

# THE TALKING TREE



# TREES ARE WATCHING US



One night, i met an old woman beggar.  
I had been suffering for a long time, tormented by my  
inability to rid the world of evil.  
A deep, unrelenting pain.



The air was dark and cold. Stars were black.

The old beggar, who turned out to be a witch, invited me into the glowing 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 are wars, I feel bad, there are people who suffer, hatred is being fed, stupidity and impoverished thinking are on full display...

I can't bear it anymore...



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, face down, with your head pointing north.”



WHAT??! A prayer?

To the Earth? Face down?! Facing North?!

But out there people are shooting, starving, lost children,  
tortured people, WHAT DOES A PRAYER EVEN DO?!

People are making weapons, building ever more  
sophisticated bombs

To Wound

To Harm

To Leave Scars

Maiming

Even more cruelly...

There are those who profit from war, who want wars

We are AT THE mercy of these RUTHLESS  
PROFITEERS...

I FEEL SICK... I can't take it anymore...

And then - where is the north?

How should I know?

Where am I?



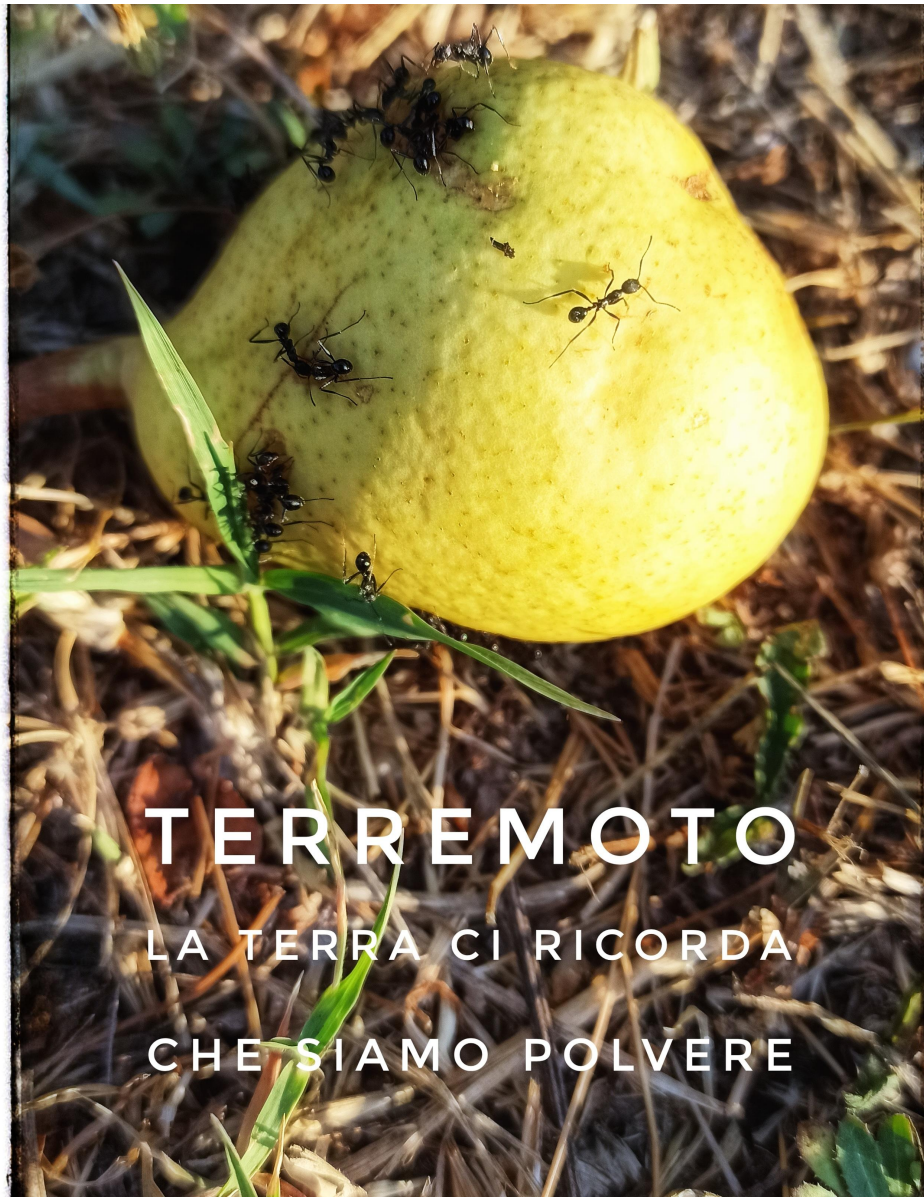
Externally Displaced People  
Internally Displaced People

Let's make an offer,  
Money intercedes.

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

And she threw me out of the glowing tent of medicine-men-and-women, out of the circle of healing...

Sometimes, we find ourselves lost...



*Earthquake. The Earth reminds us that we are dust.*

Am I supposed to pray face down, facing North?

But where is North?!

I ask the Sacred Earth. She stirs from her primordial sleep and looks at me.



*The colors of today*

The Sacred Earth whispers to me: "Moss grows on the north side of trees. Look for the Talking Tree..."



ME: - "Moss. North. Talking Tree. Talking Tree? Who is it? And why? And where do 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'll see it, you'll know. Forget instructions, you cannot control anything. TRUST. And now walk..."

