily Dickinson



An old Slavic legend says that people were created from trees - the man from the oak and the woman from the linden. A child who started walking was encouraged with the words, "Stand, stand, you godly twig!", and for a childless person it was said that he was a "trimmed tree".

Lidija Bajuk



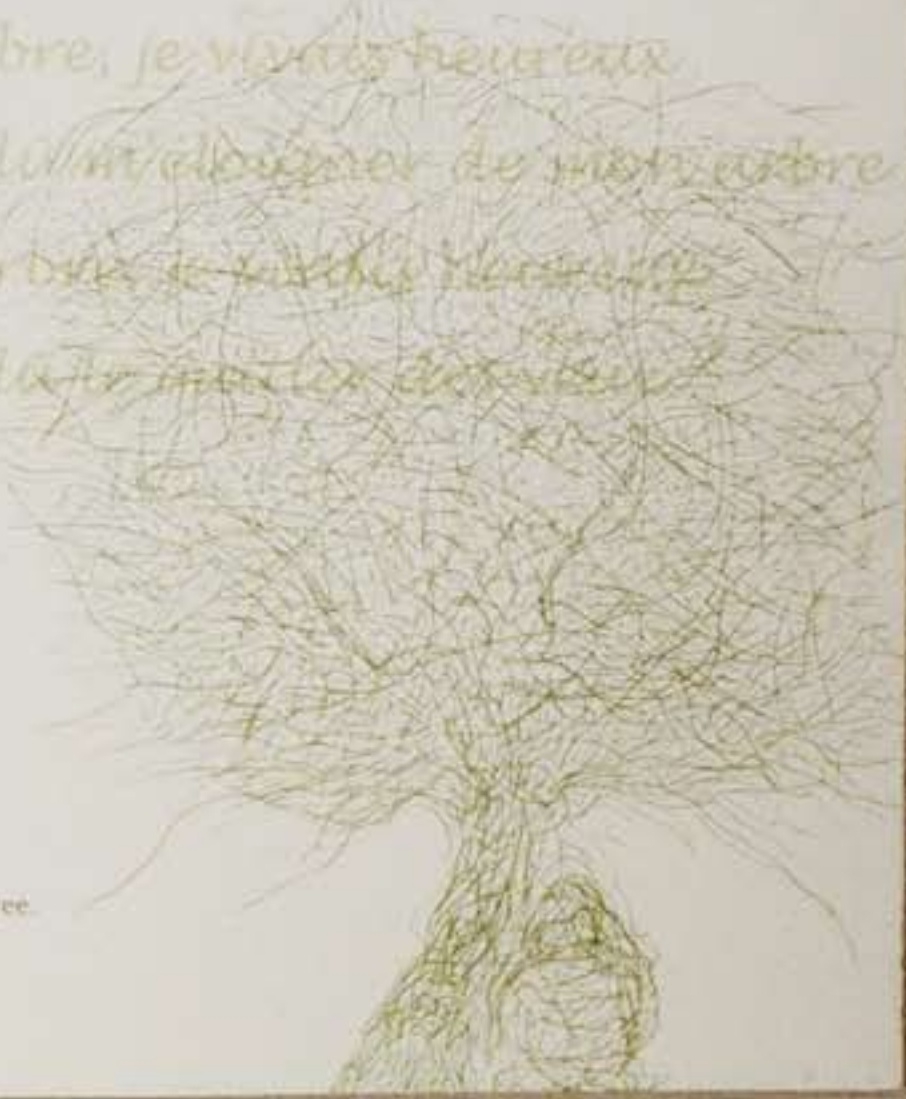
to explain
why we become
attached to our birthplaces
we pretend that we are trees and
speak of roots. . . . Roots, I sometimes think,
are a conservative myth designed to keep us
in our place.

Salman Rushdie

*Auprès de mon arbre, je vivais heureux
J'aurais jamais dû m'éloigner de mon arbre
Auprès de mon arbre, je vivais heureux
J'aurais jamais dû le perdre de vue*

Next to my tree, I was happily living
I should have never left my tree
Next to my tree, I was happily living
I should have never lost sight of my tree.

George Brassens



The Tree Of My Mind

*Dedicated to my father who taught
me the love of words and trees.*

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﴿ تَمْرٌ مَرْكُومٌ ۖ إِنَّهُ مِمَّا كَرِهَتْ أَعْيُنُهُمْ كَتَبَرُوا أَنَّ ثَمَرَهُ طَعَامٌ ۚ إِنَّهُ يَتْرُكُهَا فِي السَّمَاءِ ۚ وَفَرْعَاتُهُ مُدْجِجَاتٌ ۚ وَلَهُ ثَلَاثُ مِثْقَالٍ ۚ ﴾

Do you not see how God compares a good word to a good tree?
Its root is firm and its branches in the sky. Qur'an