

THE TALKING TREE

A LITTLE FAIRY TALE

BY

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TREES ARE WATCHING US



One night I met an old beggar woman.

I was in a lot of pain. Long since. For the impotence of eradicating evil from the world. A deep and constant pain.



The air was dark and cold. Stars were black.

The old beggar, who turned out to be a witch, invited
me into the lighted tent of the medicine-men-and-
women.

Into the circle of healing.



She spoke at length with other sorcerers and witches. I didn't know their language. I can't repeat what they said.

Until dawn arrived.



When dawn is calling us

I asked her:

- What should I do? There is war, I feel bad, there are people who suffer, many fuel hatred, there is the spectacle of superficiality and impoverished thinking...

I can't stand it...



She taught me a prayer:

- “Sacred Earth, please flow through my body with your healing energy and restore my physical, mental and emotional balance.”

And then she added:-“The prayer should be sung while lying down, on your stomach, with your head facing north.”



WHAT??! A prayer?

To Earth? Upside down?! Towards the North?!

But outside there are people shooting, people dying of hunger, lost children, tortured people, WHAT DOES A PRAYER DO?!

There are people who create increasingly sophisticated weapons and bombs

To Hurt

To Hurt Badly

To Leave Traces

Impairments

More and more evil...

There are people who make money from wars and who want wars

We are AT THE mercy of these UNSCRUPOLED SPECULATORS...

I FEEL SICK... I can't do it...

And then where is the north?

What do I know?

Where am I?



Externally Displaced People
Internally Displaced People

Let's make an offer,
Money intercede.

The Witch concluded: -“Ask the Sacred Earth. And now disappear, I have no time to waste.”

And she threw me out of the lighted tent of medicine-men-and-women, out of the circle of healing...
Every now and then we find ourselves lost...



Earthquake. The Earth reminds us that we are dust.

Should I pray upside down towards the North?

But where is the North?!

I ask the Sacred Earth, which has just awakened from its primordial sleep and looks at me.



The colors of today

The Sacred Earth whispers to me: "Moss on trees grows facing North. Look for the Talking Tree..."



ME: - "Moss. North. Talking Tree. Talking Tree? Who is it? And why? And where can I find it?"

THE EARTH: - "You must go and look for it."

ME: - "But where? And what do I tell him? I need INSTRUCTIONS!"

THE EARTH:- "When you see him you will know who he is, forget the instructions, you can't control, just TRUST. And now walk..."

And the Sacred Earth closed herself back into her primordial and serene sleep. In her silence.

I stood looking at her. Then I shook myself.

The moss is facing North. Right.

It's nice to rely on the powerful Earth.



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The colors of today

The Earth supports our weight. She eases our pain.

But where will the Talking Tree be?

I start walking, I look around for ancestral traces to follow, in search of the Talking Tree...



Follow the steps

But how do I know which tree is the right one?
Meanwhile I'm going towards the trees...

Our walking reveals our mind. Our posture tells our life.

Our feet show many things and give us the measure of our stability.



Feet always reveal many things

Here is a grove: I will have to question every tree I encounter to find out if it speaks...



SILENCE.



I keep on walking in the silence, I listen but I can't hear
any voices or calls.



Every now and then belly down, head to the North, and I listen to the Earth for any whispers. Who knows she might wake up and give me INSTRUCTIONS...

On the other hand, the trees speak for her. They are her extension.



I like this tree, I want to look at it every day

Could this be the Talking Tree?

It has contrasts of light and shade, perhaps it knows the lightness and darkness of life...



ME: - “Excuse me, are you the talking tree?”

SILENCE.

ME: - “I know that you trees also communicate with silence, but they told me that there really is a Talking Tree, can you tell me where I can find it?”

SILENCE.

I see another tree: it has a vine around it, perhaps it is strong enough to support others and this makes it the perfect Talking Tree.

ME - “Excuse me, good morning, are you the Talking Tree?”

SILENCE.



I try to embrace this bark, let's see if placing an ear on it tells me something...

SILENCE.



Maybe between two barks? ...SILENCE



And this tree? He holds up colorful flowers, he seems happy, could he finally be someone who speaks? ...SILENCE...