And with that, the Sacred Earth folded back into her primordial, peaceful sleep. Into silence.

I stood there, watching. Then I shook myself awake.

Moss grows North. Right.

It feels good to trust the mighty Earth.



*i colori di oggi*

*The colors of today*

The Earth carries our weight. She eases our pain.

But where could the Talking Tree be?

I start walking, searching my surroundings for ancient traces to follow, searching for the Talking Tree...



*Follow the steps*

But how will I know which tree is the right one? For now I walk towards the trees...

The way we walk reflects our mind. Our posture tells the story of our life.

Our feet reveal many things, they show the measure of our stability.



*Feet always reveal many things*

Here is a small grove: I will have to question every tree I meet to find the one that speaks...



SILENCE.



I keep on walking in silence, ears strained, but I hear no voices nor calls.



Every so often, I lie face down, head to the North,  
listening to the Earth just in case she wakes up again  
and gives me some INSTRUCTIONS...

After all, the trees speak for her. They are her voice, her  
extension.



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

Could this be the Talking Tree?

Its bark has weaves of light and shadow, perhaps it knows the brightness and darkness of life...



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

SILENCE.

ME: - “I know you trees communicate even through silence, but I’ve been told there is a Talking Tree, Do you know where I can find it?”

SILENCE.

I spot another tree: wrapped in a climbing vine. Perhaps it is strong enough to support others, making it the perfect Talking Tree.

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

SILENCE.



I try hugging its rough bark, pressing my ear against it,  
waiting, listening...

SILENCE.



Maybe between two barks? ...SILENCE



And this tree? It holds colorful flowers, it seems joyful,  
could this finally be the one that speaks? ...SILENCE...



Here it is, it must be this one, it seems ready to speak  
from the crack in its bark...

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

SILENCE.

Silence.

Silence, silence and more silence.



And this other tree? It has flowers that seem little flames. Maybe it is the Enlightened one, ready to speak and teach.



**SILENCE.**

Everyone is silent.

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



Centuries-old barks, watching humans in their struggles.

