

I SEE

I see the rocks;
they broach the landscape around me,
with layered colours that tell a story
of fire and cataclysm
and a billion years of peace:
the protective bedrock of life,
embracing poisons and riches
with equal might.
I walk on them respectfully.

I see the trees;
they envelop the landscape around me,
with whispering fertility that tells a story
of renewal and death,
in cycles as old as the wind itself:
guardians of the air and soil,
singing as they exhale oxygen
and scrub foulness.
I listen to them appreciatively.

I see the water;
it flows through the landscape around me,
with steady energy that tells a story
of solace and strength,
and life sustained through epochs:
heart and arteries of the planet,
nourishing the trees
and reshaping the rocks.
I canoe on it with awe.

By all these things I am seen,
and I am part of their story.

- *Jeremy Whitlock (June 2023)*

