

# VerbanoNews

Le news del Lago Maggiore

## The Old Beech Tree (A tribute to Joyce)

Michele Mancino · Sunday, March 10th, 2024

In Dublin, the streets are pages of books to be flipped through and read, and Jimmy has written many over the ages, Once upon a time and a very good time... and he confessed, “Changeable sky, you cannot trust. Not even Dubliners, and so I fled.

” The story opens on a mid-June morning. Breakfast with liver and offal. Dublin wrapped in an implausible summer mist, and the first lights of dawn painting the roofs and facades of houses in gold and red. The streets slowly come to life, and the park becomes a refuge.

The trees of St. Stephen’s Green hold stories, and Jimmy arrives at his beech tree. He observes. Habits, dreams, and disappointments. He notes down inspirations. There, under it, he works to enhance the reader sensitivity, to elevate everyone vision. Jimmy beech tree will become a symbol, like the young woman who brings milk to Stephen Dedalus in the morning because she is Ireland.

The paths meander between ponds and meadows, the trees memorize the adventures of thoughts that turn into reality. The writer day unfolds in a sensory novel. The sound of footsteps on the sidewalks, the cries of children playing in the park, the conversations of old friends at the pub or sitting on a bench. And more. The taste of lamb stew and the scent that spreads through the street and stays on clothes, the singing of Celtic ballads, the ear attentive to sounds, and the hands beating the rhythm. At sunset, when the city lights turn on one by one, Dublin transforms into a mosaic of colors and shadows. The park empties. Jimmy tree remains there, solitary as all writers around the world are solitary. The lives of the characters intertwine: Buck Mulligan and Evelyne, Miss Parker and Mrs. Mooney. There are also Mr. Bloom and his Molly. Up there, the branches of the old beech tree talk with the wind.

**Story by Abramo Vane ([www.ilcavedio.org](http://www.ilcavedio.org)) – Series 4 “Trees and Tributes”** “*Certainly, the void looms over all those who weave the wind*” (James Joyce)

### ALL THE SUNDAY STORIES

This entry was posted on Sunday, March 10th, 2024 at 2:57 pm and is filed under [Cultura](#), [Tempo libero](#)

You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