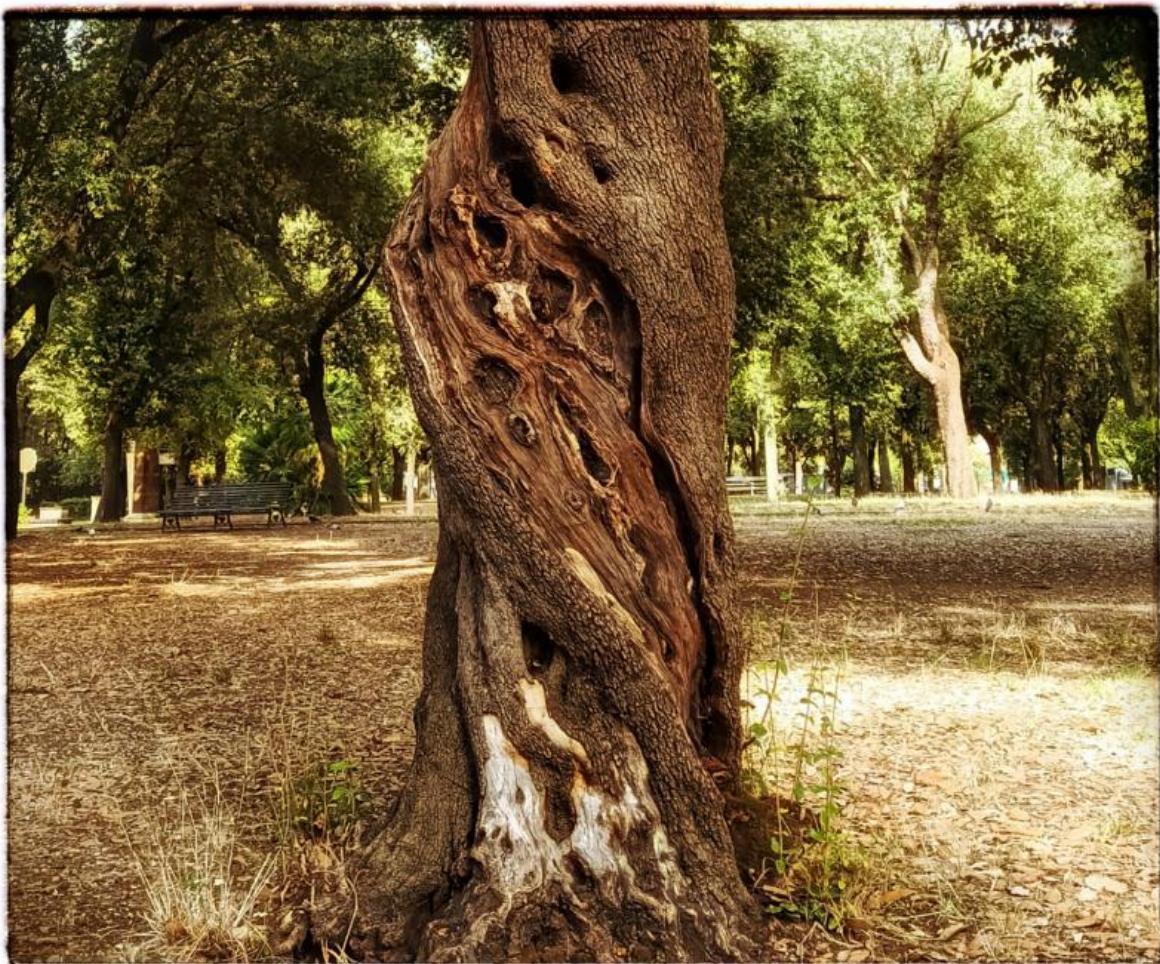
Here he is, this must be it, it seems that he is ready to speak from the crack in his bark...

ME: "Excuse me, good morning..."

SILENCE.

Silence.

Silence, silence and silence.



And this other tree? He has flowers in shape of a flame.
Could he be an Enlightened One ready to speak and
teach?



SILENCE.

Everyone is silent.

Trees are silent witnesses. And they come to us with empty hands.



Centenary barks that watch men toil.

