

A Brown Nutshell of All Things Natural by Joshua Service

My eyes blind shut, so my ears can listen.
I recognize the swaying deciduous tree
branches, as the leafy canopy whispers.
My eyes open once more to see the Sun
gradually disappear, step by step.
It will never feel real to sit & watch

the silhouettes from moonrise to smiling Sun.
The insightful birds will closely listen
for he who quietly, soundly whispers
or makes a small, inconsequential step.
Without disillusion, the bird watching
will flee, utterly bounding from its safe tree.

I make my stay where I find most rays of Sun.
Golden thread streams through every cluster of trees,
every thread being thinner than whispers
that are so quiet, it's hard to listen.
The wind wavers in staggering steps;
it tosses even harder, as I watch.

The leaves of each and every deciduous tree
tint and fall in the autumn, step by step.
The floor is littered with colorful whispers,
and so it satisfies to listen
to the crisp crunch, like a tick-tocking watch,
shattering in the brilliant, radiant Sun.

Look out and make sure to keep a close watch,
For when clouds hide away the living Sun,
you'll surely hear the loud, undying whispers
of the white ashes that breeze through the trees.
I cannot help but intently listen,
as the powder scrunches beneath each step.

At night, I make out the crickets' whispers,
since I'd rather hear tell than first hand, watch
the time slowly move forward in shallow steps.
So, here I lay, ever still, just listening
as the world goes 'round in circles, and the Sun
rains shadows on the old, forgotten trees.

The Sun continues on with shrewd whispers
that step like kindled fire, among the trees.
Long have I listened; yet, the ticks stop on my watch.