

## Sacred Ground

by Christina Larson, 2025

Beneath an ancient forest, pine and oaken,  
sun filters through the life-sustaining leaves.  
In pause, with bounding heart from words unspoken,  
I strain to hear truths whispered on the breeze.

Unseen inside, trunk rings tell timely tales.  
In me, age tempo pulses its own beat.  
We've weathered drought, blight, flood, and Cat-4 wails.  
Yet still we stand. These trees, my heart's retreat.

Roots intertwine through earth, beneath, unheard.  
Within my breast, heart thumps its vital sound.  
Boughs branch toward truths unnamed, uncaught by word.  
For every step, we walk on sacred ground.

Each thump-bump searches on its unknown quest.  
where countless trees have risen, lived, then died.  
My autonomic pulse beats none the less  
to nature's archetype hidden here inside.

Leaves undulate in questions as they fall,  
each leaf, a prayer the past ones understand.  
A longleaf pine gives perch to birds in call.  
My heart pounds to the rhythm of this land.

Life's question marks in endless ponder grow,  
in curving arches branching overhead.  
My heartbeat asks of truth we cannot know.  
Our consciousness links living with the dead.

For now, I stand in wonder, struck and still.  
where every beat asks how I'm best to be,  
accompanied by ancient woodland's thrill.  
Wind hints in whispers, "Life's a mystery."