

*my sole barely touches upon
the silence of the woods
leaves whisper in my footsteps
I reside in their secrecy
searching for a door*

*the door of the forest
is of light and shadow
so thin, so ephemeral
the gap between two slender bodies
sky-high, yet contained
in the scale of a cathedral*

*the forest weaves me
into its own flesh
entangled in branches and leaves
we become a woven fabric
of shadow and breath*

*the room of the forest
is a rock to lean against
it is a pause in the rhythm of trees
and it is a meadow
a space in-between*

*walking the forest
I'm aware of its endlessness
even though I cannot see
beyond a few trees
I'm walking the fragment
and so, I touch the whole*

*and as I walk, my eyes
unconsciously caress the barks
the lines of my palms
recognize their kin
in the wrinkles of the woods
as I touch their skin*

*thinning out the woods
the sun rays seeped deeper
in my veins I felt soothing
warmth as searching for their source
my feet unconsciously took me closer
in the waves of light
I stood lighter, thinner
thinned out of thoughts my mind
freely wondered in front of
a mirror I stood
at the transition of land to water*

*I was invited to step closer, to swim
as if the lonely stairs leading me in
would be the entry to the building
on the other side of the pond
as if touching the water
I was already in
my wet feet gracefully stepped
out on sun warmed
soft rounded stones
the cold water dripped down
and seeped back into the pond*

*the steps grew upwards like rocks
rising by the shore of the ocean
as I reached the top
their water wrinkles smoothed out
in a cave like tunnel, surrounded by stones
for a moment I paused and turned around
unable to decide if I was inside
or was it only transit
a gate to the forest behind*

*towards the woods
the walls thinned out
and the heading was replaced
by the canopy of the trees
on the wall the opposite side
the slender rhythm wrapped around
it continued inside
the deep green hues of the woods
transformed to warm colours of sunrise
I felt protected and energized*

*red and orange tones, like flames
danced as in an ancient cave
they brought back dim memories
of togetherness, of being safe.
a deep, dark cove on my left
drew me towards its buried secrets
and I left the light for the dark*

*with every step
I could hear less
the whisper of the forest*

*with every step
I sank deeper
in my consciousness*

*the steps
seemed to disappear in darkness*

*my fingertips
caressed fossilized wrinkles for guidance*

*the door
heavy and cold
was hardly moveable*

*it opened to will and force
as a seed grows
towards the source*

*above and below was marked
by a subtle change of material*

*light seeped through
the thinning wall*

*underground. buried like a memory
squeezed. enclosed.
earth, my second skin, surrounds me
the wrinkles of time continue to guide
in the darkness of the corridor
I have but one way to go
towards the light*

*underground. meandering shelves
akin to intricate systems of roots
reach towards the light, upwards
their slender bodies seem to oscillate
in the wandering sunrays that permeate
the grains of soil at the surface
scattered flickers of light from above*

*towards the far end of the room
orange hues of light brighten
the space feels less enclosed
a deep purple wall gently reaches out
its palm full of seeds the warm light
awakens them from their dream*

*wedged between forest and rock
towards the sky upwards
always upwards
just like the mountain climbs
the southern sunlight illuminates the
stairs
paints them dancing yellow
they are steep and long
yet I walk fast, almost run up
curious what awaits me above*

*the stairs lead me into dense shroud
I'm as a bird
inhabiting the flesh of the woods
their fragrant scent touches my soul
I sing cheerful tunes
and the forest responds
it feels lighter to be up here
to levitate between trees and clouds*

*the hall to the right
a refreshing shower with dim blue light
clears my mind
by the door I sit down
hesitant to enter
I sense another world
will open up inside*

*heavy wooden door
deep blue
my eyes softly caress the grains of the
wood
they stand out on the smoothness of the
wall
the door handle is cold
I enter in silence*

*a soft cloud of clothes
welcomes me warmly
I also hang my coat
the length of the space
takes me along
inside a long corridor
like a gust of wind
I'm absorbed
to learn, to explore*

*a river of thought
I flow towards the far end of the room
like sediments along the banks
smaller spaces and rooms reside
on the borders of my movement
the further I flow
the deeper I sink into silence*

*a forest of shelves
I walk among
the flesh of the woods
is made of books
the slender web of the forest
is growing through the roof*

*light enters in-between the trees
shining through the dense foliage
the woods appear more slender
as I step on the bank of the river
and begin searching for a book*