

A lone      hike

Green mountains stand humbly

above the city.

A trail for thinking weaves in and out

of their valleys.

Grasses hum with insects,

Butterflies flutter in loops and dives.

A girl wanders      without lust      among wildflowers.

She counts the clouds

significant, they shield the sun

and share when they're about to cry.

She is alone      but not lonely.

She dances      with dragonflies

sings      with songbirds

creates      with crickets

reasons      with rattlesnakes.

Talks      with herself, only.

Trees creak as the wind jostles them

A ground squirrel chips at a fallen log.

Her soul purpose      to listen.

She tilts her head and closes her eyes

As black-capped chickadee does the same.

The girl's boots pad softly on pine needles

And the soles of her feet roll gently over rocks.

The trail stretches its limbs,

the sky sighs      a breath

to make the grasses wave.

She stops.

Drinks      in what's around her

lets      her lungs fill with living air

picks      up the peace freely given

knows

she is meant

to be

here

now.