



FAMILY TREE



Josh Pyke

Ronojoy Ghosh





For my sweetheart and my cubs — J.P.
For Vinita and Digby — R.G.



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It started with a seed,
and that seed was me.

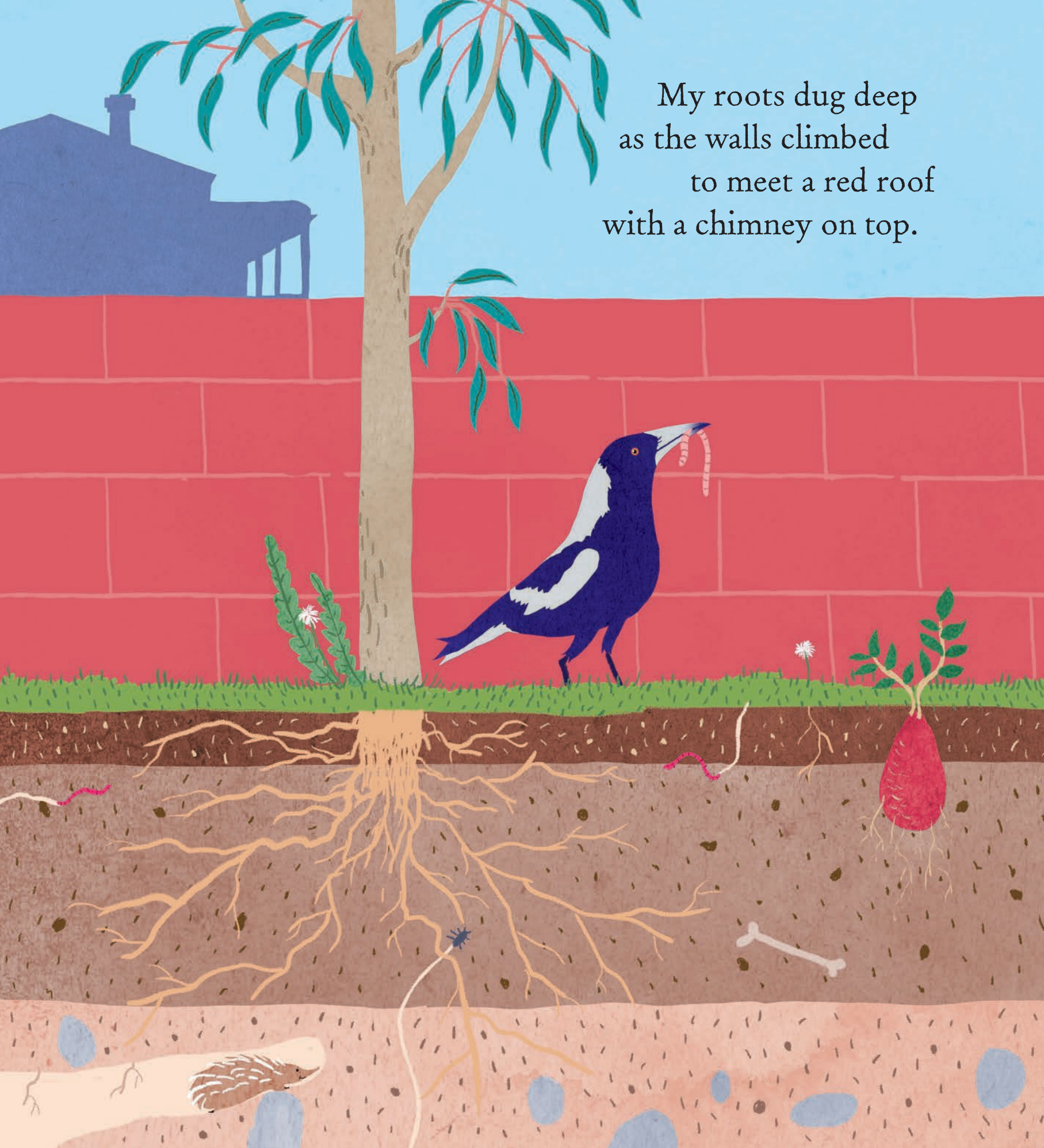


I grew day by day

as red bricks were laid.



My roots dug deep
as the walls climbed
to meet a red roof
with a chimney on top.





And, over time,
laughter filled my garden.



Little hands reached higher and higher,
leaving little scars in my trunk.



A heart,
an arrow.

Seasons came and went . . .



feast and famine,
drought and storms.



Laughter,



tears,



silence,



song.







SAVE OUR
PLANET

Our roots dug deeper.
Our roots grew strong.

Until, one day,

those little hands grew
too big for my branches.





I was
outgrown.

