

Poetry written as shinrin yoku studies.

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

Oak

Forest Bathing Poems

by Julian Langer

Acorn

Tiny acorn

Rain & soil

Earth & death

Sun & wind

Here has become

This giant oak tree

A Friend

A friend

A beautiful, gentle, loving, caring
friend

Called me an oak tree

& my heart shone

For the gift of this name

Philip

Often when thinking

of oak trees

I think of Philip

& the oak by the stream

near our houses

& feel gladness & gratitude

that he is one of my fathers

Ents

Tolkein's walking

Talking trees

Inspired by oaks

Such as these

Gods

I can appreciate oaks

As Druidic Gods

While not worshipping them

But meeting them as friend &
tribe

& appreciating time with those
who regard them as divine

9,000 Years

With ice age's end

Oak made home here

9,000 years ago

& for 4,000 years

This archipelago was

A giant oak forest.

With the neolithic

Totalitarian agricultural-revolution

Wild oak wood fell

& again, as Rome brought

Modernity & the Anglo-Saxons

Continued the revolutionary Cause

I long for reforestation

I love every oak I meet

Oak Medicine

Bark & acorns: traditional remedies for those who have been poisoned.

I Want To Become-Oak

I want to become-oak

In life & death

In thought & deed

So my breath

May be breath to others

So I may be home, habitat and food

To countless individuals

So I may be strong

Through all storms

As I sit

& meditate

Beneath these trees

I am becoming

Oak tree