

BUXTON WOODLAND POEMS

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There are two poems here:

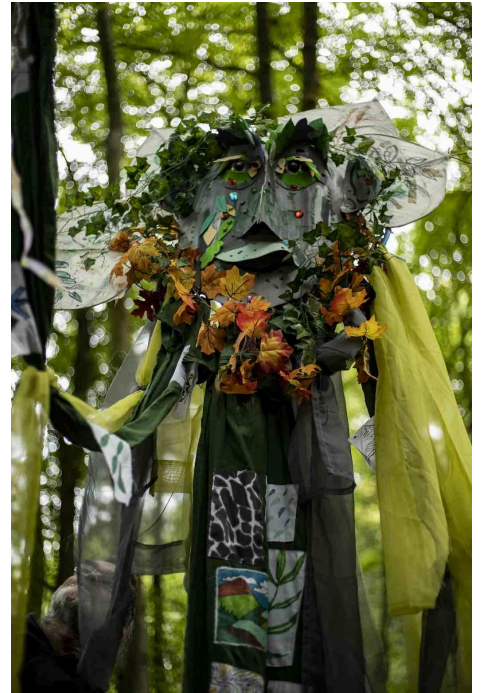
We Are The People and We Are The Trees

Both poems were composed by Gordon MacLellan from comments by members of the public about why the woods of Buxton had proved important to them during the lockdown months of 2020 for community group Stone and Water

You are welcome to quote from them, recite them, use them to inspire your own work. If you do use them please acknowledge "Stone and Water and Gordon MacLellan of Creeping Toad

More information:

<https://creepingtoad.blogspot.com/> and search ash trees



We are the people

We are the people
Who made the nestboxes,
Who walked the dogs,
Who fetched the sticks,
Who rescued the cat.

We are the people
Who made the swings,
Who built tree houses,
Who fought with sticks,
Who made the bows,
Who fired the arrows,
Who fought the dragons,
Who camped in the shade,
And toasted marshmallows on an ashwood fire.

We are the people

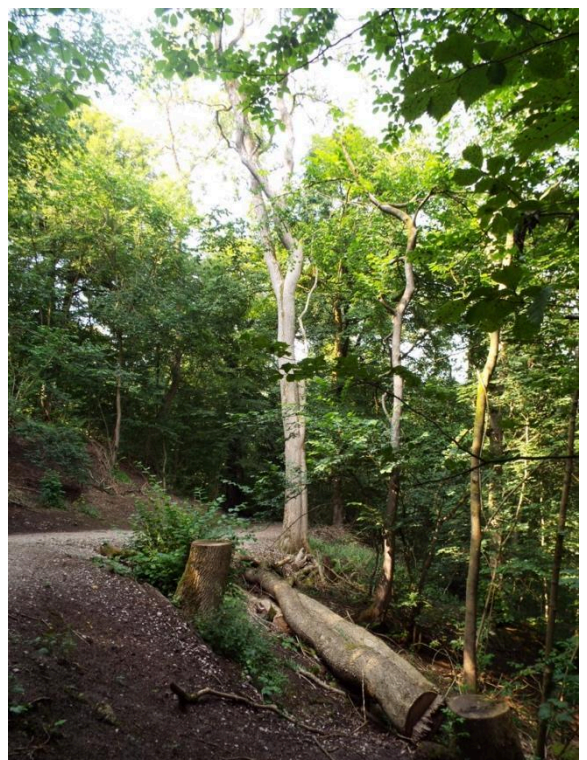
Who climbed the trees,
Who ate the picnics,
Who watched the birds,
Who fed the squirrels,
Who ran the paths,
Who were still in the shade,
Who sang,
Who built faerie doors
At faerie dens,
For faery tribes in
Faery glens.

We are the people
Who walked,
Who wondered,
Who laughed,
Who talked,
Who held hands,
Who strolled,
Who held their hearts and loves and hopes
Under Ash trees.

We are the Trees

We are the trees
Who grow the leaves,
Who hold the birds,
Who paint black buds on grey fingers,
Who rattle our keys,
Who lift our trunks,
To raise the clouds.

We are the trees
Who shed slim grey dresses
For coats of green and brown and lichen,
Who comb the air,



Who dance in the wind,
Who grow hope from seedlings.

We are the trees
Who dangle icicles,
Who drip rain,
Who spin mist into dreams,
Who grow beards of moss,
Who raise the sap,
Who foster the greenfly
To feed the nestlings.

We are the trees
Where the owls nest,
Where the bats fly,
Where the spiders weave,
The woodpeckers drum,
And caterpillars feast.

We are the trees,
Where mushrooms grow,
Where buzzards scream,
Where badgers sett,
Where worms wriggle,
Where rabbits burrow,
Where foxes earth,
Where squirrels drey.

We are the trees
Fraxinus, that's us,
Fraxinus excelsior
Fraxinus, the Romans named us
Excelsior, the lofty one.

We are the trees
Who dread the wind.

We are the trees,
Where the spores settle,
Where the fungus spreads,

Where the fingers wither,
Where the bark splits,
Where branches break.
We are the trees holding onto hope
In seeds and seedlings,
In long breaths held and
Hearts clenched against the dread.

We are the trees who
Grow the keys of hope.