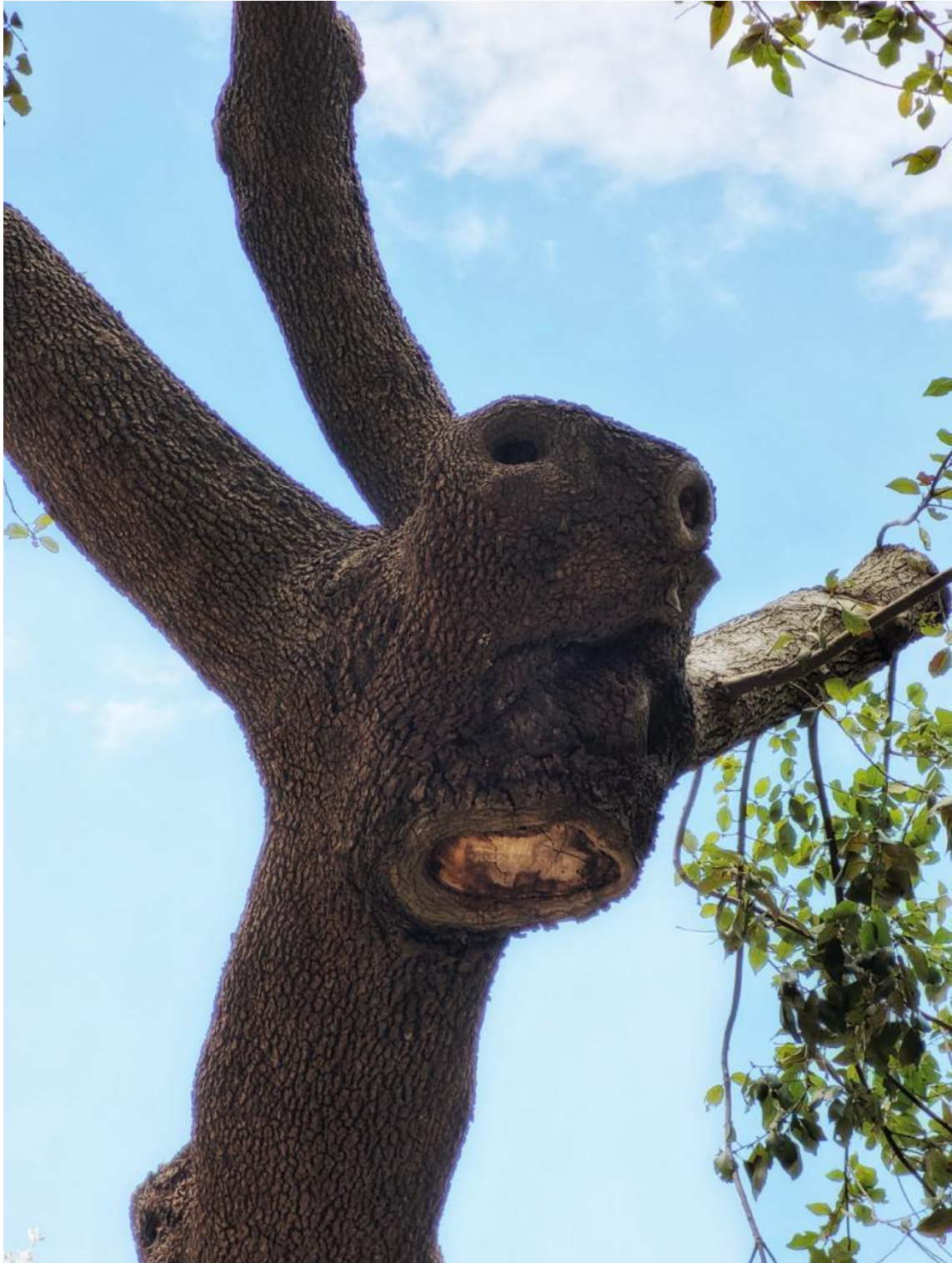


But then suddenly I see him, I'm sure it's him: it's the Talking Tree. He has eyes, mouth, arms, antennas...



ME: - “Excuse me, good morning...”

He looks down on me.



TREE: - "I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD REASON TO
DISTURB ME."

ME: - "Good morning, yes, no, I don't know, I feel bad for
the world, there is so much violence, so many wars,
piles of rubbish thrown into nature..."



The colors of today

I suffer terribly... I suffer for the earth, I suffer for you trees, I suffer for my children, I suffer for those who suffer, I suffer for myself... Some suggested I talk to you..."

TREE: - *"MMM... I UNDERSTAND, ANOTHER SENSITIVE SOUL.*

I HOPE YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THE MANY ECOLOGY TOURISTS.

LISTEN TO ME.

TO THOSE WHO THINK THE EARTH IS DYING:

THE EARTH IS NOT DYING.

RATHER, YOU PEOPLE ARE.

THE EARTH IS SOLID.



SHE CAN CAUSE EARTHQUAKES AND TSUNAMIS.



HER HEART IS HOT AS FIRE.



THE EARTH IS NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING.



EXTREMES ARE THE NORM FOR HER.



*SHE IS TOTALLY INDIFFERENT TO THE STUPIDITY OF
HUMAN BEINGS.*



THE EARTH CAN SHAKE OFF ANYONE.



BUT SHE ALSO HAS INFINITE PATIENCE.



SHE GIVES US COLORS.



SHE GIVES US FRUITS.



FLOWERS ARE A GAME FOR HER.



GRASS A CONTINUOUS LAUGHTER.



*AT DAWN OF EVERY NEW DAY SHE IS RENEWED.
AND WE DO THE SAME WITH HER.*



BECAUSE THE EARTH PRODUCES TREES.

*AND EVERY TREE CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING, IF YOU
LISTEN TO HIM...*

EVERY TREE CAN BE A GREAT FRIEND... FOR ANYONE...



