

Return from the Woodland Journey

Panychida

... and then she left again,
left her light shining in the silence of the night...
... through the woods and spacious fields...
...I was gone again, I was gone to reach my land,
over the seas and hills, where my grave shall sadly stand...
These feelings to me are sacred, though like mountain views are
changing,
when in clouds the tops are veiled.
Sacral moments when those trees embrace me, like lovers they re
late,
when in forest we share our secrets.
Those mysteries of life...listening to their stories, through t
heir branches
whispering.
(And mine) I drop within their leaves with voice gently shiveri
ng, we share our
common breeze.
There in the woodland the path goes winding,
as we walk up and down the hills.
Precious to me is this sacred journey,
till my heart at home stands still... silently still.
There are no trees to speak to me,
where my heart stands still,
where my heart stands still.
...and then she left again,
left her light shining in the silence of the night ...
These feelings to me are sacred, though like mountain views are
changing,
when in clouds the tops are veiled.
Sacral moments when those trees embrace me, like lovers they re
late,
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