

A Wander in Weymouth

By Jason Borg

*Late February sunrise begins the frosty Morn'
With a crisp, sweeping breeze through the Old growth of the forest.
Heavens beam and shine rays of light, and Earth winds push steady
To cause the long leafed pine needles to glimmer and sparkle,
To shimmy and shake, and to dance to the music of the moment.*

*Awaken me to see. And see again.
First breath is deep. Once in.
Follow the rhythm, listen to the beat. Pressure. Strong, and sure.
Once more, Hold. And out without command.
Watch it float. And fade in the early morning cooled air
Proof of life. Alive. Today alive.*

*Purposefully focused, confidently searching,
Eyes wide, hoping to see all that can be seen.
Ears tuned, keenly listening, and heart intently open,
I wish for fluency in all the sounds around me.
Feel the coolness, the nip on my nose, the chill in my bones
Reminding me that I am alive, and I have limits of control.*

*With a few steps, I see fathers, grandfathers and great, great granddads.
Some tall, others stout, many with arms and fingers stretched out.
The thin adolescents weirdly stand firm donning spiked punkish crowns.
Oddly but beautiful, not one in the grove is completely alike.*

*The injured fight to right themselves. Some curl, and bend but strive upward.
Others drained of their life sap, provide Cockaded and Pileated refuge,
And feasts for groups of larvae, bugs, and grubs. Not symbiotic,
Yet a graceful giving relationship that inclusively benefits the Forestdom.*

*Journeying farther down the path, tripping on roots, I meet the forest floor.
Ancient giants once upon a time, now rest motionlessly on top of sandhills.
Time, wind, weather, sickness, and age, toppled the swaying beauties.
Their Fall, provides chance for regrowth, rebirth, and reflections.
Share with me, teach me your centuries of wisdom, tales of glory,
Measures to prosperity, and hidden secrets of happiness.*

*I guess to know only threads of your journey but want you to see,
You are unique and I enjoy the companionship of a Pinetree.
You must know that you are ever strong, and kind
To cast a shadow, give relief, from the blazing Caroline sunshine.
I hope you know, if you have never discovered, and I will also confess,
That you are legendary, beautiful, and inspire wonderment.*

*I have rarely told any, but since the moment seems true,
I feel I must share elements of myself in this hallowed space with you.
Life is not easy. Always something in need.
Lost on time, empty answers, or both rattle my soul.
In lighter regards, I yearn to learn from this great diverse land.
From the old Live Oaks, and Maples, and creeks and grasses.
Now to step on. A Vision Quest can unearth treasures that remain unfound.*

*My feet have found the lowest point of the trek,
All the time wandering and pondering, and respecting the moment.
The delicate Brook gurgles into a wider space,
To create an elegant mirrored reservoir.
A Look into the stillness, reveals another perspective. A changed lens,
Which Widens the aperture of the day, spurs discerning divergently,
And aims at potential focused on many splendid possibilities.*

*Is the reflection that I see real?
A stiffer breeze, a cone falls, ripples reframe the scene.
A Transformation. A Metanoia. A gift Penitimento
Open mind, and soul to what was once hidden from sight before.*