**LOST IN THE WOODS**

*I treaded the path the leaves had concealed.*

*I gazed**the empty trees whose dried skin had worn**out.*

*I was lost in the garden of joy.*

*I searched for myself in the bird chirping woods. I found myself breathing, the essence of greenery and the scent of the water-soaked soil.*

*With full of riches was the woods.*

*The running stream sung shrill and base notes in a variety.*

*The heavens**opened, the diamonds that fell glazed in the blazing sunlight.*

*The band of spectrum was displayed on the opened sky.*

*I was filled with enthusiasm and vigor being thouched by the caring arms of nature.*

*I tasted the sweetest feast that nature extended.*

*The path that I treaded was once again covered by the falling skin.*

*As I made my way out, The woods welcomed me again and again with no heart to leave.*

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