

Forest Gospel

These old woods

feel the way they do.

You? A bright spore walking the scented forest floor.

Before words, whispered words.

You can hear them still.

Sit, next to a stone

and the stream flows by. When you leave,

it stays with you.

The lack of sound,

the softness of deep leaves, bare feet.

Like there could be no place so peaceful— like that place

is,

or was.