

THE FIELD

Swaying playing knee high grass
Ripples across an endless promenade, of green
A snaking dizzy trampled human path
Jigsaws the scene
As a lazy haze of darting midgets hug
the prickly hawthorn which flanks as a bordering snug
Dancing and miming their tig within a moving cloud of life.

Hornets hover and spit from nowhere to somewhere and back again.
Dipping elegantly, head plunged determinedly forward, a blackbirds dolphin swim
Reminds.
Open space is not their thing

Yet gently a butterfly tiptoes from pollen tops
With China wings and warrior coat it mocks the blackbirds flee.
Awkward bumble bees bump and buzz more crashing than landing on rainbow flower tops.
Their sorbet yellow and liquorice black seduces the alert speckled thrush
The hum and drone is of a tiny movement called energy.

The great oak, holds centre stage, its baton canopy sways and flows in a soft warm breeze
As it conducts life itself to sing and dance with perfect powerful hidden ease.
The leaves applaud in rattling unison.
Sunbeams split it's craggy branches and spears the ground from above

Lasers of light burst climatically with electrifying lightened love.
No voice of man is heard,
or needed
The symphony crescendos and continues,
unheeded.

White feathered floppy clouds meander across the fading stencilled sky.
Who am I within this scene?

A tiny speck of eyes and mind,
not even seen!

I begin to sway.

