

CATHEDRAL

my cathedral is a forest
what peace there may be to discover
I feel here
in the cool hush of pine needles
abstract art of moss

among storeys of cut-glass sunlight
my eyes follow oak spires skyward
a canopy of new leaves

forgiven by the skilful drape, curve
of branch, creatively jagged ridges
of bark, filigree of leaf
elegant outline of petal

it is tangled, muddy, wild
flawless
I don't have to kneel
and all are welcome here

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