

Frank

Listen to the birds chirp away

Fresh air

breeze

Good walk

Birds chirping away

Trees, Breeze

Arthur's seat

Sitting on a seat

Listening to birds

chirping away

Roses grow in gardens

Plants need watering

On a regular basis

Watch them grow

Watch the rabbits

Listen to the birds' chirp

Listen to the birds chirp away

Fresh air

breeze

Good walk

Birds chirping away

Trees, Breeze

Gary

Birds whistling

Nice breeze

Blue Sky,

Scots Pine Trees

and Forestry

Matthew

As you feel the wind blow through the trees
And hear the different birds sing
We know that spring has come
It makes you smile,
as brighter days have yet to come.
It connects you more to nature
And seeing the flowers bloom
It gives you hope,
That you too
could be reborn

That you too
could be reborn
With the blue sky
and the fluffy clouds
floating
in the sky above
It just fills you with peace
And as you sit in the shade
You see the shadow of trees
flickering on the grass
Which gives me goose bumps,
That nature is so beautiful.

George

Embraced by nature

Interrupted by cars

Free birdsong all day

No Admission

Living flooring

Non-geometric wood

Birds flying at height

Entangled branches

Birdsong duet

The sound of walking

on the green and brown leaves

Both living and the dead

the dead are noisy,

the living ... are quiet.

Oz

Slow breath

Wind rest

Heart beat

Bare feet

Sunshine

Earth vine

Steep Climb

Where's the line?

Rosalind

Not weary

By the Wells o' Wearie

Forest bathing

Witches,

Women blaming

Rooted

Traditional medicine

wisdom

Broom bushes

Mellow yellow

Whin - Cheery

Hayfever

By the Wells o' Wearie

Heather, weather, together

Collaborative rhymes

Ochre poker joker

Robin Redbreast

Not social with others

Ok to be an introvert

By the Wells o' Wearie

Ralph

Sunlight filtered through
The branches of a tree
Softness of the ground
Letting go of the past
And the future

Calming of the darkened
Quiet places of shade
Feeling emotions
Ready to flow outward
Feeling nature touch my heart

Inner being connected to the earth
Traffic grinding by
Birds fighting to be heard
A myriad of colours underfoot
Reeds and bushes standing
idly by

scent of decay
and rebirth
birds calling to each other
across the treetop
A mild stillness
with cool breezes

Steve

There's blossom
on the cherry trees
There're snowdrops on the hill
The month is surely changing
For winters had its fill
Smiles are getting wider
Joy chasing the frowns away
Young lovers holding hands
As they move closer to say ..

Jojo

Crunching through undergrowth

The gurgle of the burn

Warm sun on my shoulders

A healing balm

Rings of water

Willow branch reflected

Ducks-a-dabbling

A-gobbling

Uprising, dipping,

Sifting sedge,

weed and reed

Teacher! Teacher!

calls the great-tit

Well, You teach me

Little bird,

your tiny bill holds the trees secrets

there's woodland wisdom in your song

Drifting weed

Floating moss

Wrapping round the sun's reflection

In that dark pool

That once was

A sacred well

That soothed

The weary traveller

Jude

Ivy Clinging to the tree

Racing green

Fallen branches

Silver Birch

Leaning right

Brook

Stone wall with greys and reds

Trees coils, new seedlings

Trees, floor of twigs

Snapped braches

Leaves and fir

Spindles

Three young trees

Branches entwined

Smallest one wraps

around the biggest

Biggest one's branches extend

Shades of green

Browns and yellows

Pinecones, daffodil

Shoots

Ali

Flies pausing to bathe
in the sun.

Carpet of moss on a log

Brilliant blue of the sky

Very gentle breeze that

Tickles the leaves.

Birds chattering in the canopy above, conversing.

Wasp investigating the stump of a tree

that's been violently bereft

of the rest of it.

Ivy climbing towards

the glaring sun.

Water silently trickling through a gully.

A fat bumblebee buzzing

upwards through the branches.

A sea of vibrant yellow gorse.

Dead leaves crunching underfoot noisily.

Ivy shadow looking back at me.

The beat of the sun as it

breaks through the trees.

Delicate white blossom

punctuating the greenery.

A thread of spiders silk

glistens in the sun

Joanna

Hey Rabbit!

Don't scurry away in fear,

In such a hurry.

Don't disappear, don't worry

Oh dear!

Like you, I'm only here for the peace.

