

Nature's Library

Cottonwood leaves swirl in the wind, carrying their stories to those who will listen
Some settle along the bank like golden coins waiting to be discovered,
while a few catch a ride on the river's glide

I've come to check out Nature's library, a sacred place full of tales,
hymns, and lessons to learn, only silence is required to hear them
I sit on an old tree stump along the riverbank, listening to the stories whispered
within the leaves, stories about the past and revelations about the future
My own thoughts swirl about, landing somewhere in between the banks of
consciousness

The scene is full of characters that draw me in, neon lichen, dazzling dragonflies,
meddling buffelgrass, mellow mesquite, and plants with no name. They add
mystery and wonder, but I can't seem to stay for the rest of the story, so I lean
into the river's flow and follow it downstream, watching the restless current carry
its own stories away

My story remains silent, pressed upon the dirt, leaving just an imprint,
a foreword of what's yet to be written

Another season will write a new page on its own

Come sit with me among this field of unfolding mystery and drama,
of humor and romance

Let's listen to stories of devotion and hope,
where humanity and nature live happily ever after

Sharon Green