

## ***ANSWER IN THE WOOD***

*This cool green wood that silent waits  
guarded, watchful  
catching the last clear rays of light  
with upturned tender boughs  
before the mist rises to veil the blue valley  
A green so vast it softens the heat, lightens the gloom of evening, and  
for brief silver seconds the world shifts and shimmers, not really there,  
but an intangible thing.  
Solid wood and fern-blanketed earth  
seems momentarily fragile,  
in the seconds before being swallowed up by night.*

*Here is where I played,  
I stood in the shadows and watched--  
my mind alive,  
hearing finely tuned,  
I could not hold myself back for more than a moment;  
the vibrant pitch of waiting, growing greenery  
would filter through when all was silent,  
and as quickly, was lost, when I turned away and  
left youth behind for the outside world.  
I must return to the wood,  
go back and walk those paths  
along which I ran as a child:  
To examine bark, and leaf, and twig,  
touching needle-strewn beds of moss,  
gazing intently at the pattern of life within  
each tiny sprout and curling lichen  
Something rests here, which helped me  
to make peace with my world,  
and I need to find that, to once more make it a part of me  
the young part, the growing, wondering, reflecting part,*

*the part of me which accepts,  
and believes in the future,  
and grows wiser, knowing.*

*For wisdom's call  
our voices teasing, beckoning,  
As the wood, we grow, and stretch our limbs,  
wanting deep within our hearts to share,  
but always holding something back, something vast,  
precious, and green...*

*What is it that we do not acknowledge?  
I think that deeper than Fear, it is our Want,  
our need of soulful replenishment  
our craving for affirmation of our very essence.*

*We are lost, after a time.  
And so we return to the wood, we look at every tree and branch,  
and slowly, we understand.*

*We grow old, we wither, we die, but  
though individually the trees of the wood do just that, the forest remains.*

*Whole. Vital. Alive.  
With every death, a new seed sprouts forth,  
to feed upon the old.*

*Love doesn't die, the men and women do --*

*We can hold nothing fast to us  
The very limbs we use to clasp will wither away to dust,  
So we too embrace the Death when we can do no more,  
draw from it, extract its nourishment  
adding strength to the stand from within ourselves,  
expanding our very breadth,  
breathing life into death  
with new seeds to sow,  
ideas and sustenance that we've brought in  
on winds aloft, from far away.*