

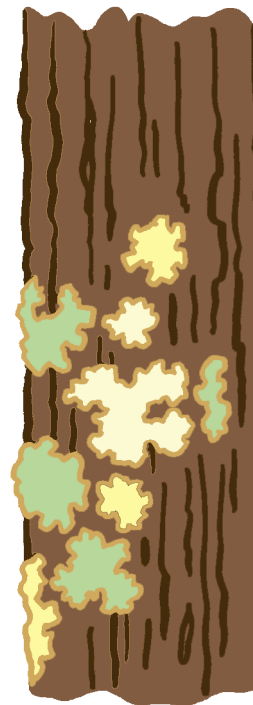
DEVONPORT: *Stories of Stuff*

I wear my growing sleeves like my
biography, dust jacket photograph
of sprawling nerves and green
veins. Tattoos textured like shale,
shattered shards falling down to
my elbows, my heaving shoulders.

I spread my webbed fingers, thin,
like an umbrella over my roots,
flags woven between them -
the sparrows and the squirrels
and the silent grass, green soldiers,
swaying in the speckled wind like
their home will fall, and I will crush them.

The mud is a mirror, and I am
towering, with hair of pins and
needles, thumb of sinew and stone,
frostbite. I hear the roar of scarlet eagles.
My skin cracks, fills with Tamar blood
and I'm swept into my heart, a
beating, buried acorn, still whole.

Like Lichen by Aurora Hunt



Inspired by the tree next to the outside benches of the cafe in Devonport Park



DEVONPORT: *Stories of Stuff*



A vertical line on the left side of the page is followed by four horizontal dashed lines, creating a writing area for the story.

This story was written as part of a *Writers' Room* in Devonport, Plymouth led by Anna Maria Murphy and The Writers' Block Cornwall. For more information and stories please visit www.thewritersblock.org.uk/the-library/