I'm making it a habit, wee rabbit

to stand quite still,

like these reeds

And watch and sway

Once a day at least

Slow like a rush

Hey Bird!

I hear you twitter away in joy

For all your chatter,

Don't fly off, all a-jitter

Oh my!

Like you, I'm only here for the song.

I'm making it heard, wee bird

that I'll stand still

Like these trees and rest and grow

once a day at least

Soft like moss

Emma

Everything around me shimmers and shines

Let's sing with one voice

Be honest, be kind

As the days pass by

The tick of the clock

Reminds us

We have a future

We have a new start

Everything's green

Everything's new

and everything's clean

Lead with your heart

Stay in touch with the air

Hear the wind whisper

Because, you know

this wind cares

Follow your heart and it will take you there

To the place with no judgement

where people care

Everything around me shimmers and shines

Let's sing with one voice

Be honest, be kind

Katherine

I closed my eyes,

Tried to meditate,

I Listened to the birds chirping

It lifted my spirit

I felt calm

With peace of mind

James

I feel the Sun
Look, a hovering Fly
See the bird,
flying in the sky.
There's a bird's nest in the tree,
waiting on an egg.
It's a beautiful day

The trees are so nice
behind the pond,
The water is shimmering
I feel good.
I feel calm.
It's beautiful.

The bark on the tree
Looks like a pattern
In dots and stripes
spiky teasle, blowing gently
In the Spring breeze
It's a beautiful .

I see nettles
I've seen them before
They jagged me when I was a boy
Loads of times!
and we'd find dock leaves to soothe the pain.
That was long ago

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I touched a tree
Its bark was scarred
I soothe the tree,
and the tree soothes me
it's all so beautiful

The first leaves of spring
opening on the willow tree,
as the birds sing.
The moss is sinking
by the twinkling water
It's a beautiful day.

I jump over the burn
I feel good being here
The sky, so nice.
The sun comes out again
The yellow flowers
hang over the wall
It's a beautiful day

Aye it's a beautiful day,
I would come back of course.
for another beautiful day.

Stevie

Ate too much Pakora,

Ate too much cake,

So, I'll lie here

And a poem I'll make:

I can see the trees.

And I'm not moving,

The weathers great,

My brain is grooving.

Ralfie

I come to Mother nature
in my need for comfort
Life is relentless
A war of attrition

The sunlight on face
soothes the wounds
A breeze enfolds me
in her arms
Like the gentle caress of
a half -forgotten love.

The colours of the forest
are a soothing display
Like the hypnotic spell
of the dying embers of the fire

The music of the trees
takes me on a journey
To a better place
Where there is
no more striving

I can wait here
For my end
With a full heart

Alastair

As I walk along the path so green

To a place that

I have never been

The sun so bright

Just feels so right.

With the silver trees

And the sound of bees

It's a happy place

I'm glad I came

And now I know

Everyone's name

Karen

Beautiful Day

Through blue skies

Cotton Clouds

Sun shines

Looking round

See the trees

Feel the breeze

Waving free

Birds chirping

In perfect tune

Time for us

To settle down

Picnic basket

Going around

Food and drink

For everyone

What a beautiful day

All is sound.

Nila

The voice of the wind,
And the colour of grass
Makes me happy.

Listen to little Bird's
Sing-song,
giving me joy

Looking
at my reflection
in the water
it makes me smile.
when I look up
at the sky
and see the lovely cloud
Travelling,
Floating,
towards the sea,
To bring the water

+ original in Sanskrit script to come

Frankie

Birds Flying

Seagull in Sky

Trees Blowing

People walking by

People walking around

Arthurs Seat

Flowers growing

By twin rocks

Pond watch

Ducks swimming

Bicycle gliding

on the path

Bull in the field

Guarding sheep.

People sitting down on a log

Light a fire

Baked tatties !

Hazel

The sun smiles on our backs

My horse gallops on

While I cling to the saddle

His ears flicker

-often -

Questioning

“Why should we go so slow?

just let me fly away with you

Exulting at our pace

In the morning haze

We return to the sandy shore

He thanks me

As he snatches

a bite of grass

to graze!

Ant

Dusk

Sitting

watching the shadows

As the dusk, she breaks

the days long flow

Time is time

And she is mine

I give her all

And treat her fine

The light

Is as clear

As the night

Ignoring those who talk of fright

As ying is ying

And yang is yang

A guest of time

Here I stand

Watching the sun

Go down