

# FOREST SCENES IN MANY DIFFERENT LIGHTS

## PART ONE: ENCOUNTER

Solitary spirit that I am, and  
The keeper of your trees,  
How I ride the ancient rides  
Through distant memories.

Leader of the Wild Hunt  
Blasting through the leaves,  
Echoing the wild winds  
From ever distant seas.

I race across the night sky,  
I chase the setting sun.  
I am that strange phosphoric light -  
I am the only one -  
Flying and scattered bright  
Above your forest crown,  
And woven through primeval depths  
That interlace your roots. I am  
The elemental gown  
Of your home  
Town.

I am the antlered ghost.  
Betrayed and cursed, dismissed  
Was I,  
Banished to the four winds and left alone to die.

Now, enveloped in the eerie mists  
And cloaked in bark and hide,  
I ride the ancient rides  
Of time  
And take refuge in that  
Mighty  
Oak  
Of  
Mine.

So, my stranger friends,  
I roamed amongst you then.  
And you wandered through  
The known unknown  
And unfamiliar throne  
In this familiar  
Home.

Alone,  
But not alone,  
I came to be at one.  
To hear the heartbeat of your place.  
To feel the warmth of your womb,  
And to listen to  
The Moon.

Cont.



And at dusk  
We walked together,  
You and I, and  
In joyful companionship we  
Bathed in the wonder  
And the beauty of your forest.

With lights  
And by the ever-changing light.  
Always there, as  
The Moon came and went from view,  
And Venus,  
With her love and beauty too.

We journeyed together  
You and I,  
Gently through the layers  
Of time and trees,  
Of lives, love and our landscapes  
Of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

And now,  
From afar – here, but there -  
Always there,  
I weave together these words for you.  
Words recalling the essence  
Of our connected experience.  
Words recalled  
From the memories of those three moments.  
Moments within moments,  
Memories of memories  
Shared.  
And the magic of our encounter.  
I came from afar, yet near,  
To here.  
To hear, to see, to smell, to taste  
To touch the dreaming feeling forest  
For the first time  
Here.

I came to see your place  
With you.  
And for you to see your place  
With me.  
And for us to share that which lies here,  
there, everywhere,  
And within us all.

I came to walk with you.  
To talk with you.  
To exchange life, love and  
Little stories  
To hear your special voices  
As footsteps through the forest.

I came to be immersed with you,  
To listen to a different silence.  
To learn of lives lived  
And those to be,  
And to absorb the fragrance  
Of our wandering scents.

I came to seek a new sense of it all,  
To feel and comprehend  
The landscape  
And the trees,  
The life and the souls.  
And that which makes your forest world  
and you

Unique.

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## PART TWO: FOREST

From three starting points  
To three different worlds  
We walked,  
Together, You and I.

Within the same world.  
Through three different woodland worlds  
At three separate moments in March.

Three different landscapes at dusk.  
Different in space, form, scale and light,  
Different surfaces and soil, shapes and  
shadows, sounds and silence,  
Different souls searching, ghosts dancing,  
Stories sharing and self-discovering.  
We didn't need to march in March

To claim

Unfamiliar experiences  
In familiar,  
Yet beguiling and unfamiliar places,  
With familiar  
Yet unfamiliar faces.  
All different  
And illuminated by joy.  
The sparkle.  
In a host of smiles emanating warmth  
And curiosity.  
Yet all different.

In

That layering of experience, connection  
and sensory perception,  
That layering of place, time, history and space,

That density and lightness  
In the darkness,  
Amongst the defiant trees and gentle leaves  
With your stories and memories  
Shared three times over.

Three moments.  
Three woodlands.  
The same, and so different.  
But we knew we were here in your place,  
Not there, in their strange place.  
Your place.  
Your woodlands.  
Your world.  
That asks for nothing in return  
Except respectful exploration  
In this unfamiliar light.

Your place.  
Your heart.  
Your home  
That asks for nothing in return  
Except for love, self-love and compassion,  
Every day and every night.

Your place.  
Your love.  
Your life  
That asks for nothing in return  
Except yourself.

Three woodlands. Connected.  
Three parts of the whole.  
Integral to your place, if not your life.  
Three elemental moments  
Of collective contemplation and self discovery.  
Three treasured gifts  
Shared  
Amongst the most natural gift of all.

Sharing stories of picnics past,  
Of kicking leaves,  
Of surprise and delight,  
Of childhood and growing old,  
Of sledging.  
Of giant gnarly roots,  
Of beetles, bugs and bats,  
Broom and bluebells  
And the first flush of spring.  
And back again,  
To  
Admire the marks etched in trees long ago  
Of past loves,  
In the present moment.  
Of handstands and rope swings and hiding.  
Of snowdrops silently sleeping.  
Of care, compassion and love of  
The landscape.  
Of freedom, danger and escape  
From the hustle  
And bustle  
And burdens  
Of the everyday.

And you have this to  
Lose yourselves in.  
The lucid knowledge of the trees.  
No time to lose.  
So wonder at the wonder of it all.  
The wonder of a wander through it all.  
A wander through the cathedral spires  
Of converging pine,  
Of oak, of ash, beech and birch,  
Holly, hazel, chestnut, mosses, lichens and yew;  
The spirit and magic of  
Yew.

And the wonder of  
You.  
Amongst them.  
And us.  
Wandering and wondering,  
Lost and found.  
Alone but not alone and  
At one with the birds and the trees  
And the earth and the hoots of the owls  
Borne upon the same wind  
That used to sigh through  
The old Windsor Great Forest.

As the world keeps turning,  
And the distant tides ebb and flow  
To the silent tune  
Of our ever-present Moon.  
She keeps her watch  
Suspended in the passage of time.  
And the ambient hum,  
And the ever-present orange glow.  
The seasons come and go  
And come again.  
Like day and night  
Darkness and light  
And the ever-present, ever-changing hues,  
Rich colours and deep delight,  
Enrich, entrance and ever change.  
The leaves come and go  
And return again.  
As they do.  
And the deer do too.  
And the rains fall,  
And the sun rises,  
Arcs and dips from view.  
And a white frost coat  
Briefly covers it all.  
Then is gone  
In the blink  
Of an Eye.

# FOREST SCENES IN MANY DIFFERENT LIGHTS

## PART THREE: LIGHT

Wherever we looked  
There was light  
That night.

An iridescence.  
The mysterious essence  
Of ever-changing angles of light Upon the  
ever-changing faces And spaces  
Of those ever-changing places. In light and life,  
Laughter and love,  
Birth, death and decay,  
The ebb and flow, re-born and Filtered through  
The cracks in time.  
Keeping to the rhythm  
And illuminating,  
For a moment, or two, or three,  
Altered states  
Of perpetual motion,  
Emotion  
And transformation.

Here,  
In this place,  
At this moment.  
Now gone.  
But still present  
A cycle, a dream,

A fascination  
Within me.  
Within you.  
And always  
In the trees.  
And, perhaps,  
Inspiring the spirit  
Of a new tradition  
Here.

Wherever we look there is light.  
And now silence.  
Shhh...  
Listen.  
Can you hear it?  
The forest has fallen asleep...

### ENCOUNTER FOREST LIGHT

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