

LONGING FOREST

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The wind hums low through towering trees,
soft as a song, light as a breath.
Leaves tremble—perhaps with laughter,
or the quiet hush of waiting.

Beyond the pines, auroras flicker,
shadows stretch across the moss.
A river carves its restless song
through stone that has long forgotten touch.

I press my hand to bark,
where rain has etched its own letters.
Beneath my feet, the leaves shift,
telling stories I cannot hold.

The forest does not ask where I have been.
It listens, with roots and silence,
with branches leaning toward the wind,
and the stillness where memory lingers.

One day, no footprints remain—
only breath, trembling in the green