

Poetry written as shinrin yoku studies.

Dedicated to the woods where I am learning shinrin yoku
and those who reside within.

Garlic

Forest Bathing Poems

by Julian Langer

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I arrive in one of my

woods

To find a sea of

garlic

Has risen like a tide &

flooded

The scene with wild

fury

Like the rising seas

visiting

With the song of

global warming

Garlic Breath

I am rarely happier

Than with the smell on my breath

When walking

After eating wild garlic leaves

And tame, overly socialised, ultra-domesticated
featherless bipeds keep their distance

I feel feral and free

Names

Purple strips

Silver skins

Hard necks

Elephant

Bear

Soft necks

Rotambole

&, my favourite, ramsons who grow for miles
around my home

Domesticated

Farmed, domesticated,

Captured & assimilated

Into totalitarian agriculture

Mass produced, as produce

For consumerist

Consumption

Industrialised hyper-exploitation

Factory farmed

Garlic

Not living individuals

Medicine

Health enriching

Sulphur compounds

Like allicin

Feeding the body

To heal

To be well

What a gift!

I eat this & live with the

Discomfort of no ethical

Options for surviving

Too-fucking-late-krapitalism

Wild

I fucking

Love

Wild garlic!

Diaspora

The garlic crescent

From the Tian Shan Mountains

Brought to Mesopotamia

Then Egypt, China & Greece

Displaced by civilisation

Now growing around the world

I notice my empathy

Thinking of myself as a Jew

Here I sit surrounded by

Ramson garlic

Observing that we are not

Indigenous or native to this land

Yet here we are are

Here we live