

QUICKENING

The trees were whispering,
Breathing down my back,
Tempting me to wander down
Their old, forgotten tracks.

They tugged at my hem
Like a unrelenting child,
Their words were words of innocence,
But their thoughts were truly wild.

Rootlings danced before my eyes,
Singing moonlit rhyme.
I sat upon a sycamore stump
While the leaves spun in time.

Branches whisked me up
And laid me in their nest,
Wrapped me in star-bedizened sky,
And put my head to rest.

But when the sun had risen,
I sat up in my bed,
The forest's sounds and trees and leaves
Were only in my head.

I walked across the room,
But something caught my eye,
The splintered bark from a sycamore.

I held it and I smiled.



By Emma Groome, Pontesbury, Shropshire.
The poem is based on the drawing **Out of the Night a
Shadow Passed** (1928).