

Wilderness

Sleeping at Last

Dear wilderness, be at your best.
Her armor is thin as the fabric of her dress.
I know the rules: the weaker trees bend.
But make her immune
When your temper storms in.

When she gains her balance,
Be as still as you can be.
When she's climbing branches,
Be the feathers underneath.

When she regains her balance,
Be as steady as she needs.
When she trusts you blindly,
Be her worthy lock and key.

Though it goes against
Every grain of your sand,
Like turning wolves
Into lambs,
Be your best for her,
Your best for her.

When she holds her balance,
Be as gentle as she needs.
When she shines her brightest,
Let no dark cloud intervene.