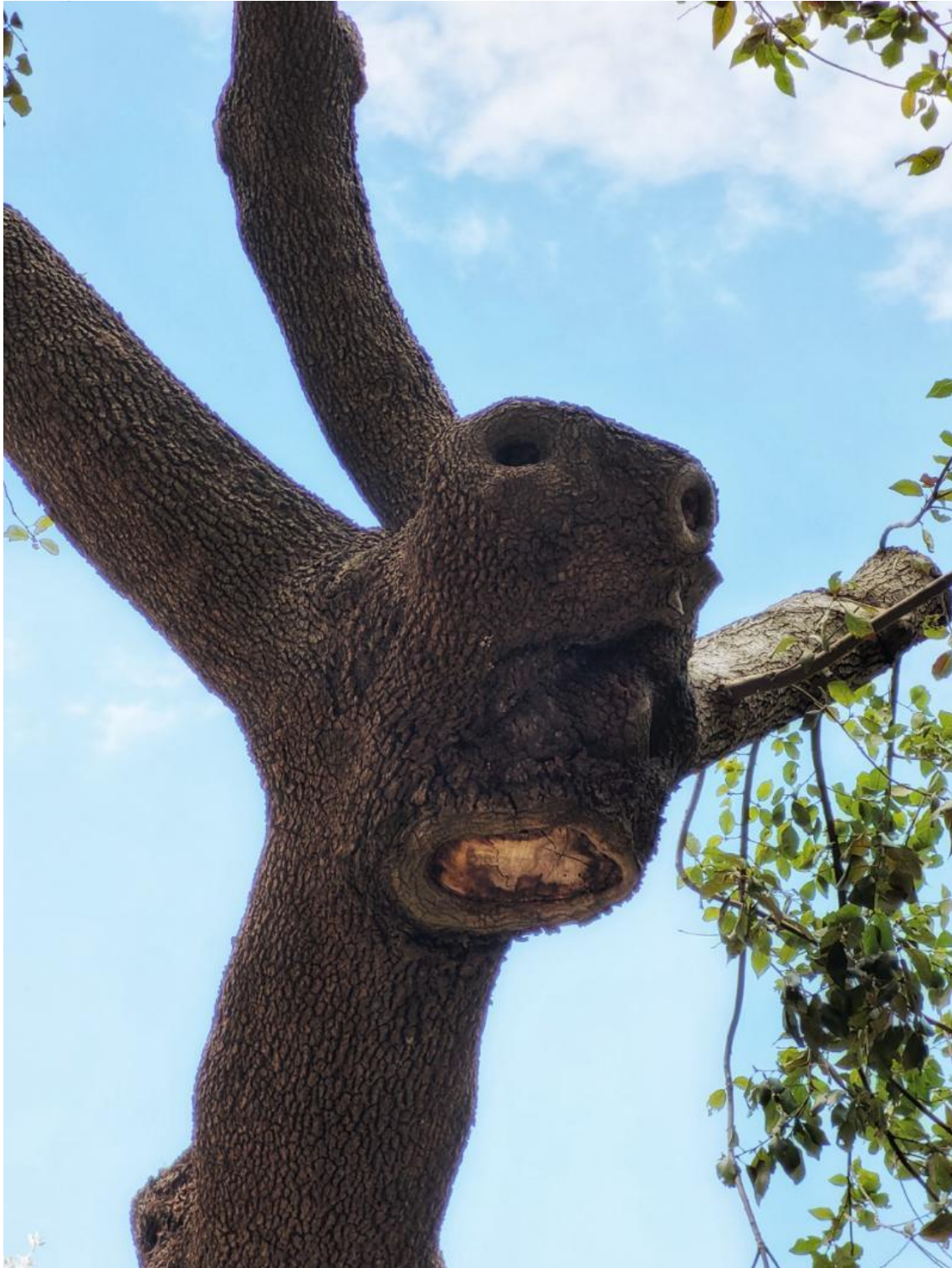


But then, suddenly, I see it, it's him, I'm sure of it:  
the Talking Tree. It has eyes, mouth, arms, antennae...



ME: - “Excuse me, good morning...”

It scans me from head to toe.



TREE: - "I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR DISTURBING 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 trash 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... I was told to speak with you..."

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

*I HOPE YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THOSE 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 AS 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 ANYONE OFF.*



