

*A View from the Trees* – Inspired by the painting 'Lockdown Forest' by Mary Wood.



I feel safe in the woods. I go there sometimes just to hide from the world. I listen to windsong playing through the trees, and enjoy their fallen leaves crackling under my boots. I feel like me in the woods.

Always sitting on the same fallen trunk, scribbling into a notebook, I write my stories, and allow my poems to grow. The trees hold my thoughts, they watch me as I work. I share my ideas with them. It's quiet. A place to think.

Sometimes on hot summer days I lie on the forest floor, where it is cool and still. I watch the sunlight playing in the leaves high above. I wait with expectation. Then a gentle breeze catches the canopy, creates a chink, and the light finally finds a way through. Golden shooting stars, a shower of Meteorites, they land all around me. There is simple enjoyment in light as its shadows hide and reveal.

Today, the darkest storm of pandemic rages around me. I seek solace in the trees. Today I enter the forest by a path that isn't a path. It's a faint trail through the brush, a nocturnal way into the wood. The nightly route of a fox or a badger on patrol. It is always a thrill being swallowed up by a forest, like entering a huge cathedral through a tiny door.

A few steps and I'm in; the door closes behind. Alone, I see an aisle through the trees stretching before me. It leads along a silent timber nave, the high ceiling a vaulted green. I watch a single leaf fall gently to earth. Then unseen I hear a distant twig snap, the echo reverberates all along this Grand Canyon. The trees are beginning a conversation with me.

What can I say to them that is worth saying? Nothing; I just let them shelter me from this storm.