

David Wagoner

Lost

Stand still,
the trees ahead and bushes beside you
are not lost.

Wherever you are
is called here,
and you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
must ask permission to know it
and be known.

Listen,
the forest breathes it whispers:
I have made this place around you,
if you leave it
you may come back again, saying here...

Here,
no two trees are the same to raven,
no two branches are the same to wren.
If what a tree or a branch does is lost on you,
then you are surely lost.

Stand still,
the forest knows where you are.
You must let it
Find you.