

'There's something in the Trees'

Daniela Nunnari

There's something in the trees,
that makes us whole again,
that makes us one again,
that makes us,
stop.

There's something in the trees,
that moves my soul again,
that wakes the words inside
I thought I'd lost.

For I must cease my chatter
in the hush of ancient woods.
There's no place here for noisy minds.
And as he holds my hand and
leads me further in,
I feel it fall,
I leave it all behind.

We pick our path through twisted roots
in shade that shelters us from more than sun.
And something in the breeze, the leaves, the fragrant air,
dispels the heaviness we carried here,
our chains undone.

There's something in the trees,
that makes things right again,
that makes me write again.

I trail my branches through the soil.
I carve my heart in moss.