

HERE I HAVE FOUND LIFE

CarrieAnn Thunell

A cool gentle breeze plays with the trees,
tossing and shaking their delicate leaves.
Patterns of shadows the soft sunlight weaves,
patterns of shadows of branches and leaves.

Peaks, glacier capped, frame the horizon,
providing a canvas for the sun to rise on.
The spiced scent of herbs fills my heart and lungs.
Branches bend down to support me like rungs.

Ascending the trail are patterns of root,
providing stirrups to support each foot.
The higher I climb, the more vibrant I grow.
Such sweet blessings are Nature's to bestow.

Chickadees dance on the wind as they fly,
chirping from treetops, at one with the sky.
Wild flowers splash colors through the green world
as each soft petal is slowly unfurled.

A still pond mirrors cloud drifts, leaves and blooms.
Weeping willows are circled with mushrooms.
Dewdrops and webs lace the morning flowers
who nourish themselves on sunshine and showers.

Oak seeds grow into leafed out ancient trees
above young saplings swaying in the breeze.
One with the Tao of Life, I radiate
compassion and an acceptance of fate.

Nature's fecundity fills every sense
with pulsing rhythms of life's radiance.
Here I have found life, and here may I die,
encircled by trees beneath the deep sky.

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