

Earth Below Me

Dead grass crumbles beneath my grasp,
My feet dig into the warm, damp earth.

I feel Her heart beat.

My eyes close,
Perception swirls, which way is up?
The ground thumps, She is alive.

I lose sense of who I am.

But, just for now.

Earth below feet,
Which makes me feel complete.



Sky Above Me

On occasion, I look up at the sky,
I feel the clouds drifting by.
Those clouds converge my state of mind,
Taking my vision and blurring in it a line.
My eyes disappear as the sky absorbs my sight,
My vision is somewhere, uplifted.
I do not have control.
And then a blink or car honking or dog barking breaks the trance,
The sublime is gone and I gain control.

Sky above me,
What can I see?



Fire Within Me

I walk through fields, still, calm.
An ember within me is lighting up.
My eyes search the Earth for others like me,
But to my surprise, there is no one I see.
Out of the sky floats a feather without an owner.
I pick the token up, sent gently from the Earth,
I pick it up to listen to its story, "Where did you come from?"
Without a reply I look through its lens,
To my surprise, my soul it mends.
The ember is lit and a fire burns,
Something nature around me always earns.

Fire within me,
Forever, endlessly.





If I were to name the three most precious resources of life, I should say books, friends, and nature; and the greatest of these, at least the most constant and always at hand, is nature.