The Garden Oak

Watching the garden oak
As its leaves begin to curl and fall
And carpet the grass
Its sap slowing

I see no reluctance
at the season's command
to draw inward
No resentment at the diminishing light

There is no shame
For its naked torso
As the curious light
Finds fissured bark

It can only live in surrender
to the great wheel as it turns
Allowing rebirth
On the other side of darkness

Unlike the tree
We pursue expansion
Without contraction
Ignoring the bellows rhythm
Of our own breath

We expect everlasting abundance
Forgetting that our
bowl needs to be emptied
To be refilled

We turn away from modesty, sacrifice and rhythm
Fetishising endless choice
Indulgence, convenience and ease
As if we can transcend
All natural limits

The oak bides its time
In deep alignment
with the timeless cycle
That birthed it

Content to wait for springtime
When the warming touch of the maker
Sets its life in motion
Once more

Tom George 2026