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# THE TREES HAVE EYES

WRITTEN BY  
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# The Trees Have Eyes

*by Ahava Mama*

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# Foreword

There are many perspectives that are projected into reality. We tell many stories, based on true emotions. We hear, read, and share many stories of how young indigenous women all over the planet are being misused, abused, mistreated, and oppressed within the confines of traditional (religious) ideas and cultural circumstances.

In this book, you will be presented ideas that are collectively abused and neglected.

This is a brief body of work, in which I chose to share another side of Life, of myself, that is not rooted in pain and suffering. I chose to compose a piece of work that mirrors the peace and wholeness of indigenous people, and step away from the oppressive narrative that speaks of a false sense of powerlessness, hopelessness, and despair.

So many stories of sadness, injustice, and oppression.  
When did we fall low to the influence of thoughts of  
dissatisfaction? Dissatisfied with the high quality  
presentation of all that sustains and surrounds us.  
Why has it become so foreign for us to be at ease?  
Why is it foreign for us to be?  
To see beauty in what we, ourselves, have made faulty?

*The Trees Have Eyes* brings a new perspective of all things  
demonized in our colonized minds.

*The Trees Have Eyes* is the story of a young village  
daughter. A daughter of many mothers and fathers, sister  
to all and one who is at peace with the natural unfolding of  
Life within and around her. This is the story of a young  
village daughter who is satisfied in her beingness, and  
embraces the wholeness of Love that sustains her.

I chose to incorporate ideas that are normally associated  
with unhappiness and injustice, experiences that are

known to bring pain to young indigenous women all over the planet. Ideas such as arranged marriage.

I chose to incorporate ideas that are unspoken and also weaponized in most modern and religious cultures, such as the sexuality of women.

I chose to incorporate experiences that go undervalued, such as the relationship between a daughter and her father; the relationship between a female and her own body; the relationship between a village mother and the village she nurtures; and the relationship between the whole of Life and all who observe it.

The entire point of this work is to change the narrative, stepping away from seeing ourselves as oppressed and stepping into the power of choice. We choose how we view and perceive Life. We don't have to see things through a lens of dissatisfaction anymore. We don't have to fight for

Love anymore. We can talk about things that have become uncomfortable for us, and we can be free.

It is my hope that the thoughts shared in this book will shine light on the opening of the portal that leads us into a new paradigm. To our New Earth. Where Life isn't painful, or overly complicated.

It is my hope that we see ourselves in purity.

We often forget that we have the power to choose which story we will live and share.

I chose to view life through a lens of reasonable acceptance.

I chose to write and share a story that speaks to the true nature of the inlivegenus (indigenous) mind.

I hope this inspires you to shift your view as well.

# The Trees Have Eyes

# Under the Mango Tree

From young, she was allowed to nurture everything and everyone around and within her. A love child of the sun and earth, she was infused with a sense of heavenly wisdom and earthly comfort that emanated from within the depths of her. To be free in Love is all she has ever known. Even with the arrangement of her marital agreement, she did not fear; for Love was and is her guide and strength.

She loved and honored her new protector without even knowing his name or being yet to see his face. She honored her Abate. She trusted his judgement. And she knew that from the depth of Love that her Father had for her, he will only be willing and able to hand over the

responsibility of protecting his daughter to a male who was able to cherish her the same or even more as he.

From the moment she saw his face, she was in Love. Love at first sight. Not solely because of the attractiveness of his unruly and primal appearance, but because he stood before her and all of her family as if he belonged there; as if he had trained and prepared for this moment his entire life. He didn't even smile when he saw her. Neither did she.

He stood before her father with pride, assertion, and grace. He spoke with attentiveness, compassion, and integrity. His heart was full of humility, love and kindness; for his mouth spoke only an abundance of such fruit. He reminded her of her father. His spirit was well, and she was pleased.

Their first gathering in union was full of praise, as they communed under a mango tree that served as the sacred space for every new marital union within his lineage for

generations beyond time. His Inate and Abate communed there for the first time, and he shared the tale of their sacred unification. How his father didn't even kiss his mother until the night of his conception, 3 months later. How his mama was a humble warrior for Love, and wouldn't allow his father to ever see her emotionally unkempt. How the day of his birth was the day his mother and father truly sealed the bond of their hearts.