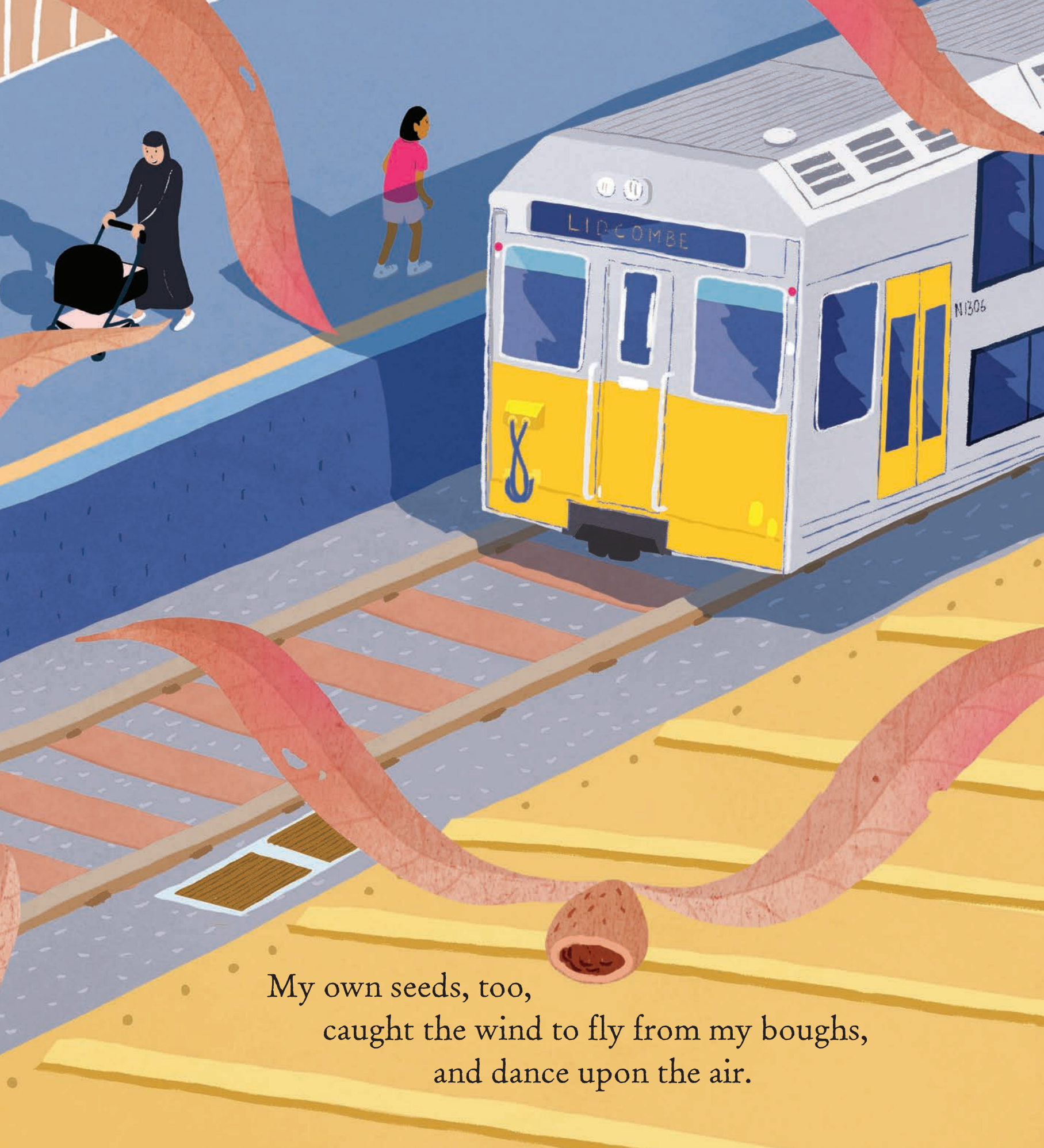






So, for a time, they were gone,
to grow their own trees,
in their own gardens.





My own seeds, too,
caught the wind to fly from my boughs,
and dance upon the air.


To settle in lands I wouldn't see
and couldn't know.

*Forever away.
Forever my own.*









But then, in bursts, like flashes
of brilliant golden light,

little laughter returned,
little voices.





‘A heart!’ they sang.
‘An arrow!’

A stylized illustration of a tree with a thick, light brown trunk and several branches. The branches are covered with green leaves and small red berries. The background is a solid blue color, and there are several white, fluffy clouds scattered across it. The text "Little hands, brand new, but known." is written in a white, serif font in the upper left quadrant of the image.

Little hands, brand new,
but known.



New scars, too,
that hurt not one little bit.



And my branches were strong
under those little hands.



My boughs wide under those
little feet, those little lives.





I grew again.

I reached my branches toward the sun
so that they could climb higher.

Ever higher.

And they did.

They climbed all the way to the sky.


It started with a seed,



and that seed was *me*.







It started with a seed,
and that seed was me.

And, over time,
laughter filled my garden . . .

A heartfelt celebration of family,
community and the seasons
of life to cherish and to share.

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