

Something Good by Fox Dan O'Hara

Wednesday.

Once the bookmark of an uninspired week has now become the most eagerly anticipated of all the days.
Like I spend SundayMondayTuesday holding in a breath
A breath I can finally exhale on Wednesday.
For on Wednesday we do something good.
Something good in Tallis Wood.

Shedding.

like the pieces of bark that lay next to their trees,
Trees that surround and hold us, for a time.
Broken? Maybe. But no less beautiful.
The silver skin of a silver birch sits on my windowsill and makes me think of a different forest I loved.

But of all the woods I've walked and wandered,
there is no place I could be fonder
than the place where we sit and do something good.
Something good, in Tallis Wood.

Changing.

Like the subtle brushstrokes of the leaves around us, we are changing
Each time we visit the forest with an offering
Of the most hidden words we never speak, words no authority could make me repeat.

And we when we leave, our load feels lightened
Suddenly, I'm a little less frightened of the day to day minutiae that we leave behind.
Leave behind then feel something good.
Something good in Tallis Wood.

Burning.

There's a ferocity that's been ignited, ever turning
Like the logs on the fire, it's in me burning
the most simple desire. Once lost, but now returning with fire.
A yearning for life. For love. For nature
For the woods where I find something good
Something good, in Tallis Wood.

Bittersweet.

With fire brings smoke. Winding it's way down my throat
I choke, a tear? Ash-filled eyes that fear
Fear of losing this feeling of wholeness. Of connectedness.
Fear of leaving the woods that have brought me something good-
I fear of losing My Tallis Wood.

I wish

I wish I could just push it in my pocket. the whole, the whole feeling of it.
Compress it into my hands. The fire, the forest, the people that understand.
-But I'd be left with ash and ember. All I can do now is remember.
The feeling of something great, something good
That I found in Tallis Wood.

But maybe,

Maybe?

Like a pollinating bee, I can be someone who creates something good.
Spreading the word of a place you can go. Tentatively placing your troubles, your yearning, your fears
On the fire. As we listen to your soul's desire. To be heard.
To be understood, to create something good.
Something good after Tallis Wood.