He said she reminded him of his mama. He said she was soft and firm in spirit. He said because of the respect, compassion and care she exhibited to and for her father, he knew she would be a great mother to his children one day. He said he would wait to kiss her just as his father waited to kiss his mother, but 3 months was far too long to withhold his heart from experiencing the depth of her love. He said 3 months was far too long to deny and reject the urgency he felt in his heart to seal their bond and be one with her beyond the agreement made between he and her family.

He stood, and extended his hand to her. She took his hand, and allowed him to uplift her from her sitting position.

She stood with him.

Face to face.

Hand in hand.

Heart to heart.

He looked into her eyes.

“In this moment, I vow to protect you with all I am. I vow to be your soul provider, and never lead you astray or go against the will of your Baba’s love for you. I vow to cherish you as a father cherishes his daughter. I vow to only plant seeds of righteousness into your mind, and allow your heart to be free to nurture them how you know best.”

He paused, and kissed both of her hands.

“I vow to always be honest and humble, even when I make mistakes. And I vow to not allow my pride or emotions dictate my actions towards you in the creation and extension of our new family. I vow to not take for granted your trust in my ability to love, cherish and protect your heart.”

Her father taught her to not be flattered by the words of men. To let actions speak for themselves. And in this moment, she heard the words of her Baba ringing in her heart.

*“Don’t fear, my princess. When the day comes for you to marry, you will know him. He will speak to you as I do. And you will love me through him.”*

She smiled, and bowed to him.

He grabbed her arms, stood her up, pulled her close. With one hand gripping her waist, the other caressing her head

full of matted fibers, he held her body close to his and kissed her forehead.

She wondered,

*How much silence? How much laughter? How many smiles, hugs, and kisses have watered this mango tree?*

For just as the Love of God has kept this tree strong, so shall it be for this union.

# God's Touch

*His hands are gentle,  
like the sunset on the eyes.*

*His heart  
is music to my ears,  
soothing of my fears  
of becoming  
undone.*

*I meditate  
to the earth's symphony  
as he speaks to me  
in his mother tongue.*

*My beloved,  
you are the pearl of the sea.*

*I see gold in your shell.*

*With pride,  
I write the story of our love in the sand.*

*Your hand  
in my hand;  
chest to chest,  
we rest as we  
manifest  
the best of ourselves.*

*For it is God who has ordained this love spell.*

*It is real;  
ethereal  
rituals and habitual  
ceremonies.*

*We have many stories  
for our children to tell.*

*Testimonials*

*of our immunity from hell.*

*Our hearts are memorials;*

*sacred temples;*

*monasteries.*

*Sacred spaces*

*holding memories*

*of our first kiss*

*and our first dance,*

*when our souls first joined hands.*

*Let's always dance, my beloved.*

*Your hands are gentle*

*like the sunset on the eyes.*

*Your heart is soothing to my ears*

*I meditate*

*to the earth's symphony*

*as you speak to me*

*in your mother tongue.*

*My beloved,  
you are the pearl of the sea.  
I see gold in your shell  
With humility,  
I write the story of our love in the sand;*

*For that's where our souls  
first joined hands.*

*And we danced  
in the sun,  
setting our minds  
in the light of truth.*

*You and I  
are the embodiment Life,  
and there is no jollier observer than I.*

*My sight has never been this blessed.  
My eye has never had the chance to rest,  
overstimulated by time.*

*Time  
could never tell  
the story of our soul's  
eternity.*

*Eternally existing  
as one entity.*

*I value  
the gift of life  
that you have proven me to be.*

*I was blind  
but through your eyes  
I now see  
life.*

*Life is the gift that keeps on giving.*

*Your hands are what let me know I'm alive.*

*For the sensation  
of your soul  
rubbing  
against mine  
is what fades  
my attachment  
to the illusion  
of  
Time.*

# Soul Food

*Deep into my flesh,  
his mind digs it's  
emerald fangs.*

*His soul salivates  
at the raw smell of the shea  
that pumps through my veins;*

*He says I taste  
like  
coconut and neem.*

*He says  
I am soft,  
and like hibiscus  
my kisses  
soothe parts of him  
that he never thought  
needed soothing.*

*He says*

*I am*

*warm,*

*firm and succulent*

*like Abyssinian*

*paw paw.*

*He submerges himself into me.*

*He smothers my essence all over his mane.*

*I am moist and warm;*

*and melt into his skin.*

*He swallows my Love raw,*

*and it begins*

*traveling*

*through his veins.*

*My hands  
cusp  
his neck,  
pushing his grip deeper into me.  
My heart pulsates  
on his tongue.*

*I feel an orgasmic rush of euphoria.*

*As he loosens his grip,  
we exchange Life  
in breath.  
Our hearts  
are in sync.*

*I see  
the fulfillment of Life  
in his eyes.*

*His mind is well nourished.*

# The Gift

There was a distinct aroma in the atmosphere this day. As she arose from her resting space, the primal aroma of Life graced the nose of her womb, and she felt warm all over. She couldn't help but to glance over at him.

