

## LISTEN

to the voice of the woods the chlorophyll  
moving in the store box of the cedars  
listen to the snakes of branches the weight  
of water glistening on barks of birches

close eyelids and see dancing light  
and shadow of dancing see footsteps  
sliding over the litterfall a leaf  
has scraped another

I do not understand the woods  
something is always lurking  
under the dead leaves somewhere  
between the roots in the green  
shade of a bark on a limb  
in a fallen bird's nest

close eyes listening try  
to name the songs that play  
from small twigs and needles  
falling to pods of acacia  
try to be the parts of the forest  
learn their names by breathing

and I glance over my shoulder  
now and again not persuaded  
that someone has not stumbled  
off the path and into the bush  
behind me but it's only  
the noise of the woodland

now I am walking through the forest  
now I am penetrating the slow  
composition  
of what makes me

standing  
spreading  
deepening

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