

# Misty

07-07-2025

**A Taggerty writer**

**Third prize, Poetry: 2025 Marysville BookNest writing competition**

The Earth is still,  
Dormant in time.

Moist,  
Damp,  
Enveloping.

Silence,  
Silence,  
Endless silence . . .

Is this a blanket of despair,  
Or a moment to hold and nurture?

I sense an opportunity to breathe,  
Settle,  
And be.

No gratification of an endless blue sky here;  
I ease into the landscape, close and embracing.

Underfoot, the rhythm of the gravel tracks my path  
And echoes through my soul –  
A meditation and a comfort.

Ahead, a sea of greens  
Awash with infinite shades and tones –  
Dewdrops nestle in leaves,  
Nurturing and nourishing.

Mysterious lichens reveal their frilly features,  
Curling upwards like intricate sculptured leaves –  
While their flattened crusty counterparts  
Cling to rocks and fallen logs.

Soft mosses,  
Like fine embroideries,  
Invite the touch of a hand,  
To soothe and calm.

These curiosities of nature,  
Seemingly fragile –  
Yet robust well beyond the summer sun.

Forest fungi,  
Thanking the rain,  
Disclose their intriguing forms.

They are the keepers  
Of a knowledge far beyond our human comprehension,  
And I am reminded,  
We are here for but a moment in time . . .