

Transition

Time to get away
From the amphetamine energy of the city.
The bus lets me off at the trailhead.
I'm still moving too fast
My feet pound the earth
Blue jay, squirrel and chipmunk call in alarm.
Slow down. Sit down.
Respect where you are.

I take off my hiking boots,
Bottoms like truck tires,
And put on moccasins.
Soft soles let my feet feel
The texture of twigs, rocks, and earth.

I breathe in the smell of Sweetfern
Watch shadows play on leaves
Listen to a warbler resume its song.
I rise slowly and walk quietly into Nature's temple.