

DAFT-KNEE

*My father was a tree surgeon
"Loves trees more than people," said Mum
"Not true," he'd say
"I've never hacked a limb off a person."*

*"Daft-knee!"
was the name the kids teased me with at school
they never knew
I was named to crown emperors.*

*"Daphne was turned into a tree
in Greek mythology."
My father tells me this story
"Trees are blessed with longevity," he says.*

*"You wish I was a tree,"
I tease
"Then you could lop off my limbs
whenever I chat back."*

*He always laughed
like the sun
"You've got it all wrong,
I protect trees."*

*"With a chainsaw?" I giggle
(He was always sharpening that thing)
"That's just for those tricky trees,
the trees that are dead, dying or dangerous."*

*He'd come home smelling
of the trees he had healed.
Fresh as pine, earthy as oak.
We'd eat dinner to the aroma of the woods.*

