

## **A Gentle Stroll Through the Forest**

by Roy Mackpenfield

The journey of life could easily describe, a reflection to a gentle stroll through the forest, observing nature in full control, where sapling plants streak towards the heavens, where bluebells display their colourful blooms, and field-mouse sort sanctuary amongst the matted vines of giant trees, where cascading lights of a warming sun light-up those areas hidden in the dark and bring to life, the beauty of those funguses, we love to harvest.

Carpet in fallen leaves, every inch of floorspaces creates the homes to creepy crawly. Heavy weighted moving feet collide the leaves with crushing noise, displaying commotions like those of a New Year's celebrations, disrupting a silence seldom experienced.

The reality of life seems miles between, not as simple as a walk in the forest. No one says the forest has not got stunned, nature had its moments when the blustering wind, swept clean its floor, whipping out its bluebells, displace the home of insects and creepy crawly, its lightning strikes, ripped through branches, set ablaze its creation and carnage to its dwellers.

Yet, within an instant, nature restores the forest, new life emerges amongst its fallen leaves, fields of bluebells with blooms twice as beautiful, cover a landscape of mystery and beauty. How nature works, we yet to understand, and, questioning the reason why, will remain the mystery we dare to solve.