

A walk in Worthington Park

To die this perfect Autumnal death,
To bear witness to this perennial quietus.
To share this time with the trees as their leaves regress & acquiesce.

Cut adrift...

They float, flutter and tumble in freefall
The wind whistles through the branches & leaves.

Eva squeals – “*Copter daddy! Again! Copter!*”

As it twists, twirls, spirals & gyrates

In the brisk Autumnal breeze

And...

All is calm, and I am at ease

As the majesty of nature has once again spoken

And...

The truth of life is revealed

To walk in awe

And...

To behold, the reds, the gold, the yellows, the oranges, the browns

And...

All the shades in between.

To see the unyielding beauty in this Autumnal death,

This restores and inspires me.

The crisp & crunch of dry leaves,

The snap of twigs, the bracken,

The crack & crumble of dry seed pods beneath my feet.

To see Sarah & Kim outwitted by the squirrels,

Searching for conkers with Eva, Amidst the mulch of the trees.

From earth, to the tree
From the branches,
To the return to the soil of spent leaves.
From this perfect Autumnal death,
Will spring forth a new beginning
And...
This knowledge nourishes & uplifts me.

All is calm, and I am at ease
And...
As my thoughts return to the 26th January
I recall,
As it was in the beginning
In the end,
So, shall it be.
And...
All is calm, and I realise, that I am now at peace.