

THE TESTIMONY OF THE TREES



typical phone-mast (cell tower) damage to tree, starting on the more irradiated side

THE TESTIMONY OF
THE TREES

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I dedicate this poetry
to the beauty at hidden risk from
polluting trends, especially breakneck
wireless expansion / addiction, and to
the courageous scientists, doctors and
others working for healing change
in the face of vast forces.



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The Testimony of the Trees

[SAMPLE PAGES]

In 2016, scientists uncovered relentless damage in trees much exposed to phone-masts' pulsing microwaves (Germany), even at two miles:

*“this constitutes a danger for trees worldwide”*¹

Added to the ever-growing science² that reveals wireless risks to life, how it speaks to our times.

I am the tree on the skyline.
You alone
know my name.

I stand in prayer-reeds,
Paschal candles, fragrant.
Hold my flame.

~

I am Acer Rubrum, queen
of the reds,
leaves in flow

crimson to crimson, your
heart's 'now'.
Shall we dance?

TARANTELLA

‘The human body is an electro-chemical instrument
of exquisite sensitivity’
– G J Hyland, biophysicist, Nobel nominee

*Now Vathi’s mountain-birds have gone
and the barren rod is king.*

What thins the garden?
Whispers in muslin,
not sieverts but a hidden pulse.
The tadpoles feel it, the sparrows
mortal damage; fewer nests.
Follicles; your cells.
The foetus in her velvet hall
and cell-phones held too close.

*When did heart-rates quicken,
a stop-valve hover, stall?
The digital dance spin
out of control? Tarantella.*

For every tree: a spike.
For every child: two more.
The tested bees grew shrill.
Routers, boosters, leeches to walls—
chips in dermis, clothing, pills—
how the virus burrows,
how the sand-storm drills.

*Where is the treehouse, the den?
The ‘last child in the woods’?
Living aerial: played-out eyes.
Love, my love, return to me.*

THE FIRE JUGGLERS

'I watched the number of autistic kids skyrocket'
– Professor Martha Herbert

Touch-screens, weevil-bloom.
Channels, channels, consumers consumed.

Here come the corporate fire-jugglers.
Bored with tobacco? Beat this!
Microwaves, millimetre waves.
Intimate risks to body, skin.
Not content with 1 in 3 cancer?
Boost your chances
with the latest upgrade!

24:7, a toxic tisane,
smart-homes drilled by smart-chips,
smart-meters. *All-wireless, hurry!*
Strip away the vines,
the safe connections: fibre to screen.
Strip away clematis,
honeysuckle, clean.

Electro-blight. Creeping headaches,
hollow nights; Jenny Fry.

Bury the warnings; spike the sky.
Hurry! Make way.
Expunge the 'not-spots',
the oases. Eden-dots

sanctum sanctorum.
World-smoke.

FIRSTBORN

‘Sirius singing in the branches of the ash,
the world large again’
– Edmund Cusick (1962–2007)

White-haired in moonlight, our shapes
struck from rock to stars
we are the firstborn, the elders,
our sugar-paper leaves: your lungs.
Pores, lenticels, breathing;
oxygen at night, a seamless exchange.

We cradle stars, infinities,
weightlessly carry their snow,
the world-wheel turning in charcoal.

*Tousled head, sleep on,
sky-coloured eggs,
the oak-bug in her taffeta,
moth pupa in fibreglass.*

*Sleep, sleep, in the world’s wood.
Viburnum lantana: moon-scent.
Sorbus aria: lullaby.*

Forest-deep, we’d
shield you, durmast and bole,
but still you drive deeper,
gigabytes: an alien god, 5G
and children schooled in worship
still awake. Cheekbones

lit with eerie light.
Crinoids in shape-shifting seas.

A PRAYER ACROSS TIME

'Workers in a Swedish office block have been
implanted with microchips'
— *The Times*

*Love, do not sleep: it is coming;
do not sleep: meet needle
with needle, heald-frame, leaf.*

Where do you live? Rail-spel
as corses, brakes, rush by—
*a train: the-shell-of-a-train
a phone: the-shell-of-a-phone.*
Box in box, estrangement squared,
the apple's scented integer mislaid
*calling at: 4G, 5G
smoked-out cities.*

Where do you live: a data lens?
Third eyelid, bat-wing.
How grey the veil, how thin.
*Oak, beech, our branches inked
on alizarin. Michaelmas fire,
a hare in flight, unseen.*

Where is your friend? Dizzy, spent:
he's fled the hornet-nest,
the lightning, DNA in
a jewel-pouch for safe-keeping.
*Lost friends, lost names—
prayers across time—
birds of paradise
in Faraday cages
fled from the fleeing world.*