

Wood-walking

Lappersfort

Sunday before the solstice

Winter trees in beauty

And poets offering praise to the world

A praise I join with

-my words to the cairn of their words-

Solstice of the world and also the soul

We are that which we make of ourselves

Singing or silent

Praise-giving to the genius of the wood

Praise for all things in December frost

Music, music and stillness

The soul's components

The frost is all over but not on the heart

No, the heart is singing

Shanties of its odyssey

Ithaca longed for and Ithaca found

As is the Jerusalem of the mind

City which names all names in December

Names also this longing

Names also this friendship

A fellowship walking through the wood with the one intention of praise

Therefore this praise

Emotion recalled in tranquillity and lived in again

Here at solstice day and the day after

Wood-walking to affirm the rights of the greening ground

Affirmations

Simple and blessed

As is the heart in friendships weave

Recalling Gilgamesh and his own trek to the woods

Emulate?

Yes and no, yes and no

Not to cut down but to build up

To be makers not destroyers

To bind the winter solstice to the solstice of the mind

One mind and many minds

This is what we are and have become

In but not of the world and its foolishness

Praise in the heart and psalms on the lips

Solstice songs to bind all wounds

All error forgiven and absolved

By the last remain leaf on a tree

Martin Burke, Lappersfort Poets Society, www.ggf.be