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The Enigma of a Forest It's a place where things grow and prosper, equally as bright as it is dark, like a fiery horizon with its noble posture, without an ending nor a start. Through ages it has withstood, constantly present as it hides, always to be known but never understood, have people even tried? And unbeknownst to prying eyes, is that which takes place under its vibrant canopy, a whisper dwells in oaks and pines, shrouded in mystery. So when walking next to root and tree, be wary of that which you cannot see; beneath your feet the secret lies, to that which lives and breathes and dies. Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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