The tree was his friend

*NOW THE ADVICE I CAN GIVE YOU IS:
BREATHE AND STRAIGHTEN YOURSELF.*



A deep breathing

*YOU SEE, WE TREES, HOWEVER CROOKED WE MAY BE,
WE ALWAYS HAVE A MOVEMENT THAT TAKES US
UPWARDS.*



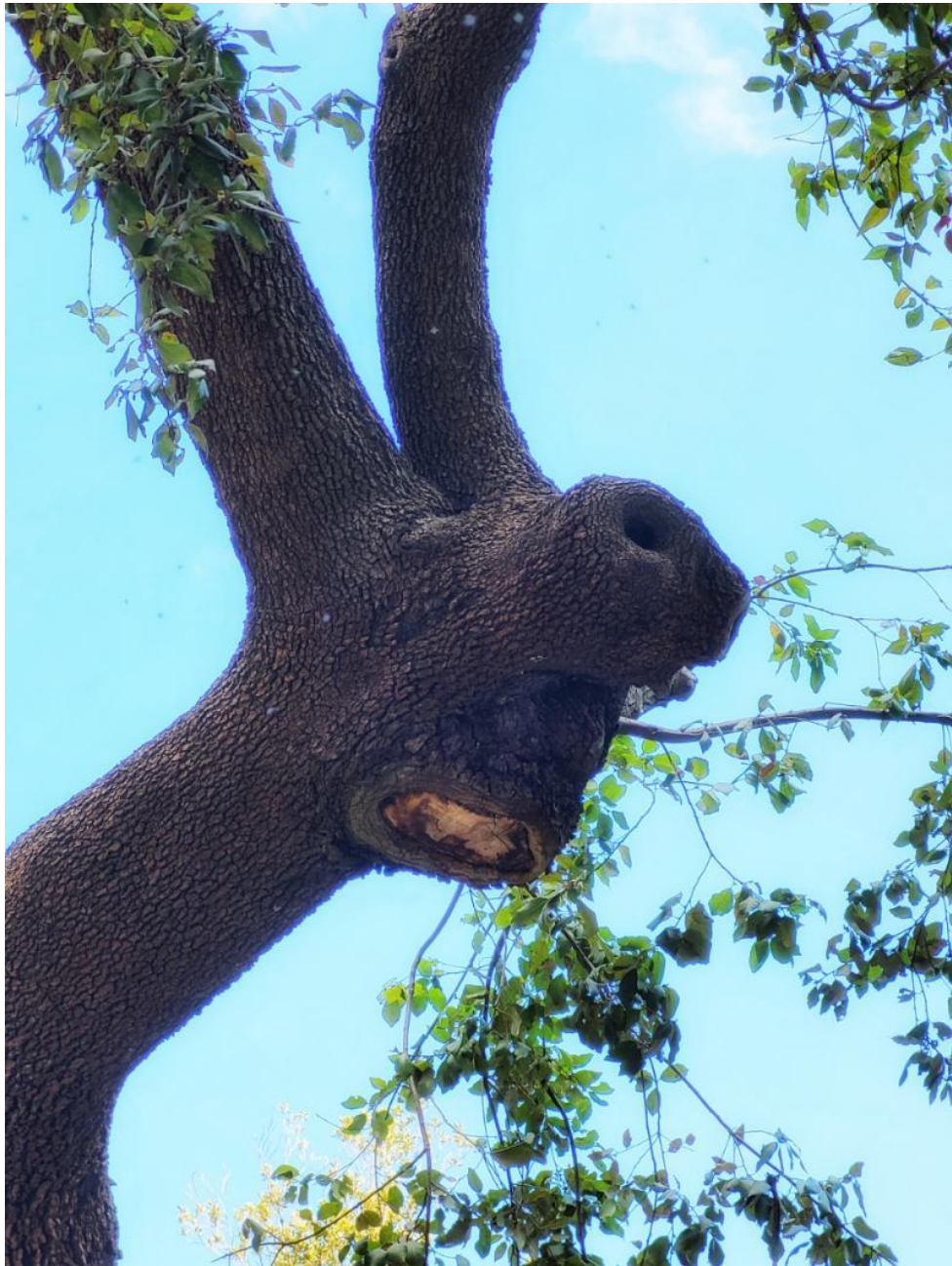
*WE ARE ALWAYS CONNECTED BETWEEN EARTH AND
SKY. AND IF SOMETIMES WE FALL, WE ALWAYS
RETURN TO EARTH AND SKY.*



*KILLERS AND SPECULATORS WILL HAVE THEIR
ANGUISH. THE FINAL BALANCE COMES FOR EVERYONE.
NATURE KNOWS IT AND DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THEM.
NATURE IS IN HARMONY WITH THE UNIVERSE...*



*I HAVE SPANISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
AMERICAN, RUSSIAN, UKRAINIAN, ISRAELIAN,
PALESTINIAN, AFRICAN, BUDDHIST, CHRISTIAN,
MUSLIM, JEWISH, GREEN, BLACK, WHITE, YELLOW, RED,
SPOTTED FRIENDS...*

