

A Walk In The Woods  
by Thacher Formisano

I know a walk in the woods.

I know my sneakers grip the muddy ground, with a hue of green pine needles, and brown dead leaves.

The incense of swampy, green waters,  
the smell of sap dripping down the cracks of the pine tree.

I know a walk in the woods.  
The sound to my ears of the woodpecker tapping the bark.  
The rustling of deer hooves crunching the dead leaves under them.

I know a walk in the woods.  
The taste of the early morning dew on the tip of my tongue.

The touch of binoculars to my face, making a crease mark around my eyes.

The landscape filled with deer and birds circling the sky.  
The seldom sight of turtles sunbathing on a rock.

I know a walk in the woods.