

**MARY KANE**

**Beech Tree**

You are attractive because you have a beech tree growing out of your head.

I mean, whenever you have an intricate or powerful idea, a beech tree grows out of your head and I find this incredibly attractive.

I can't decide if you are attractive because of the smooth gray bark of the tree and its coppery leaves and the great roots that reach into the seams of your occipital and parietal bones or because the tree is the physical manifestation of an idea.

You are so sexy when you sit on a bench and the tree growing from your head spreads its branches wide, casting shade over the small park in which your bench resides.

I have seen one or two other people whose ideas manifest in physical ways. One grew dandelions that quickly turned to puff and flew away, and the other grows birch trees that are beautiful but cast less shade.

A beech tree is a novel in which characters come and go in rooms darkened by wide-planked wooden floors, worn tables. Where light travels across a wallpaper made of faint roses.

I like to sit in the shade of your beech tree. I like to take a sandwich from a waxed paper bag, eating while I read.

When you are finished with an idea, the tree disappears. Like that. Sun falls everywhere.