*BUT SHE ALSO HAS INFINITE PATIENCE.*



*SHE GIVES US COLORS.*



*SHE GIVES US FRUITS.*



*FLOWERS ARE HER WAY OF PLAYING.*



*GRASS IS HER CONTINUOUS LAUGHTER.*



*AT THE DAWN OF EVERY NEW DAY, SHE IS RENEWED.  
AND WE ARE ALSO RENEWED, WITH HER.*



*BECAUSE THE EARTH PRODUCES TREES.*

*AND EVERY TREE, IF YOU LISTEN, WILL TELL YOU  
SOMETHING...*

*EVERY TREE CAN BE A GREAT FRIEND... TO ANYONE...*



*The tree was their friend*

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

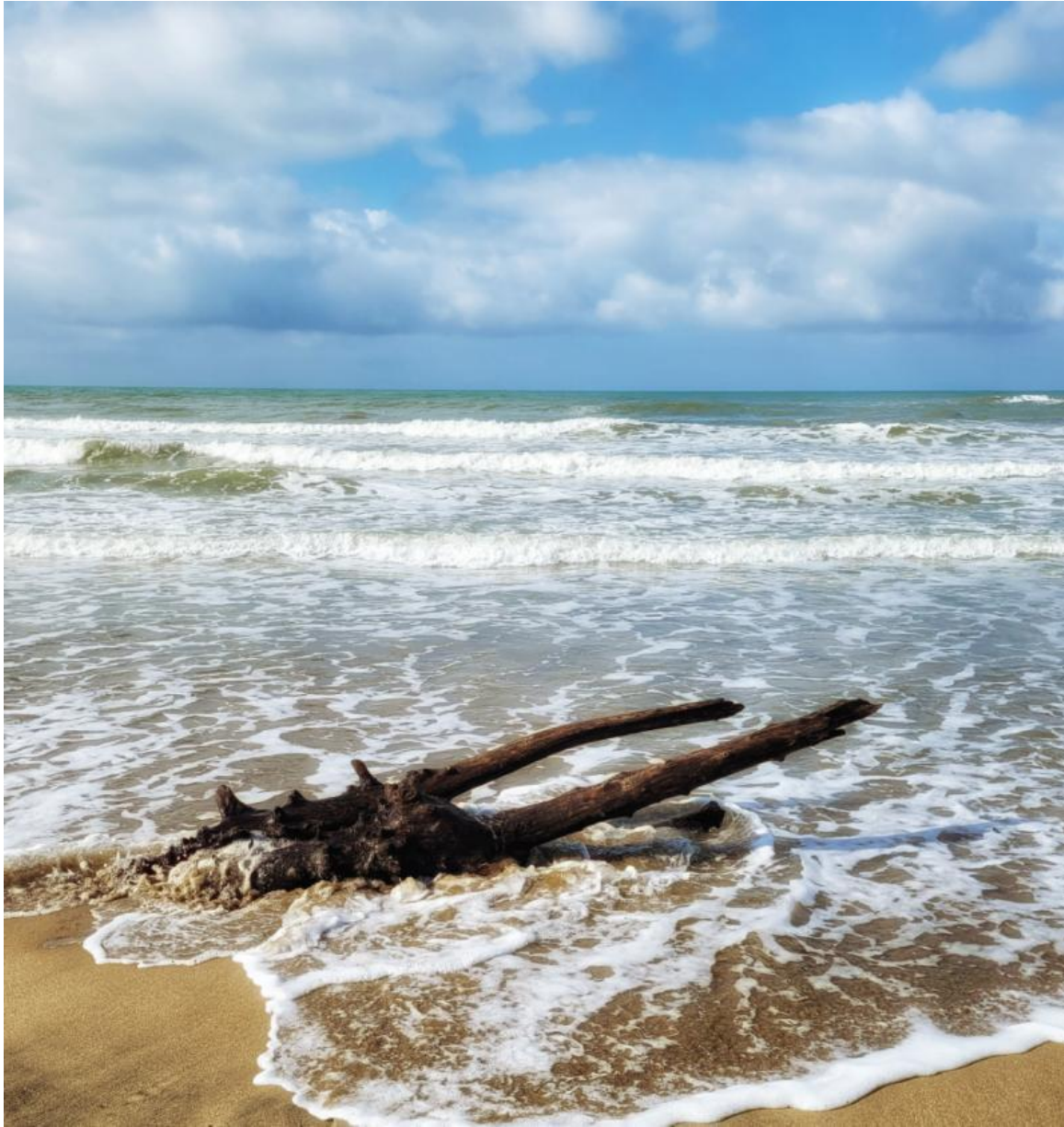


*A deep breathing*

*YOU SEE, WE TREES, NO MATTER HOW CROOKED WE  
MAY BE, WE ALWAYS HAVE A MOVEMENT THAT LEADS  
US UPWARD.*



*WE ARE ALWAYS CONNECTED BETWEEN THE EARTH  
AND THE SKY. AND IF SOMETIMES WE FALL, WE  
ALWAYS RETURN, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, TO THE  
EARTH AND THE SKY.*