*Is this what love looks like?*, she inquired as she admired him at rest.

His skin appeared golden brown, much like the rich soils of the Earth as the sun beams it's glorious rays upon them. She wondered if he feels as warm as he looks. She imagined her body melting into him as her hands did in the soil of her garden.

His lips were still stained from the Turmeric, Neem and Date tea she prepared for him the night before, and she could only think of the bitterness of his sweet kisses.

*He is an acquired taste, she thought.*

The hair of his beard and head, matted, woolly and unruly, invoked feelings of appreciation for the untamed and non-domestic. As he rested, the sound of his breath, in sync with hers, made her feel at home in his presence.

*Home is where the heart is.*

She glanced up into the sky, and the arrangements of the clouds signified a beautiful day decorated with the light of the sun, its rays animating the voluptuous petals of the uncountable trumpet flowers that surrounded them. The parrots were already singing their praises to the Mamas of the wind, and the creatures of the Land had begun their daily foraging. She moved towards the Lake, gracefully

gathered its waters into the cup of her hands, and proceeded to water herself.

She was aroused by her own touch.

She closed her eyes, and her sight didn't change. She still saw life, all around her. She saw Life within her. The kiss of the breeze soothed her, as the sun penetrated her body so intensely that she felt her ovaries vibrate.

“Is this what Love looks like?”

She opened her eyes and gracefully turned around. It was him. His voice did not startle her. Rather, she felt pleased by it's depth. His dark brown eyes comforted her.

She smiled. “It is.”

“Walk with me. I have a gift for you,” he demanded as he extended his hand to her.

Still smiling, she accepted and took hold of his hand.

He led her deeper into the forest to the river, which was flowing abundantly from the waterfall within the mountain. The Forest was alive, more than ever, this day. She could smell the nectar of Life emanating from all forms of natural and intangible material surrounding her.

He turned to her and smiled. Staring in her eyes, he undressed himself from the cloth that she had sewn for him. He submerged himself into the river. As he ascended above the surface, she was captivated by the droplets dripping from his porous and woolly hair onto his skin. She could smell his primal scent from where she stood. The look in her eyes resembled that of a lioness's gaze on the horizon.

She stepped out of her ivory gown, and proceeded towards him. The cold of the water felt warm on her skin. The

closer she was to him, the more aroused she felt. As he grabbed her neck, her eyes rolled until all she saw was green.

She melted into him, just as her hands do in the soil of her garden.

He kissed her. And the stroking of their tongues sent her into a cycle of ecstasy. The touch of his hands on her neck and her breast sent her into submission. She desired domination from him. She turned around, walked towards the rocks, and bent over. She turned her head to him, and smiled as he made his way towards her.

He entered her.

And she smiled.

As he penetrated her vaginal canal, his left hand gripping her waistline and the right caressing her left nipple, she could feel the synchronization of their breath. As he

planted kisses along her spine, all she could do is breathe slowly, and bask in the warmth that emanated from her womb.

She felt every inch of him, just as she felt the grittiness of aquatic minerals in between her toes. She felt every fiber of his being, feeling the blood circulate between both of their hearts.

They were one.

She could feel no difference between his skin and hers; between her breath and his. She could feel his heart rate increase, as she began to reach climax. He gripped her waist, leaned over her shoulder and kissed her with such passion that she couldn't tell her own juices from those of the waterfall.

As they stared into each other's eyes, she could feel it was time to release. Her uterus began to open in anticipation.

Her body began to shake. His penis began to pulsate. She rubbed her hands through his hair, pushing his head closer to her. He went deeper into her.

“This is for you, Mama,” he said as he planted his seeds into the soil of her womb.

As he remained inside of her, she turned around to face him. She looked into his eyes. She planted a kiss on his cheek, then held him, his head in her neck, to comfort him in his moment of release. In their silence, she thanked him for his gift.

There was a distinct aroma in the atmosphere this day. It was this day her maternal instincts were activated. She was now more than a woman.

