

Deep Forest

Ocean of a thousand verdant hues,
sunshine plays across your roof
a canopy of light,
rainbows and storms pass over you;
Music from all-of-life
anthems the passing moment,
Spell-bound in infinity.

There in the early dawn the air full of warbles
and distant sounds come
thunder-like from far -
a vast deep wind stirs the forest depth:
howling, howling, calling from afar,
the wardens of the forest
hail the new-borne day.

And still, still in the brown shallows,
the limpid river stirs to life within,
without, its silent waters ripple
Surface broken with a thousand circles
necklaced with gems of spreading light.

The night's a mystery of hush and humming
a vast dark mantle spread to hide its
inner sanctum of stirring blackness,
where eyes lamp the darker depths
and rustles and padding muted murmers
merge with the ever-trilling, ever singing
throbbing darkness, rent with sudden screams.

Hub of life, and ever-turning circle,
A drama played through the deeps of time
without a thought, or nod
to base humanity;
deep forest,
womb of eternal birth.

11 June 2000