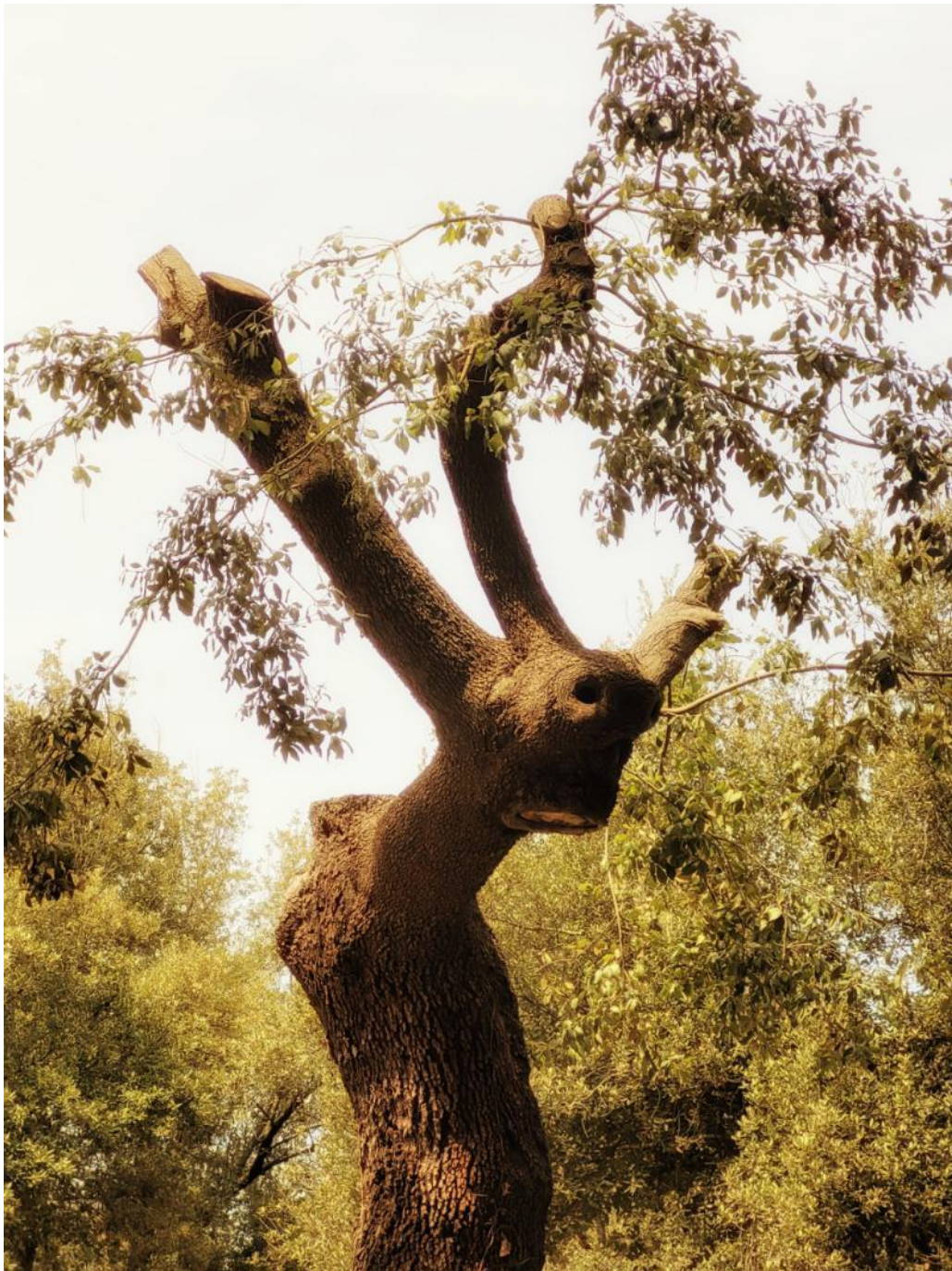


I HAVE FRIENDS OF EVERY NATIONALITY, RACE, COLOR, SIZE AND RELIGION... AND I DO NOT WANT TO BE DISTURBED FOR IDIOTICNESS, RACISM AND SELFISHNESS."

I see him twist in anger.



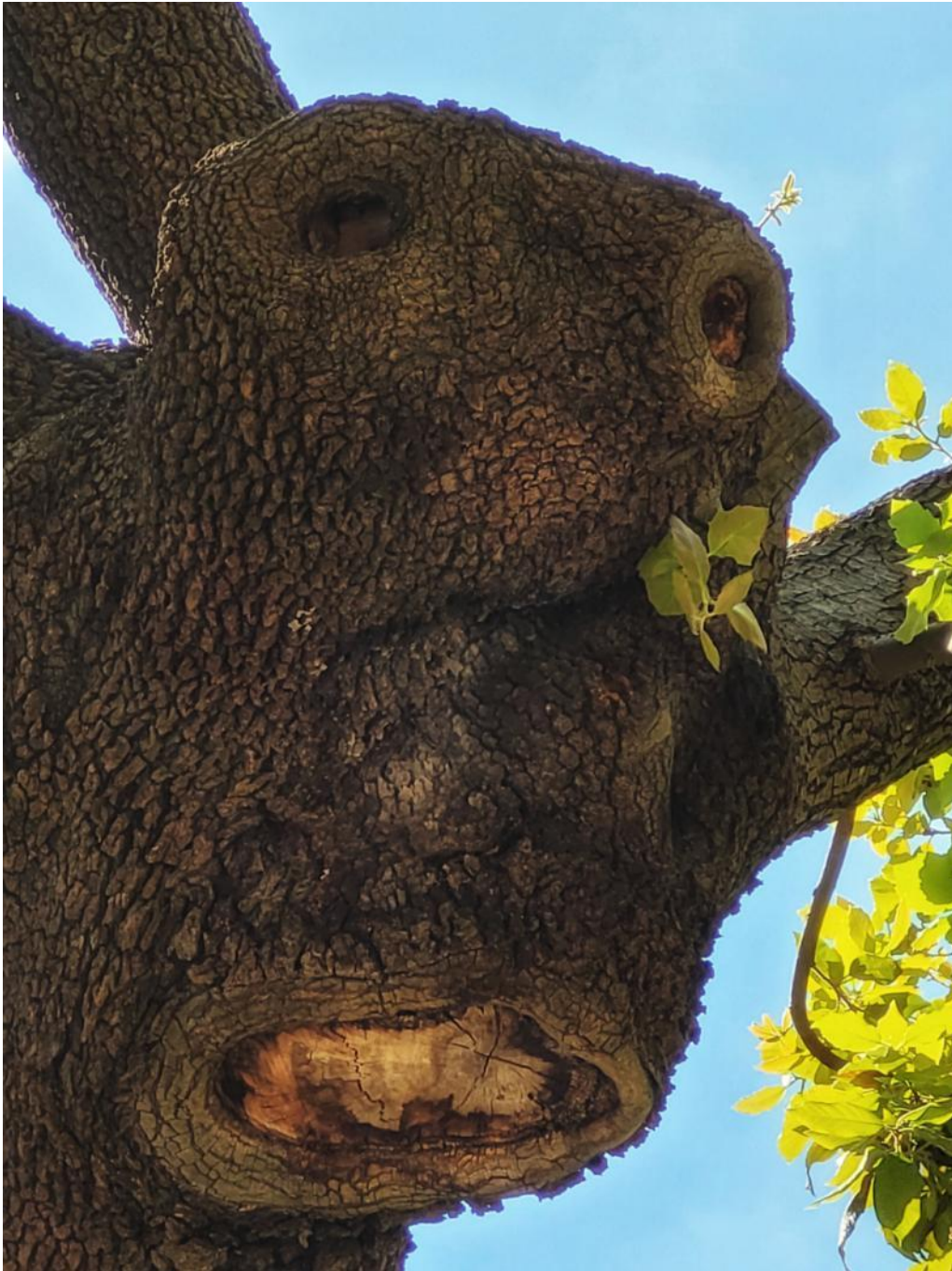
And then I see him getting pale and hunching over.
Who knows how much effort took him the mere fact of
talking to me.



