

Winter Hikes

by Nancy Arrowood

There's a comfort in touching the bare part of a tree,
the bark is always marked with grooves and curves.
Moss plays a game in covering everything that litters our path,
adding greenery to a dull brown that pulls me in every time.
Everything I touch is my favorite part,
from the muck underneath our feet to the logs we jump.
A softness rests in the wondering woods,
knowing home is far away, but beside me yet.
There's a comfort in wading through the creeks,
the clear water soaking against my waterproof shoes.

I gravitate towards you, my body mimicking the pull of what is beneath us,
leaning and getting nowhere.
Nowhere but lost.