

Poetry written as shinrin yoku studies.

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

Holly

Forest Bathing Poems

by Julian Langer

Evergreen

I do not have adequate words

To express my appreciation

For these plants

Who hold their colour

Whose bodies stay strong

Throughout winter's harshness

Through darkness and cold

In my-being

I try to find a space

That is evergreen

It is not always visible

And can be hard to find

But within my primal animal

There is a forest that is evergreen

Perhaps shinrin yoku is an attempt

To help others find the evergreen forests

That live within their being

Fight

These are not gentle beings

They are not tender or soft

They are not easily handled

They are strong and tough and harsh

I am fond of those

Who have fight within

& do not hide this

But are who they are plainly

If I were to take

A holly leaf

& try to tear

& smell the phytoncides

I would need to do battle

With sharp weapons

& harsh skin

In a landscape dominated by a culture at war

Against the living world, holly

Strikes me as a warrior plant.

Wild!

Neither chaotic nor ordered

There is a wildness to holly bodies

That is somewhat incomprehensible

But undeniably there

I sit and gaze

Unable to figure it out

Loving the confusion

This place has gifted me

Bird Berries

I do not eat

These berries

I see them

As food for birds

Not for me