But he continues: “BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH,
THERE IS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY.



*AND YOU HUMAN BEINGS MUST FIND THIS POSSIBILITY.
THE THINGS THAT WILL ALWAYS SAVE YOU HUMAN
BEINGS... EVEN IN PAIN...*



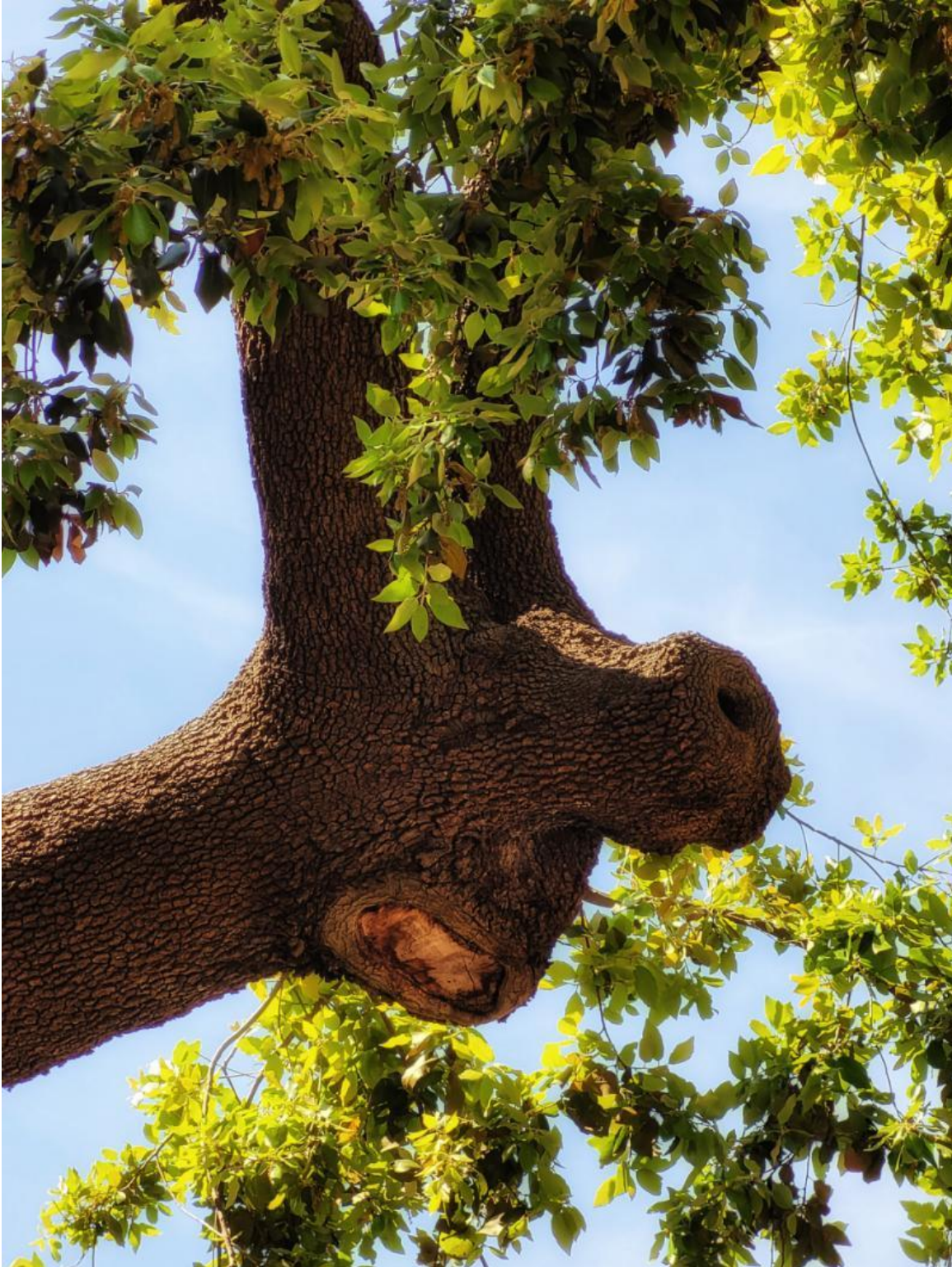
*...ARE THE HEART, LOVE, AND ALL THE ARTS...
BECAUSE THEY HELP TO HEAL.*

*HEALING MUST TAKE PLACE NOW, FOR ALL OF YOU
HUMAN BEINGS.*