*This is what Love feels like.*

More life; the best gift Life could give.

# Motherhood Awaits

*Being a mother.*

*A soul warming wish  
and heart felt peace.*

*Motherhood seems to me everything that I exist for.*

*I often wonder if it's possible  
to be a better mother  
than I am a wife.*

*I will celebrate the Life of God  
through the eyes and hearts of my offspring.*

*I know  
that motherhood will fill my most elusive voids.  
For no one will love me like my children.  
Cherish me like my children.  
No one will value me like my children.*

*And I,*

*I will Love them.*

*I will nurse them.*

*I will nurture the spirit of wholeness within them.*

*They will not need me.*

*But.*

*They will know Mama is always there.*

*I am here.*

*Waiting for them to love me.*

*Waiting for someone to love,  
other than me.*

*So I can show them how to love themselves.*

*So I can show them the godly beauty in being human.*

*This to me, feels like love.*

*Motherhood,*

*to me,*

*feels like the greatest song*

*that my heart will ever dance to.*

*And until that day comes,  
the day that my womb plays the song called Motherhood,  
my heart will rejoice  
and dance  
and sing  
and chant  
in peaceful anticipation.*

*My soul will dance with the mothers of the land,  
of the sea,  
and of the wind.*

*And they will guide me.*

*For I am a daughter of many mothers,  
and destined to be a mother of many.*

# **In the Midst of Love**

Her mother always told her how blessed she felt the moment she gave birth to her. How amazed she was the moment she realized she would have birth 12 boy children before birthing a daughter and resting her womb from childbearing.

“Your arrival pleased your father. He spent most of his days preparing and training your brothers to protect you, his 13th seed of Love.”

She remembered all of the moments she shared with her mother. The moments in which her mother exhibited an exalted form of creative and passionate focus. She would watch her mother as she weaved bamboo baskets, tables,

seats, and baby carriers. She would be intrigued and astounded as she watched her mother transform the rich purple endod berries into a nutrient dense and luscious soap, with neem and honey from their village.

She always loved sharing her coconut bowl with the other village daughters that her mother fed. Their hearts would be full of thanks as they gathered around the bamboo table her mother weaved to share in their traditional meals. Eating by hand seemed to grant them the luxury of tasting all of the love that her mother infused into their meals. They would all laugh as their brothers seemed to drop on the table more food than they actually ate, and fought over who would lick the bowl.

Everyone in the village adored her mother for the nourishment of her creativity, and she always wondered how it would feel to nourish an entire village with her own creative will and resourcefulness.

She never heard her mother complain. Not once. She could always see the requirement of rest on her mother's face, though the fire in her eyes and glow in her skin when she began to create and commune with plants, to share with family, would always erase any signs of possible drainage. As if the act of giving was the most fulfilling gift. She was always tired, but not of loving.

When time revealed her pregnancy, she could only think of the many ways in which she would engulf her child, whether male or female, in the bosom of Love as her mother did and does for all who loves her. She could only feel the desire to nurture her offspring in a manner that infuses the value of gratitude in the midst of Love.

As her mother caressed and massaged her belly with the myrrhh and honey cream that she made as a mothering gift, singing the song of her grandmothers, she anticipated sharing with her child all of what her mother has shared with her.

“Your hands are still as soft as I remember them being as a child,” she said to her mother with her eyes closed.

“You will do fine. And remember, I am always here with and for you.”

The love of a mother is a love only a mother can share.

# God is the Child

Groans and vibrations of vocal cords permeated into the night. There was a spirit of anxiousness weaved into the anticipation of this event. This was a homecoming. The welcoming of a new spirit, in the form of both a new child and a new mother.

The entire village anticipated this moment, for the birth of a child has always symbolized the birth of a new beginning.

She was guarded by a four-pointed shield of women; one behind her massaging her shoulders and lower back, one on the left and right of her, and one in front to assist her in the catching of her baby. Present was also the village birth shaman, burning and steaming aromatic leaves and

flowers to both clear the air of any bacteria that can harm the baby and stimulate a sense of calmness during labor. Also her mother, who lead the women in the singing of the songs of their grandmothers to invoke the spirit of feminine power and grace.

The deeper her groans, the louder they sang. The louder they sang, the deeper her breath became. The warm water of the thermal pool soothed her uterus of the fluctuating tightness. She could feel the settling in position and steadiness of her cervix, accompanied with the involuntary urge to surrender as her baby began to descend through its opening.

