



### Imaginings

As the breeze softly rustles the leaves above,  
Still yourself,  
Look deep inside the whorls of ageing bark,  
And open your mind.

What do you see?

An elfin lord,  
With fine moustache and pointed beard,  
Rests here entombed...

Now look again... do you see more?

A fledgling dragon,  
One wing unfurled,  
Emerges from his fragile shell...

And a gentle phoenix  
Rises from the flames of her pyre,  
To escape the blackened moon...

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The everyday magic of your imaginings  
Will weave their tales for you.  
They wait patiently here,  
Held safe within the bark of an ordinary tree,  
Growing in an ordinary suburban pavement.