

Whispers Through the Wilderness

The trees lean in when no one speaks,
Their leaves passing stories hand to hand.
Wind moves like a careful messenger,
Touching bark, then water, then skin.

A creek keeps count of years
By smoothing what once resisted.
Rocks learn surrender without breaking,
And moss arrives to heal the edges.

Birdsong stitches the silence together,
Each note a reminder that quiet is alive.
Even the shadows know where to rest,
Pooling gently at the roots of things.

The earth breathes beneath my feet,
Steady, unbothered by urgency.
Paths exist without needing names,
Leading only to what you are ready to face.

I shed the noise I carried here,
Every worry loosening its grip.
Time slows, then steps aside,
Allowing the moment to widen.

I stand still long enough to be forgotten,
And in that mercy, I remember
The wild does not shout its truths.
It speaks in patience and pause,
And waits for you to listen
Until listening feels like home.