She groaned deeper. They sang.

She took the deepest breath she had taken thus far. She closed her eyes, lifted her head to the heavens and opened them to bask in the glory of the star and moonlit sky. She

slightly lifted herself on her toes to take hold of her baby within the cup of her hands.

With her eyes still closed, she released orgasmic tears of relief, joy and amazement. She removed her baby from the water and placed him on her bare chest. She looked to him, and was comforted by his eyes. His eyes were of his father. Attentive, bold and piercing.

“My God, I birthed an elder,” she exclaimed through her tear filled breath.

Though she cried, she felt no pain or remnants of the like. She only felt that of a heightened heart, and sense of belonging. She felt even more loved than before. She felt anew, and she looked to her newborn male child with a heart full of purpose.

It was as if no one else was present. Only her, her son, and the spirits of the Forest.

“In this moment, I vow to protect you with all I am. I vow to ensure that you know the love of a mother, the love that will inspire and motivate you to be the greatness that you are.”

She paused, and gently caressed his forehead as well as his heart.

“You were made in the likeness and love of your father. Be great, my young Abate.”

She closed her eyes, leaned in to kiss his forehead and latched him onto her breast for the first time.

She never felt so bonded with God.

# When Love Speaks

*When your gaze engages  
with the beam of my eyes,  
I know my heart is well.*

*To receive you;  
To be loved by god;  
to be favored  
by the laws of nature  
is a gift given  
only to those  
who give to themselves.*

*To give of myself to you  
was my best choice.  
You are the voice that animates my heart.*

*Love,  
my heart is full of you.*

# One

*Green honey drips  
from between the  
lips of my thighs  
when your eyes  
kiss me.*

*When your hands  
grip my waist,  
I can taste  
your earthly zest  
as it marinates  
into my skin.*

*Is it a sin,  
to savour your touch?*

*Your skin  
caressing my skin;*

*me,  
getting lost  
in the depths  
of your gaze.*

*I seem to lose myself  
in your embrace.*

*When the essence  
of you and I intertwine,  
I no longer exist.*

*What is left of me,  
when two become One?*

# Seeds of Kismet

From young, she was allowed to nurture everything and everyone around and within her. A love child of the sun and earth, she was infused with a sense of heavenly wisdom and earthly comfort that emanated from within the depths of her. To be free in Love is all she has ever known. From the arrangement of her marital agreement, to the birthing of her children, she did not fear; for Love was and is her guide and strength.

She used to wonder what it would feel like to be a mother. She used to admire her own, who mothered an entire village filled with more mothers, fathers, and children not of her own.

On this day, she wondered no more.

For she was always tired, but never of loving. In the river, she could always see the desire to rest on her face. But the fire in her eyes and glow on her face as she began to create, commune with plants, and share with those she loved was the ultimate symbol of her heart's satisfaction. She never felt compelled to complain.

On this day, she wrapped her newborn grandson with a turmeric infused cotton cloth and placed him into the bamboo carrier that she weaved as a birthing gift for her eldest daughter. She shall present him before the village for his naming ceremony.

On this day, she crafted thirteen coconut bowls and calabash cups. She carved images of neem berries into each of them.

She gathered endod berries, Neem and honey to prepare a nourishing soap. She prepared a myrhh, Rosemary and

honey cream. She placed both creations into a bamboo handbag, all to be given as gifts for her new daughter in love- by way of her eldest son's newly arranged marital agreement.

She stepped into her garden, kissing the earth with bare feet as her hands melted into the soil. She gathered berries, greens, and grains to be prepared for the village daughters and sons. She placed two large bowls on two bamboo tables, weaved by her mother, and smiled as the children gathered. She was tickled as the young sons dropped more food onto the table than they ate, and debated over who would lick the bowl.

As she stood under the mango tree, eyes closed as the sun kissed her skin, she was comforted by two hands rubbing her pregnant womb. She turned slowly, and smiled.

It was him. Her protector, and beloved co-creator of the Love that surrounded her. The love that was professed to her, right under the same mango tree.

He held her waist with one hand, and kept one hand on her womb.

“You are the greatest gift that Life could possibly give,” he said to her before kissing her forehead.

“The gift that keeps on giving.” He got on one knee, and kissed her womb.

She smiled a smile as vibrant as the sun that kissed her skin.

On this day, she felt loved. As she always has.