MENDING ON MANY LEVELS.”



Flowers of sand



Silence. I understand that I must not disturb him any further.

But wait a moment... I see something moving on his trunk, there is a little bird...



Camouflaged and protected, the little bird slips into some crevice of the bark, enters and exits... the Talking Tree hosts little birds...

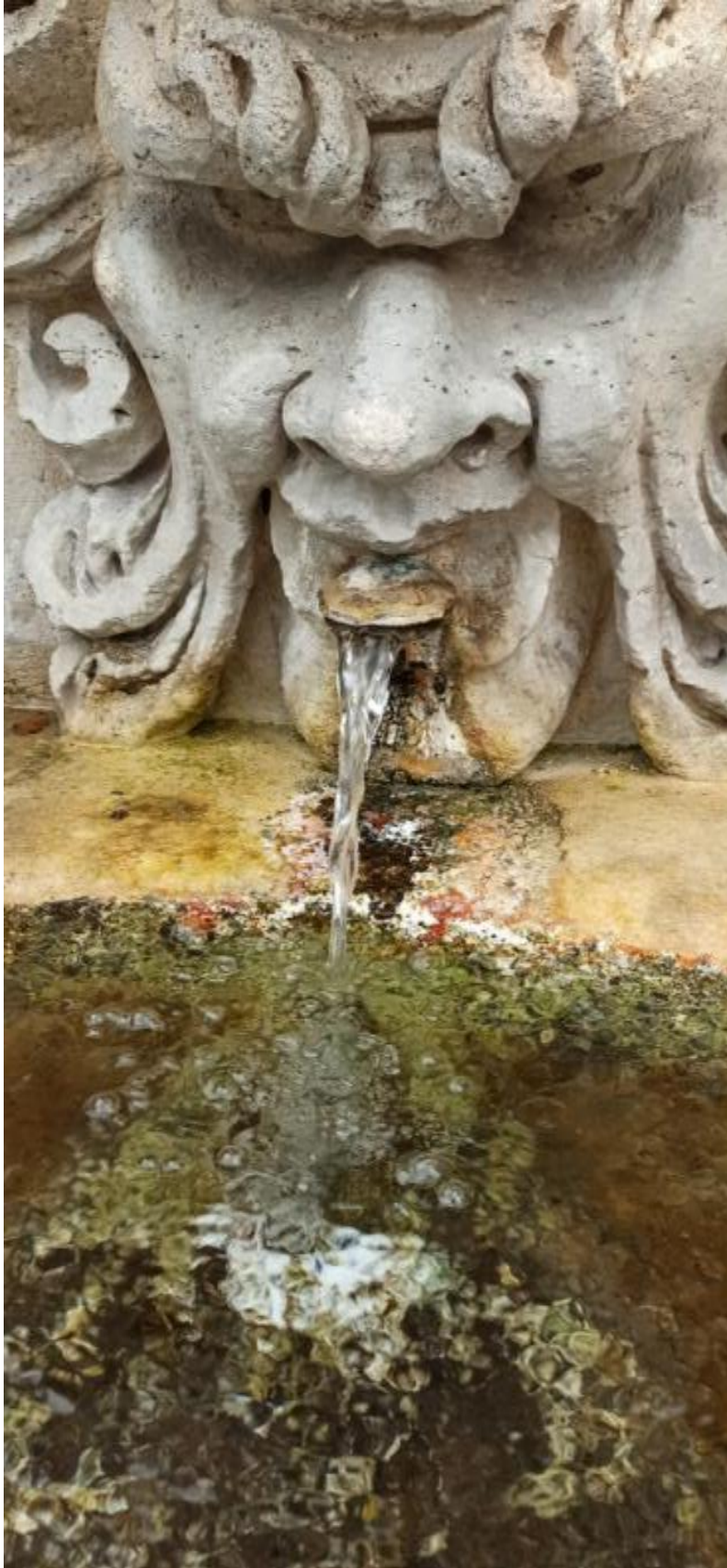
I ask him again, I ask questions, but the Talking Tree no longer answers me...