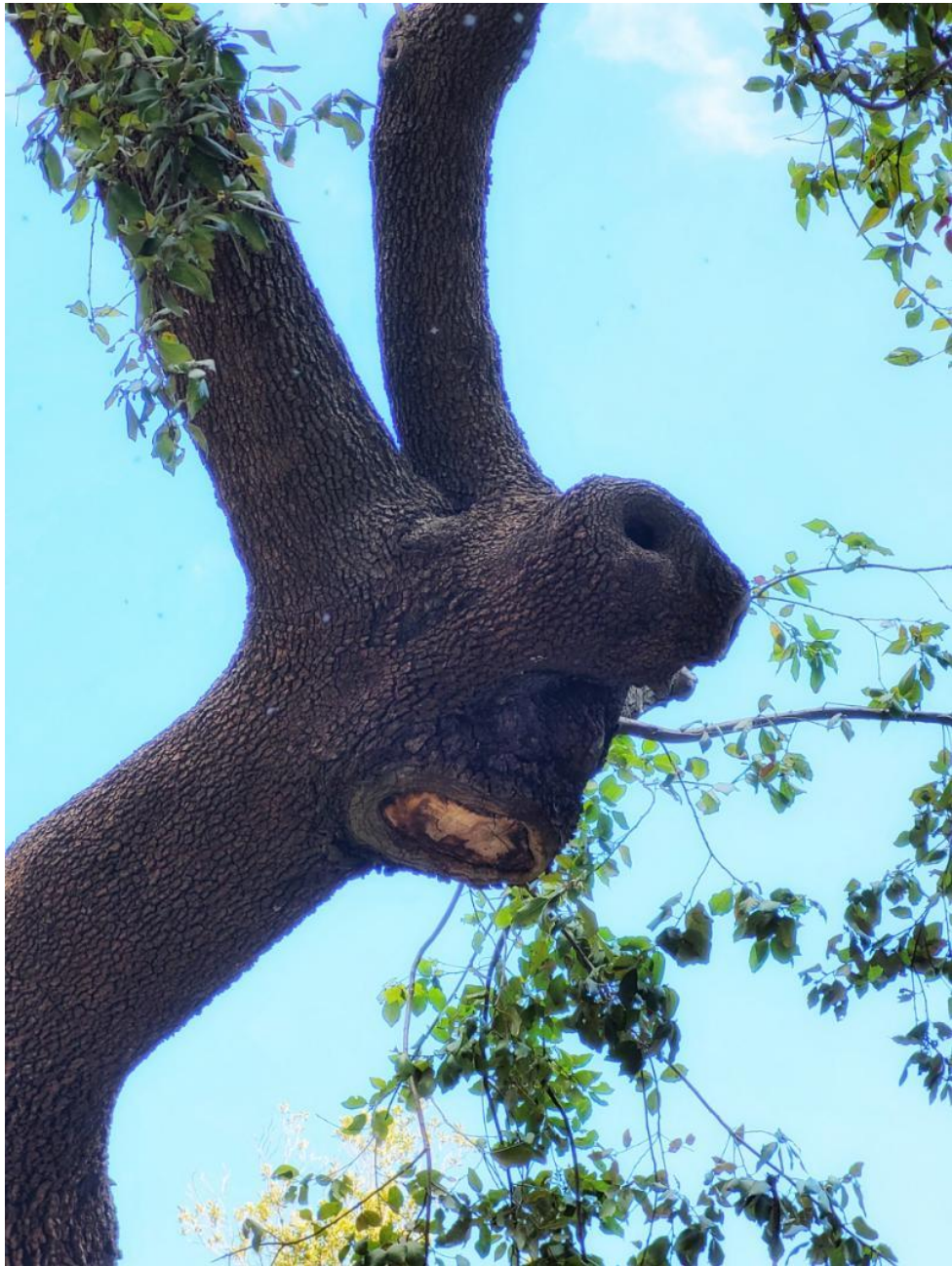


*KILLERS AND PROFITEERS WILL HAVE THEIR ANGUISH.  
THE RECKONING COMES FOR EVERYONE.*

*NATURE KNOWS THIS AND DOES NOT CARE ABOUT  
THEM. NATURE IS IN HARMONY WITH THE UNIVERSE...*



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



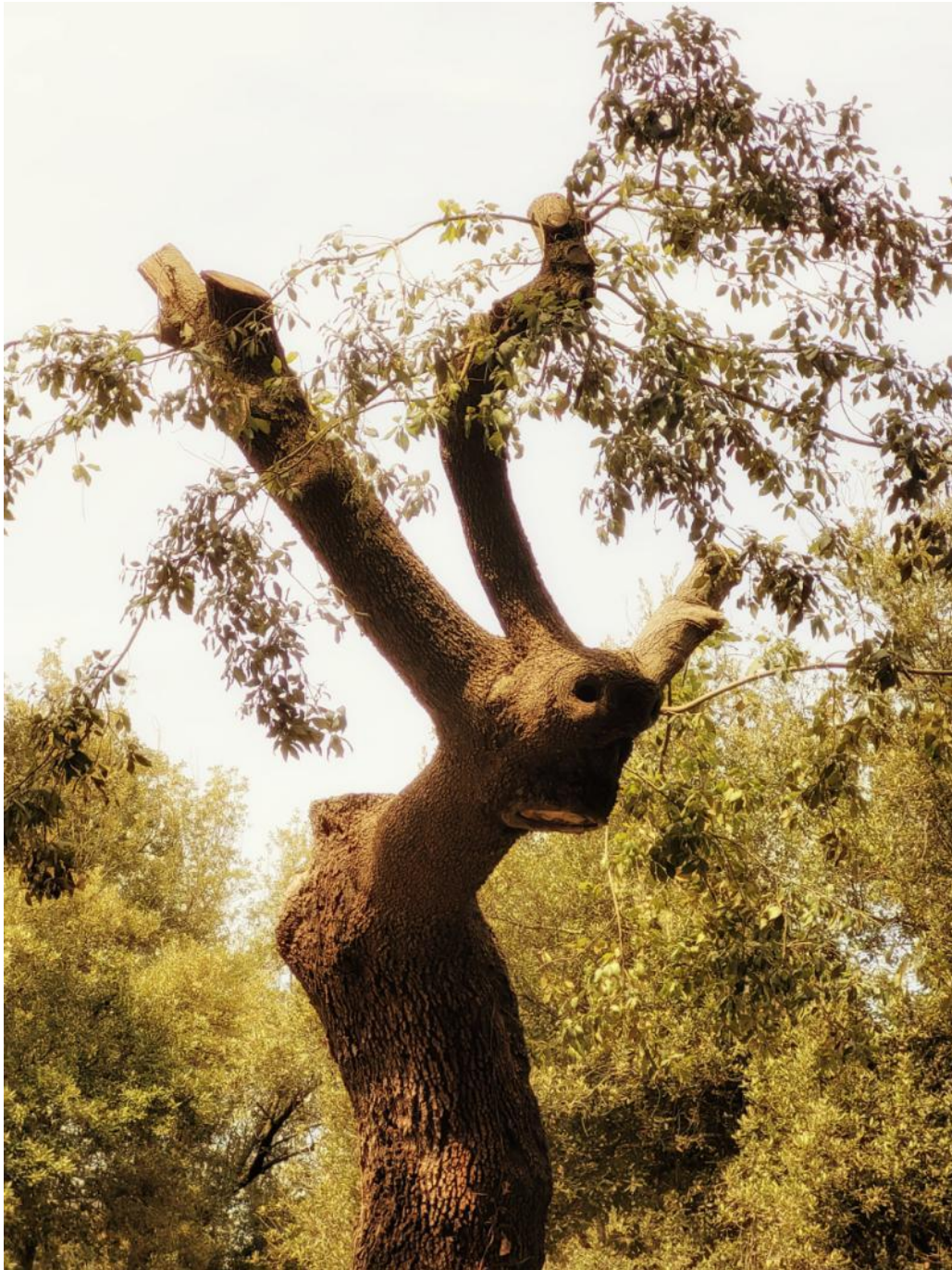
*I HAVE FRIENDS OF EVERY NATIONALITY, RACE, COLOR, SIZE AND RELIGION... AND I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED BY STUPIDITY, RACISM AND SELFISHNESS."*

I see it twist in anger.



Then I see it getting pale and bend.

