

Silent Stillness

The sky is heavily interrupted by clouds bidding farewell to raindrops
morning mist — wood pigeons bathe in blocked drains, huddled deliberately
we are rushing rushing rushing between archways.

City hall holds the final purple hues of lavender
pull witch hazel buds, to harvest as an herbalist.
Search for pinecones where the owl lives
watch the horse chestnut tree brew for the change of seasons
between grass, dewy cold, hugging to mycelium below
lay next to the brown caps wilding on the soil.

When was the last time you stood barefoot on the earth?
watch
the
awakening
sun
in
silent devotion
sometimes you need only stand where you have been
with open eyes.