

Back to Nature

The sky was full of stars
flowers full blown
faults and fracture planes
rising and ebbing with the tide
we had the entire stretch to ourselves
well worth the trip
for its unspoiled white sand crystal blue shallows
the sea's peaks jostled like faces in a crowd
reflecting mind, analysing my reflection
sometimes I feel an almost physical weight
lifting from my head when I see the water
take my shoes off
get naked and jump in
the crashing waves all around me
drown the gentle song.

Like a dumbfounded child
I don't have to think about how I appear to other people
less likely to be seen or watched
a lack of obligation to the world
me and my inner animal have reconnected
pretending not to be a monkey in an outfit:
I missed me.

Light teasing me through the window
in the confines of this room
I locked eyes with an urban fox
I always feel a little bit on edge in a built environment
I like the feel of my feet on the earth
as it tells me my place between my toes
to explore, to wander, not be hemmed in
framed by the blues, greens, and browns
being part of something permanent and infinite
a kind of freedom to be around everything yet nothing
I feel in harmony with the land
I escape into a world of my own
which is populated with birds and song
leaving expectations, fears, control behind.

Green spaces give my mind breathing space
a change of thinking pace
symmetry in flowers and the shapes of trees
as if they have been sculpted by nature
slow, languid battles for sunlight
breathe deeply and listen
a piercing birdsong high above
I heard the pinecones popping
we tried to catch the seeds
but they were too small and too fast.

There are so many memories in the forest

the whispering quiet of trees
rooted, blazing triumph
below the earth's rustling skin is a network
searching roots going where I cannot
gentle tendrils feeling forward
with whispers and quiet negotiations
planted firmly to keep us close.

Amidst the horrors that mankind inflicts
on each other and on this earth
kicked around, displaced by feet
oh, like broken stones
through the rust on cars
when the icecaps melt
after work-filled stressful days
let's run in circles through the grass
this connection soothes without words
zoom, whoosh
set the cold clean air alight
alone with no man-made noise
puts things into perspective.

Nature adapts itself to survive:
once upon a post-glacial clock
I reassembled it – built a birdhouse
a place of calm in the middle of a kaleidoscope
a spot of harmony for all people
all trying to get home.