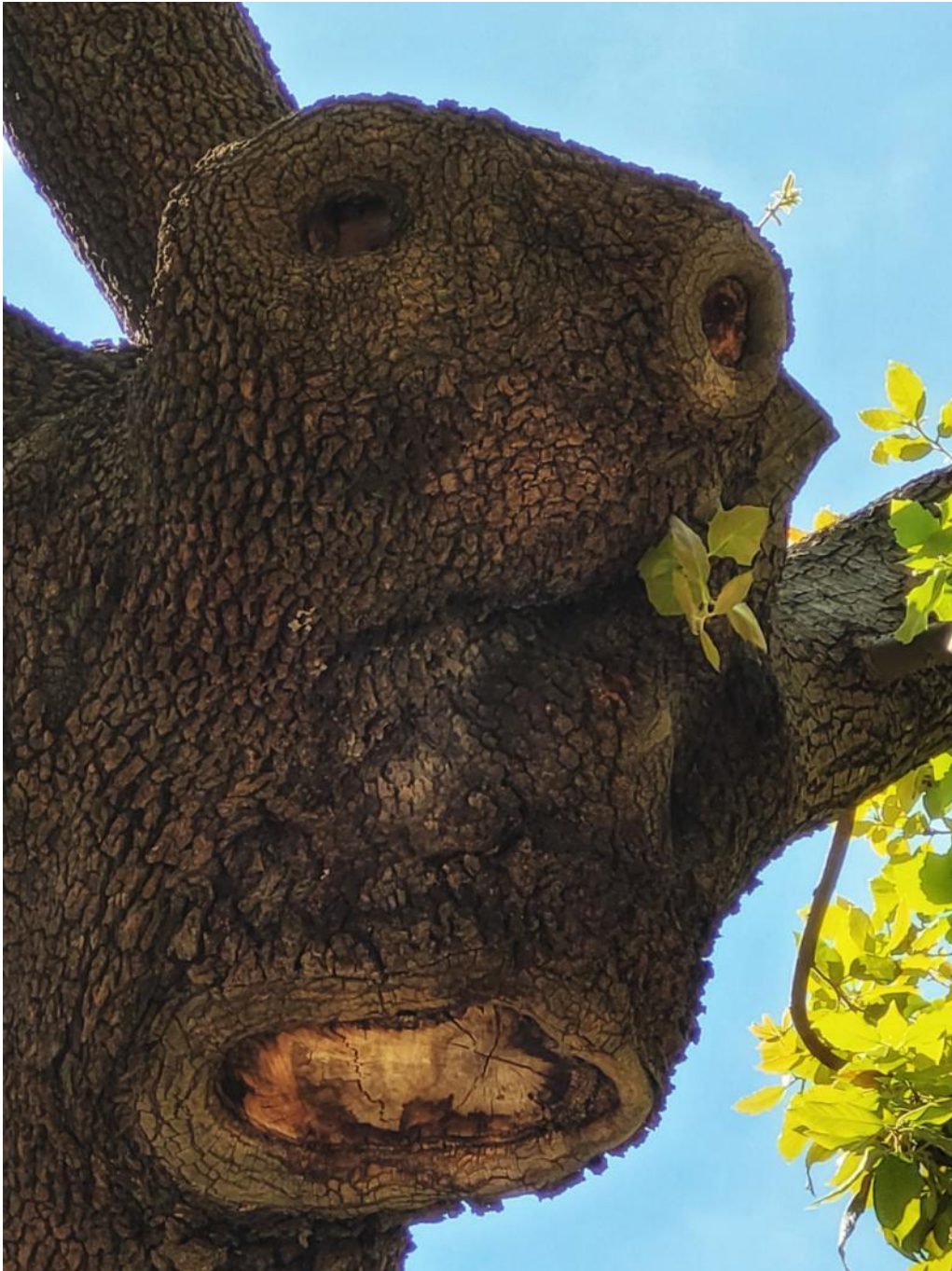
I wonder how much effort it must have taken for it to speak to me.



But it continues: “BETWEEN THE SKY AND THE EARTH,  
THERE IS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY.



