

Into the Forest

By Helen Hill

Alone I wandered through the world.
"It is not safe!" My mother would say.
The boys would chase me through the woods,
Until I went so deep that even they were too afraid to follow.

Deeper and deeper I would go,
Deeper into myself I found peace in the hidden brook,
The lonely patch of sunshine piercing the forest canopy;
The gift of life seen in flowers struggling to view the sun;
And the gentle, great rocks on which to lay and dream and play.

Sounds so soothing and gentle;
The drip-drop of dew from leaves;
The chirp of nearby cardinals,
And the ever present owl watching me.

Discovering life in the forest,
A sign said "Off Limits" to all,
Except me.

