

## The Philharmonic Forest

by Kim Hazelwood

When you walked in,  
They whispered.  
Resounding  
With no reluctance,  
That you really were their sister.

They could feel you.  
They knew you.

Only a few steps in,  
Already, percussion beneath your feet.  
Old, discarded leaves and acorns aplenty.

The willows whispered among themselves,  
Oh, they didn't want to wake the whippoorwills,  
But connected with you,  
Sweet air and life.  
They begin with song.

The winds pick up a bit.  
Did you hear the steady harps of vines and violins?  
A wave of true contentment,  
Waltzes through a sandy path of resonation.  
You are familiar with this composer.

Look up as the sun dips in,  
To greet and hug you.  
Just over there, is an  
Arousal of wild roses,  
So electric, their cluster.

You want to stay,  
And be part of the great here and now,  
Throughout the long eternity  
Of what is,  
The Forest  
Has always known  
The Real You.

They are a dramatic bunch,  
These leaves of life, of trees, of breath,  
Powered by worldwide love.  
It's music,  
It's our souls.

Love is amplified in the musical forest,  
Love is green,  
Grander than the tallest tips of the ravishing Redwood,  
Carmanah Giant  
Or Sitka Spruce.

When you walked in  
They whispered,  
And gave you a gift for the day,  
The delight of the hover of a hummingbird.  
The iridescent, tiny aviator.

And at sunset,  
You wonder where did the hours go?  
There is a serious radiance in these new, angled  
Sun-rays beyond words,  
In precious, dark golds of hope,  
We arise, we arrive..

The leaves take a bow  
And for a moment,  
The wind trickles applause.