**Tongues in Trees Project:**

**Transcript of Lucy reading The Seven Ages**

One day I will be born

And it will feel like love

Blooming

Gestation through winter

Full of promise

the slender twig

Then the imperceptible bud

A swelling

A whisper of verdancy

With bated breath we wait

Sun

gently coaxing

Nature

hesitating

braced for pain of unadulterated living

Then bursting forth

I am but small

a slip of what I will become

I want to grow whenever, wherever, whichever direction

Thickening my branches with lignin

They say,

‘Barked branches are hard to change

encased in a hard shell,’

but I do not listen

This stirring, unknown desire

Passion as hot as night

Longing to hold and touch

and never let go

Hearts beating

Pulsating kisses

and fire in my tears of joy

Vigour

at its pinnacle

Like I can pick up the world - as a whole

Lighting bolts of energy

So eager is the eye

Foreseeing every movement

Actions so divine

The moon gently dusts me with silver

silence and stillness and space

Within her cycles I am bound

A life-force

Where dark flowers of awareness grow

From good times and bad

And now a gentle boundary laid down

From stick and moss and stone

In my Orchard the fruits hang ripe

My Labour and toil

now a sweet Autumnal harvest

From which I gather words

of wisdom and counsel

Old eyes imbued with life’s riches

And, as the boughs hang heavy

I am slowing and softly mellowing

In the mulch of soil

That enriches growth

One day I will die

And it will feel like love

Blooming