*AND YOU HUMAN BEINGS MUST FIND THIS POSSIBILITY.  
WHAT WILL ALWAYS SAVE YOU... EVEN THROUGH  
PAIN...*

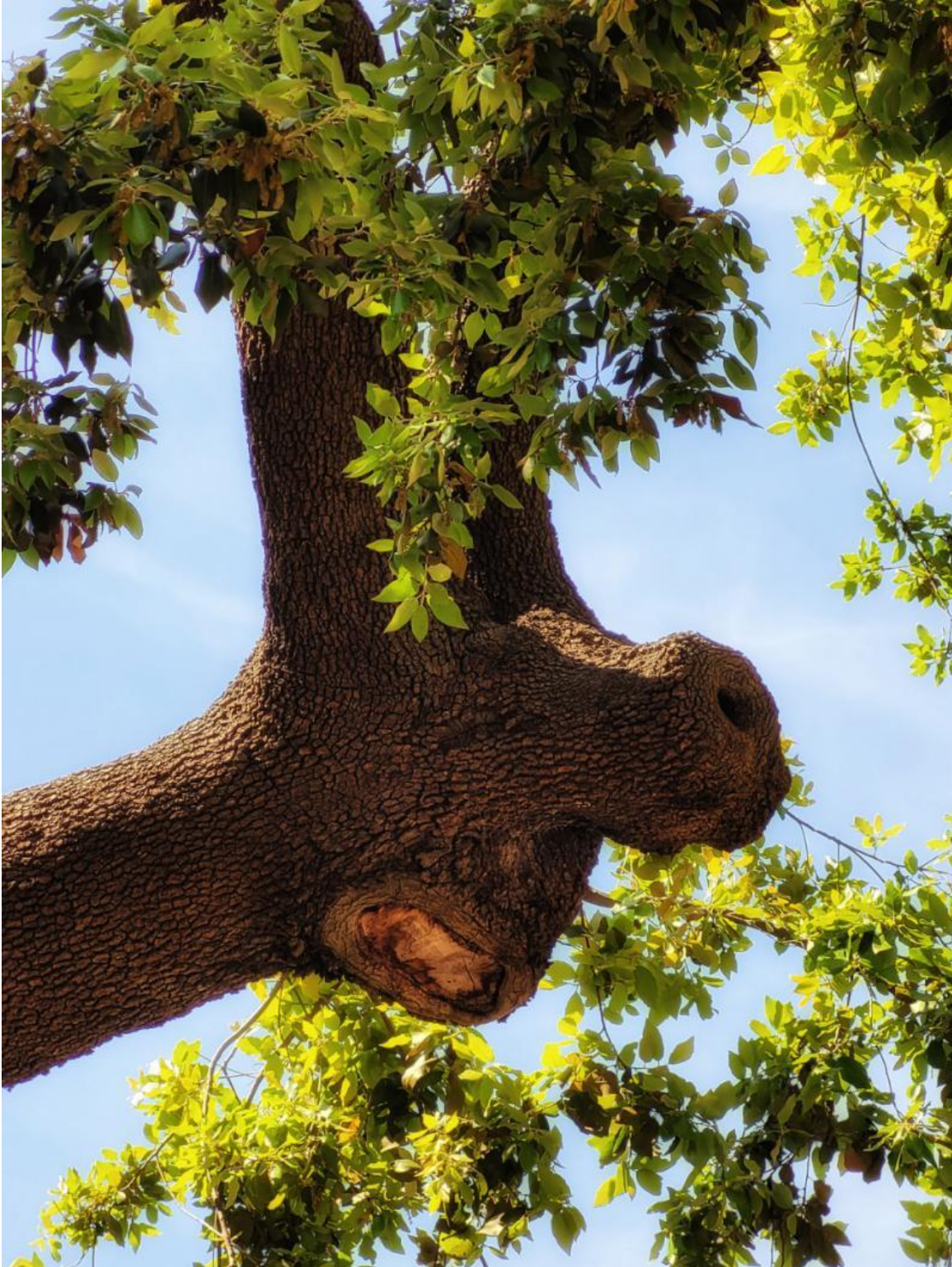


*...ARE THE HEART, LOVE, AND ALL THE ARTS...  
BECAUSE THEY HELP TO HEAL.*

*FOR ALL HUMAN BEINGS, HEALING MUST TAKE PLACE.  
A HEALING ON MANY LEVELS.”*



*Flowers of sand*



Silence. I understand that I shouldn't disturb it any further.

But wait... I see something moving on its trunk, there's a little bird...



Camouflaged and protected, the little bird slips into a crevice in the bark, entering and exiting... the Talking Tree hosts little birds...

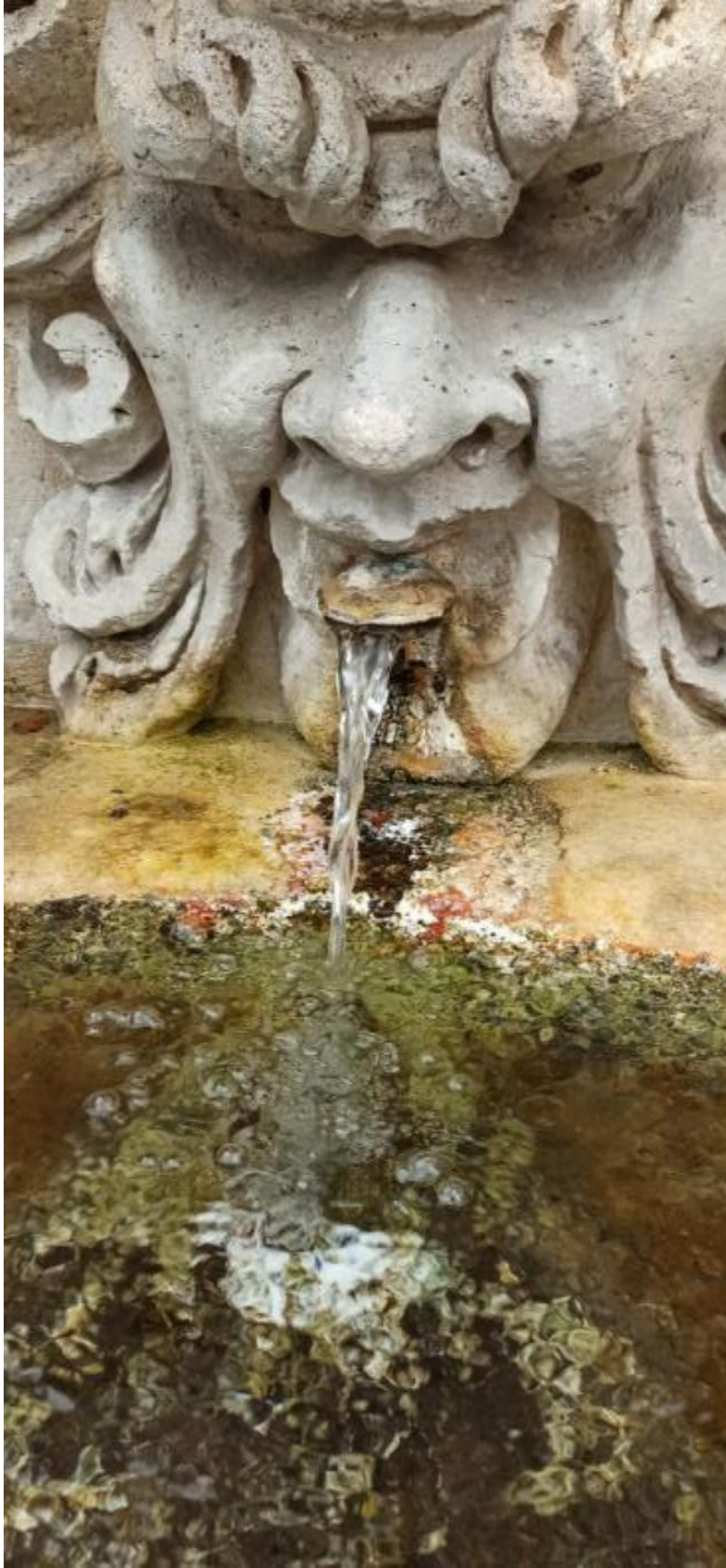
I ask more questions, but the Talking Tree no longer answers me...

