

## Our Casuarina Tree

- Toru Dutt

### Introduction:

“Our Casuarina Tree,” is a poem written by the Indian writer, Toru Dutt, celebrates the majesty of the **Casuarina Tree** as the poet/speaker remembers her happy childhood days spent under it and revives her memories with her beloved siblings.

### The Giant Tree:

The poem begins with the description of the tree. The poet says that the creeper has wound itself around the rugged trunk of the Casuarina tree, like a **huge Python**. The creeper has left deep marks on the trunk of the tree. The tree is so strong that it bears the tight hold of the creeper. The tree is described as being gallant, and possibly brave, as very few trees could survive in the stranglehold of this creeper. The Casuarina tree is covered with creeper bearing **red crimson flowers** which appear as though the tree is wearing a colourful scarf. Often at night, the garden echoes and it seems to be jubilant and the song (of a nightingale) has no end.

### The delightful sight:

It continues till dawn. At dawn when the poet opens her window she is delighted to see the Casuarina tree. Mostly in winters a **gray baboon** is seen sitting on the crest of the tree seeing the sunrise with her younger ones leaping and playing in the tree's boughs. The shadow of the tree appears to fall on the huge water tank.

### Dear to the soul:

Toru Dutt says that it is not because of the majestic appearance of the Casuarina tree that it is **dear to her heart and soul**, but also that she along with her siblings spent happy moments under it. Toru Dutt has brought out the theme of nature as something that shares feeling with humans that lightens the burden on the heart.

### The tree's lament:

The poet continues with a description of how strong the image of the tree is, even when in lands far away. Even in **France and Italy** (where the poet studied), she can hear the tree's lament. The poet wishes to consecrate the tree's memory and importance for the sake of those who are now dead and looks ahead to death, hoping that the tree should be spared from obscurity (or that no one will remember it).

### Wordsworth's Borrowdale:

She immortalizes the tree through this poem like Wordsworth sanctified the Yew trees of Borrowdale. She says *“May love defend thee from Oblivion's curse”* - expressing her wish that love would shield her tree against the curse of forgetfulness, that the tree would be remembered out of love and not because it cannot be forgotten.