

PHOTO BY NIGEL LAING

#6415
Weeping Willow
Salix babylonica
In the meadow near the crab apple tree
49 16′ 14″ N, -123 11′ 50″ W

BEAT A PATH – ALL THE TREES

AN ARTIST PROJECT BY HOLLY SCHMIDT | BEATAPATH.CA/ALL-THE-TREES

EMAIL TO TREE #6415

Hello there!

I just wanted to say hi and to let you know that I found you really beautiful!

I don't normally talk, well more precisely I don't talk fluidly. I would have come to say hello, but it seemed as if you were busy standing alone, I know what it's like to be alone too. Nobody seems to notice you do they, does that sit well with you? I have so many questions to ask you, you intrigue me! Do you get scared at night in the darkness of the forest like myself? What scares you the most? How old are you? What is your name? Do you have a name for yourself?

Names are strange, aren't they? We are given names expected to use them, does that make sense to you?

Anyways I'm rambling on like I normally do, I wonder if I'll scare you off with the amount of foibles I have lying on the surface of my skin. I have one last question. . . What does it feel like to stand in the same place all day? Do you ever feel trapped, unable to move freely and explore what lies outside the meadow? I often feel trapped myself, but for separate reasons.

Sorry ugh I'm rambling on! I told myself I wouldn't do this, but I get so excited when I meet someone new who reminds me of myself!

Anyways I'm sorry for bothering you I just wanted to say hello.

Maybe I'll see you again one day if I have to get lost in the right direction.

— ANONYMOUS

RESPONSE FROM TREE #6415

Thank you for taking notice of me and sending me this beautiful message.

Standing here in the meadow feels lonely at times. I'm separate from the other trees but surrounded by many flowering plants that come and go through out the seasons. My draping branches provide a sheltered place to site and many people from the area spend time in contemplation. I often wonder what they're thinking about, but it isn't easy to strike up a conversation, if as you say, no one notices you.

My preferred times of the day are dawn and twilight. This is when the birds are most active, and I love to hear bird song fill the sky. The night doesn't scare me, as nothing in the forest is seeking to do me any harm. Mostly it's profoundly quiet and peaceful, not frightening.

I don't have a name for myself, but if I were to choose one it would be Maeve. It does seem strange that others get to choose our names. A name can be a lot to live up to. Some people call me Weeping Willow but I don't really feel sad, it's just the way my branches look!

I never feel trapped growing in one location. Perhaps there's more to the world than I know from this one location. On the other hand, being in one place allows me to fully take my surroundings. I often wonder how the humans that are going by so quickly take in anything. They are like buzzing insects always moving and rarely resting. They miss so much in their haste. Slow down, breathe and sense what's around you when you are quiet and still.

I hope you get lost this way again sometime.

Warm regards,
Holly Schmidt on behalf of Weeping Willow (Maeve)

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