I am what you call tree.  
Roots. Anchoring, drinking, feeding – stretching out through dark earth.  
Trunk. Tall and strong, rings circling, 4 centuries old.  
Branches. Spreading and growing. Reaching arms into space.  
Leaves. Breathing, breathing, breathing.

I am what you call oak.

Risen from an acorn, that fell from a tree just like me.

Enduring all seasons.

I have grown and grown, outliving your wars and your strife.

Through centuries of your history.

Breathing, breathing, breathing.

I have rustled in the breeze.

I have been home to many, nesting in my safety.

I have shaded your weary walkers.

I have been a playground for your children.

I have sheltered you from the rain.

A landmark for your maps.

I have repaired your damaged air, breathing, breathing, breathing.  
  
Yet now I have heard talk of a road, of change.

I am in your way.

Yet over the noise of your engines, I can hear the voices calling for my rescue.

I hear you.

If I could reach out my branches and take your hands I would unite with your cry.

We would stand strong together against the machines.

Echoing the voices protecting my brothers and sisters in the Congo, in Borneo, in Brazil.

Though you may not win, thank you.

 (Inspired by the protests hoping to protect the 400 year old Three Oaks in East-Northamptonshire, due to improvements to the road systems around Rushden Lakes – May 2020)

