

I don't know about the forest.

I don't know about the trees.

I grew up by the ocean with its potent ocean breeze.

My mind sees shades of dark blue and teal, though I still know of green.

While others fear the water, beneath which they can not breathe, I fear the woods and forest where mist dances with the leaves.

Where the fog imparts my vision from the mysteries ahead.

Where the path can take you deeper than I have ever been led.

I can inhale deeply here. The plants nourish my breath.

I spent time in the forest to learn about the trees.

To learn about the creatures.

To learn to love the trees.

To learn to love the forest.

