

An invitation to inquire about my personal work purpose through a solo walk in nature

A stroll away from the group towards an open green field silent with a path of trees forming a grand posture

An attraction, a shift of view point, and the eyes find a unique tree standing with grace in its difference from the others, calling me

My feet steady, my chest opens to the breeze, walk with attention in the direction of nature's trees

Upon arrival to the shade of the branches of my tree, my heart opens; my tears flow as I recognize my oneness with its presence

The tears of love on my cheek transform to water drops falling from a vast blue sky full of essence

I connect with what's there for me in that eternal moment with deep appreciation

Knowing that the truth in nature is communicating through my intuition

My wholeness seeks to embrace the trunk of my tree – a reflection of me – a gateway

My body responds and slips under the barbed wire to enter a new pathway

A hug to earth's life in history; turns my sight to one stump, cut yet longing for the warmth that enlivens the greenness around it

Upon arrival, scattered blocks of wood invite my hands to rearrange – a new form emerges; a perfect fit

The diamond shape, the jewel of life, protected by a frame that loves it

A perfect seat, the stump does offer, with a white radiant heart shape hidden underneath the left over block protecting it

My lower body grounded on the surface that appeared

My wholeness finding comfort in the heartfelt beat of nature's life as all thoughts disappeared

The dampness of the forms took shapes of smiles, eyes and mysteries on the lines of five extensions into the world of unity

Bringing closeness and an inspiring intimacy

The awareness of the forest I entered suddenly struck

The stance made me see the light at the end of the heavily packed woodland, taking me safely as I moved with an instant pluck

The steps stood still in front of a reverse L confidently upright

A sign for me to see the hidden walking stick that will stay with me to guard the trip – the flight

The land covered with newborns witnesses the bodies of trees so alike
lacking diversity and openness
A closer look shows a break where the sun shines inviting righteousness

A higher stump, my destination, maybe
My walking stick, a map my wholeness relating to fullness inside this lady

The roots now join, togetherness, collectiveness arise
n – my inspiration, inscribed on the platform of a nature so wise

My country, I see in the sea of blueness amongst the abundance of land
An image, a conversation comes from the silence of that it withstands

V – victory to open the path for bringing the breath of life into the ordinary
The sculpture, my story, welcomes my first adulthood artistic creativity -
Swanhy

A pause, a realization that this is not where I stop
I continue and continue until I find myself reaching the visible light – a genuine
crop

The time to return arrives .. and with it the sun shines its rays on the new trail
that is there for me

Back to the barbed wire, the back hunches and almost slips to find the
walking stick supporting the body to the other end, as it leaves the hand to
stay in the field where it belongs for me

I stand like the beginning under my tree
Acknowledging the conversation and the truthfulness in my journey

Diversity, difference, acceptance, courage, tolerance, service and love my
sustainable anchors to nurture
A gateway, newness, creativity, leadership and collective social field my way
forward now into the future