The little bird acts indifferent.



The Talking Tree welcomes little birds.

But did it truly speak to me? Or did I just dream it?



Maybe I just dreamed...

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

And between human beings and nature.

A paradise... here on this great Earth of ours.



*Uomini e uccelli*

*Men and birds*



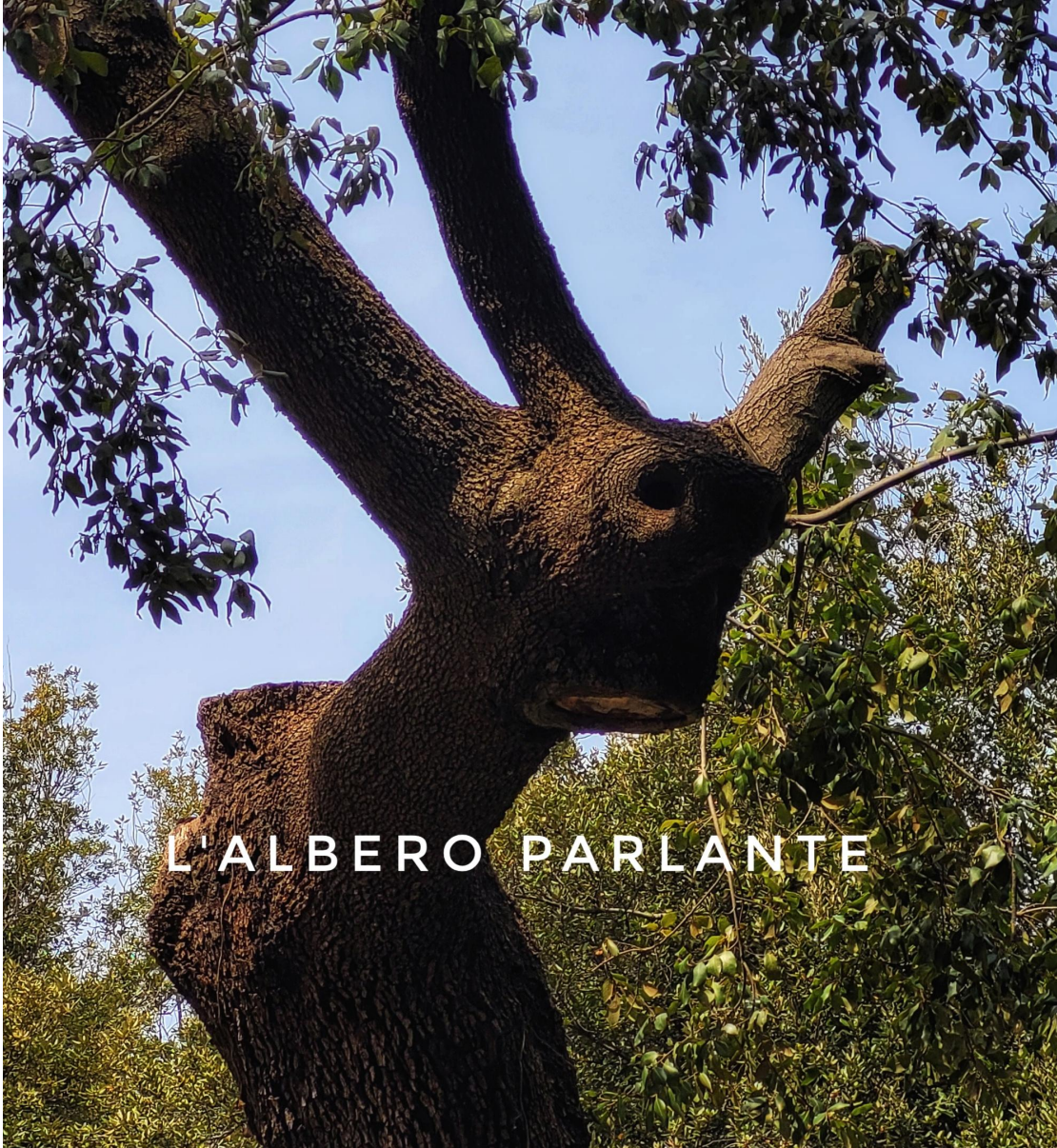
*Dreamlike dimension*

*There are places in the world, where nature, history, art, and human beings intertwine in an almost dreamlike dimension. Centuries-old trees and secret gardens guide the one who ventures into their soul.*

*A legend tells that some trees align with a constellation of stars, creating a magical field of rest and healing for those who pass through. Healing, on many levels.*



*A very serious walk*



*The talking tree*