

Komorebi

Leave the streets, the grey heat, walk along
the old railway to the wood. Step over
the broken step. Let ferns brush your legs and know
the thorn-scratch and nettle-sting. Stumble.
Travel light and in light. Carry only
what you need and your need. Pick the tiny
ruby-sweet strawberries, drink water,
apple juice. Seek shade and shelter. Rest.
Lead me higher to where light dapples
and shimmers. Seek no certain destination;
stray – the journey is creation too. Know
the breeze will turn leaves and brightness will fall.
If the idea demands, take it for a walk,
breathe Mock Orange's scent of freedom.
Follow the feathers back, and find
me here, still. Laugh. Make space to listen
for the whispers from wood, from the once
forgotten and lost. Attend to silence.
Settle. Come close to gather melody,
words and grammar. Shape some new magic
and glamour that holds memory and growth
together. Bless some wanderer
with soft voices drifting through the trees.
Open citrus-green like wood sorrel.

Trust we will be gifted words to awaken
ghosts. Sing to lay them to rest.