

The Tree-Ship

While walking outside, you come across a huge ancient tree from which odd structures are hanging. Textiles, papers, books, glass picking up the sunlight, cane rows made of wool, roots, plants, jars with strange murky plants in them, branches, herbs, beans and pods, curtains of leaves and flowers, plaits made of recycled cotton, strange rock installations moving with the wind, and much more. It looks like a witch's den to me.

The hanging textiles create these physical spaces, where tree stumps and carpets are waiting to be sat on. More books around the stumps, and branches for a sky. And there are children, and adults, pointing at the hanging objects and asking what they are. Some adults are sitting writing in a group and some are reading in a corner, and some, when finished reading, join together again to form a discussion group. And then they start all over again, some adults are sitting writing in a group and some are reading in a corner, and some when finished reading join together again to form a discussion group. And some are drawing together on a big sheet of paper. These grounding actions repeated in time, are the rituals for healing wounds and re-learning new ways of being in relation to the world.

This space is for people but also for other beings, that happen to pass by. This space is co-built with the inhabitants of the land it temporarily sits on. The children point at a little tropical bird resting on the bark of the tree, and are told by the witch how these parakeets just appeared gradually, how they never lived there before but eventually adapted to the changing climate, new food and way of life. She speaks of their knowledge from their past lands, and of their newfound knowledge when they encountered their new land.

Another tells about the tree itself, and all that it has seen, how this is a hybrid tree that has become-with the new soil and minerals, how the parent-tree belonged to other lands and cultures. and yet another teaches to listen to the tree directly.

'What are you all doing?' asks the child to a group of mothers, 'we're writing letters to our past' says the witch. 'why?' says the child. 'To heal our wounds' she answers, 'and to make sure you're better prepared at navigating the complexities of your hybrid identity in today's society, better prepared than we were'.

This space is open for everyone who is willing to take their time and listen to others. But it also sometimes only open to some of similar contexts, to offer the relief of a space where one can be vulnerable together. It is also suited for reading, writing, daydreaming, listening, speaking, discussing, drawing, sitting, doing, and living.

The huge tree, and all that is connected to it, hanging objects and all, creates its own ecosystem of smells, sounds, sights, tastes and touch, unique to that physical space.

It creates its own ecosystem of bubbled up thoughts, memories and triggers inherited from past and current systems of oppression, and those traces are there in its branches and roots, leaves and flowers and fruits, bark and rings.

And it creates its own ecosystem of new relationships, of hybrids, born out of the emancipated awareness stemming from discussion and stemming from care and stemming from rituals.

The visitors of the space, human and not, the inhabitants of the space, the objects within the space, their interaction and connected memories... they all create their own knowledges, and by sharing it with each other, contribute to a knowledge unique to that space.

This is an ever-evolving space of knowledge, and it starts with this tree-ship.