The little bird acts indifferent.



The tree is welcoming.

But did he really talk to me? Or did I just dream it?



Maybe I just dreamed...

I dreamed of respect, love and a possible balance
between all of us, different human beings.

And between humans and nature.

A paradise... here on our great earth.



Men and birds



Dreamlike dimension

Author's note:

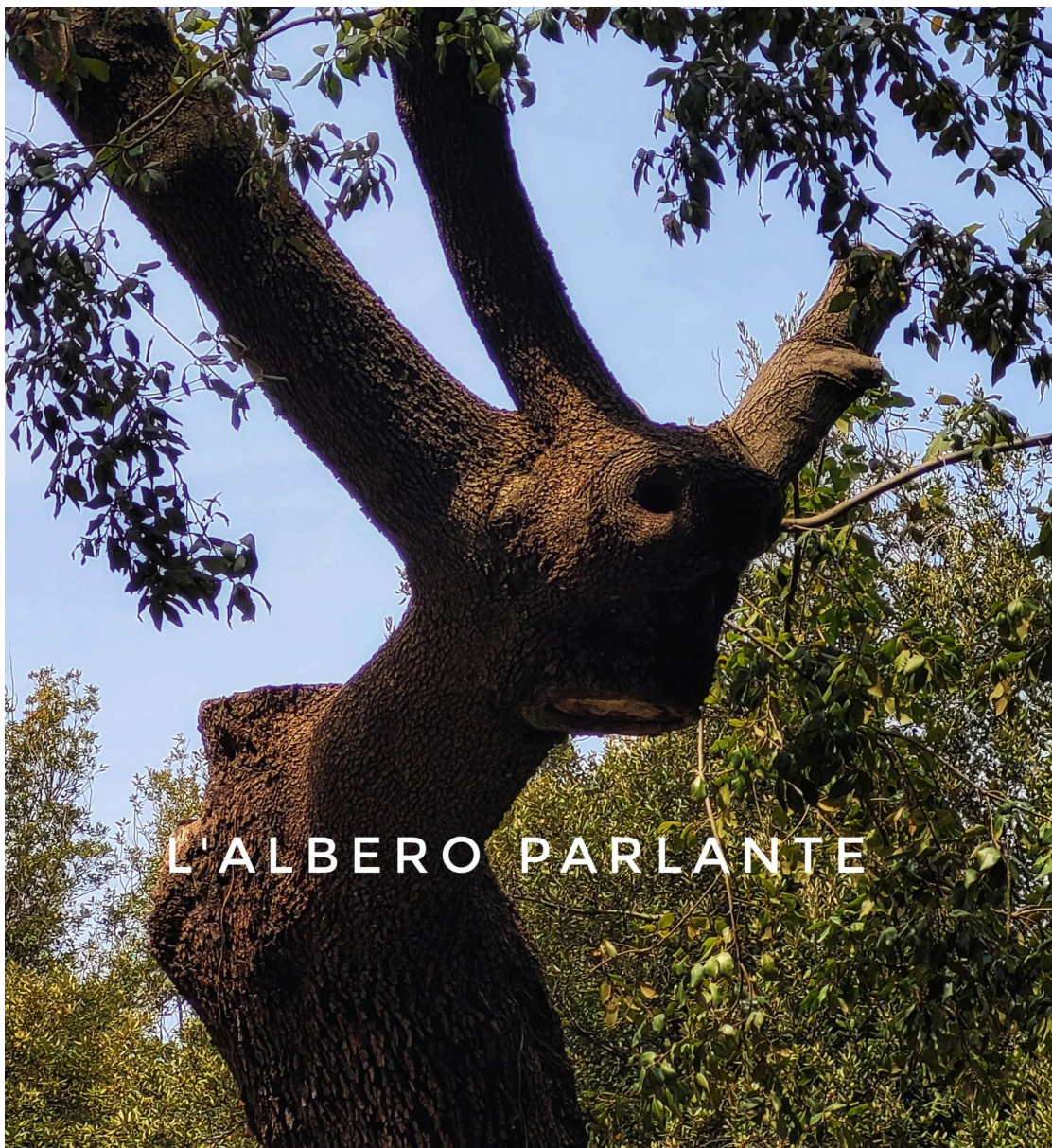
Villa Borghese is a very special place in Rome, where nature, history, art, and humans intertwine in an almost dreamlike dimension. Centuries-old trees and secret gardens accompany the visitor who ventures into the villa. Legend suggests that in the historic plane tree valley,

planted in the 17th century by order of the terrible Cardinal Scipione Borghese, the position of trees coincides with the line of a constellation, creating a magical oasis to rest and heal for those who walk there. Fountains, water features, and artificial ponds glisten alongside those who stroll through.



UNA SERISSIMA PASSEGGIATA

A very serious walk



The Talking Tree

This Talking Tree lives in Villa Borghese, but there are several of them around the world.

If you want to chat, go look for the Talking Tree nearest to you or come to Villa Borghese.