

Trees as Lived (Some Retorting Legends) (2022)



massive vanishing that remnants not finding their displace-
ment haunt the native sacrilege
until flushes of niche frequent the canopy

Well-confined islands, common colonisers
small stands against no other woodworld
how bark wedges itself onto humanscape

Essential projection if trees are to become ancient
few insinuations slower than old trees

Accrued niching at bodged clearances
an irreplaceable is sapping human speeds

Invasive afforestation, lodge it with pines, engross the uplands
nothing sparse about the correctness offered its pole pressure

Any tree-total upland is tireless, swathed in indurate spoil, horizontal
furling, sitka comprehensives

Geometric blots, felled or poisoned for exotic replant
locust years (yields) leaching the ancient woods
simplest shapes pay on distant funds

Too young for wildwood or semi-ancient remnant, squarely a distinctive teeming?

Are there any late promises for these plants?

Saplings holed-in graduate no forests
busily enmeshed in an unremoved unthrived network

Tree damage itself key stowage for curdling the web, such reinforced threads strung into repointing their breach marks
drag an incantation across its ecological ceiling

As emergent trees chip out our repression creases
create a city of their markings as remission of seize

As hedgerow commutes, clump replete, seeking a rate of tree *outside* the woods
surviving as timber, reviving in pollard
serves (calls at) what is no longer husbanded

stitched by us, patched by nature
tab-edges between the farmed slabs: however a woodful additive,
befits shelter

cracks and edgelands a justified elsewhere, filtering in the midst of dilating like for like

Homicidal air locks onto trees, at net weight of carbon
strict riddance of forest in blossoming streetly aside

Block planting at its default position
equity is most of the least, ensuing scarce verticals
farming tree as public good/s
urban forest retrofit

As the generic cellulose factory speaks cheap land, locality deficit, less a neighbourhood than its own notionals
Then to scatter a copse at its join-ups, the more social its scarcities,
the more frond-like its secretions

The empty song-shock of *not* encountering a tree
 forest echoes follow the flatter rumble of baffled townscape

Life isn't muted enough to faint before all its details, leaf-lendings,
 edge-plummets

A quotient of symbols as altered image, the danger-range of emphatic
 statics

Hint of oak roof is marking with suburban spraint, there was always
 sufficient hutting until the wooden became its own excess structures

No rougher supertide than a surface's reverie of buried conservation,
 striating its dust
 live chainsaw culture climbing trees, an impactive speckling of
 species

Walk a grove through a welter of woodland
 where arrivals are monitored and wrapped
 newly aproned into extension

Play wild lime where it stood
 a scarred towards, a lesser as at last forewarned

Stunted, instantiated, post-solo stress redolent of trees at rest

Expressive forest at the toe of ancient tree
 a tumble of assent, assignation, reception, within a single throw

Pervaded (circuited) before any surface annunciation, the eruption event
 then has no need to break out for cover

What is the character that enters a wood as that wood's own unsown
 persona?
 then ranged, assailed, at every available tree-height

Take a cut from forests flourishing?
the languishing clearfell furniture
until the woods fulfil different weeds

Buffeting and sinking woods where graspable
to relieve their core interior, rebestow their corridor files

What else might haunt trees other than our epic scale?
as forest sores to carbon stores

Grown as if (to be) last, it escapades its own exhaustion

What stunts at the figures of juicy trees, a sap of all surges at the stripped
bark

Compact browsing forever ankle-high, a taste of arrested development,
perpetual self-identical renewal, surrender of the reach

Tender green argues specific pasts, tests (grains) the subtler proofs if
any web of causation stands to every least consequence

A barrage of stress, that it rubs out puckers of instress, knotty intrication
not yet couplings, underseam ripples

Leave at its loneness how hollow trunk synchronises with stag head
woods continue their cycle on the most difficult ground

There is an increment how trees are put by for a decade, a quota of an-
terior consideration, narrative of a rerooting at loss

Not every wood needs a great habitat industry dense and dark may
shed some diversity but go pastoral at the edges of asperity

The worn scrub its own exhaust against super-use turbulent garb

Proforest, entire sports of tree initiative
instinctive gaps, continuous interlude: or *implanted* tree would al-
ready be on its damage slant

Silvo-arable, silvo-pastoral, alley-cropping beside browsing blocks
 ahead of the retro-planted, its surrounding seed sources

At a stitch of tree entwine the shoots of local faction, itself a
 decompaction

Landscape services redesired, as recompiled under unequivocal trees

Closest vent at the tree-closet, its breathed leaf at more than singles
 attributed particles it signals

Expand if it thins

more diverse onto its adjacencies, distinctive assemblages, these effi-
 gies invoke a healing parody, prayer-rooms of nested induction
 for the urging climate, aspen, oak, hornbeam, lime

Peter Larkin contributed to *The Ground Aslant: an Anthology of Radical Landscape Poetry*, ed. Harriet Tarlo (2011). A symposium on his work was held at Warwick University (UK) in 2018, the proceedings of which appeared in the *Journal of British & Irish Innovative Poetry*. Among recent collections are *Trees Before Abstinent Ground* (2019) and *Encroach to Resume* (2021). A set of 100 two- to three-line poems, *Sounds Between Trees* appeared in 2022 from Guillemot Press. His newest collection is *If Trees Allay an Earth Retrialling* (Shearsman, 2023).

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