

Today I share with you a poem written after a trip to the Florida Everglades. The trip was guided by a knowledgeable and nurturing man who is a member of the Miccosukee Tribe. He told us of his family's reverence for and intimate relationship with...the land. May it inspire you to embrace, explore and cherish Mother Nature.

Hammock

White water lilies
Floating flower
Seemingly unattached and
Soaking solo
But, connected to everything

Billowing blades of sharp grass
Swishing with wishes
While the clicking
Throat of an unseen frog
Keeps time

I wonder which creeping creature
Crafted the silver web I see
Woven before me, waiting
To catch the next fallen ray from
Father sun

It is spun. I am spun
With stories of the tribe
He tells me of his clan
How all life forms
Have something to tell us

Listen to the water
Listen to alligator
Grasshopper and hammock
Listen to the whooshing
Hissing hot
Wind rearranging my skin

While hunched and heavy
Ancient branches dip
Creaking
Like Grandfather's
Rocking chair


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Serving you
Poems to go
Words that feed
Heart and soul