

Strange to Think

Strange to think of this private wood
which those around me never enter.
On soft spring days, I pick my way
between clumps of dancing thoughts
growing beneath the strong oaks of real life.
In summer, the delicate tendrils of dreams
wrap their frail fresh stalks
round the stakes and wires I placed
so carefully there in winter.
In the autumn, their flowers
turn to fruit, round and plump –
some to be picked, some discarded,
some left for another day.
High over the wood
my thoughts and passions circle the trees
hop between branches
sing, sometimes, to those who visit.



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