

Shadows in the Mist - by Ann Russell, © 2011

Its funny how nature's curves
Accommodate our bodies.
I searched for somewhere to sit
Today, in the bush,
By the triple-tiered waterfall.

The earth told me where to go;
Not the slippery speckled rocks,
Nor the swing of a bough –
While the bank was dank with humus
And fresh morning dew.

My perch was the slope
Of an old tree trunk;
Its top was gone like my first fifty years.
What was left was only a stump
But it held firm; its roots ran deep.

Time had slanted its moss-drenched bark
Back against the hill;
Dappled by dancing swirls
Of lacy tree-ferns above
Sifting subtle whispers from spirits gone before.

Other feet had walked this way,
Moving like the waters
Over ancient stones and
Harkening to the beat of wood-pigeons' wings -
Just shadows in the mist to an old kauri king.

