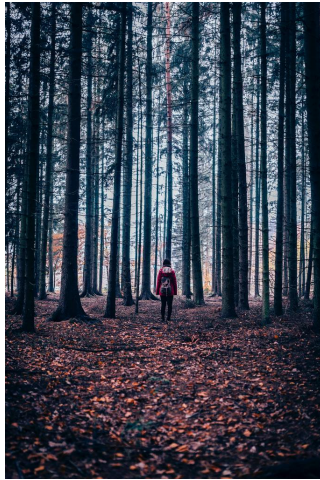


Loners and Nature

by Mary Appophia

ecohoods.wordpress.com/2020/06/22/loners-and-nature

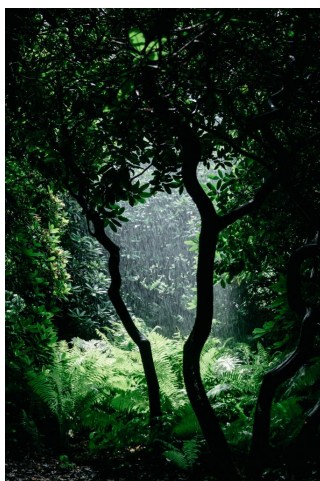
June 22, 2020



Thanks to Julian Schultz for sharing their work on Unsplash.

Loners × Nature

She was a fierce little stubborn girl.
Free spirited.
Born in the woods,
For the woods.
They raised her,
Kept her company,
Often scaring her and intriguing her in equal measure.



Darius Krause on Pexels

On rainy days, she'd sit on wooden windowsills,
Inhale the earthy smell of the rain and watch the rains bathe the plants.
Sometimes when the rain was heavy,

It'd strip the huge eucalyptus trees bare of their dry outer barks to reveal bright and striking colors and patterns underneath.

To be a witness to something strikingly beautiful was always surreal.

Later, she'd collect the fallen barks and pretend that they were tiny little ships.

Then she'd "drive" them in the fast moving surface water runoff. Sometimes she wished that she was one of the passengers in the ships off to foreign far away lands.

Iceland for instance,

She'd read in one of her books that it had snow.

Lots of snow.

She'd have loved the snow.

Or the coast with huge beaches and coral reefs and colorful waters.

Maybe someday she'd travel.

Seek out more nature.



Annie Spratt on Unsplash.

At night, she'd lie down on her back in her little earthy room listening to the whistling trees.

Some nights though they were eerily quiet and they didn't whistle.

On such nights, she'd stay up late lost in a book.

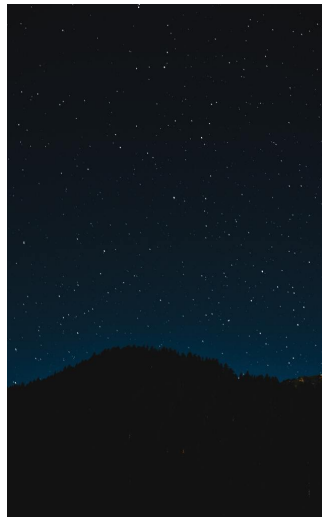
She was always reading something.

When her little eyes would tire she'd fall asleep to the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs.

The songs of the frogs weren't her favorite though.

She'd however giggle thinking about one of reasons the frogs croaked at night.

She'd read that in a book too.



Timothée Duran on Unsplash.

Sometimes when the sky was clear and decorated in stars,
She'd open her window and crawl out. Her dog the only being privy to her nightly
excursions.

She'd bask in the beauty of the stars taking deep inhales of the crisp night air.

It always smelt like fragrant scents made of fruit trees, flowers, mint, tree barks,
cowdung, sheep wool, dry and wet grass and earth note compositions.

Even now, she's always chasing that blend of fragrance.



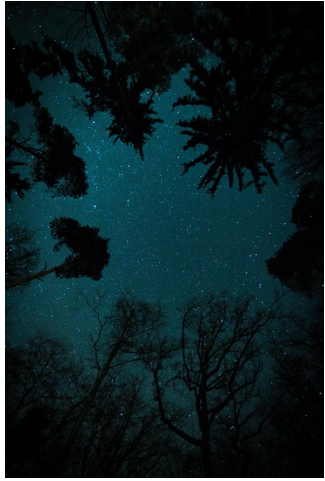
Photo by Seksak Kerdkanno

The clear bright sky fascinated her the most.

Always making the stories in her books come alive,

And always making the stars and the moon seem so close, so much so that when she fell
asleep much later on,

She'd dream that she could touch them.



Max Saeling on Unsplash.

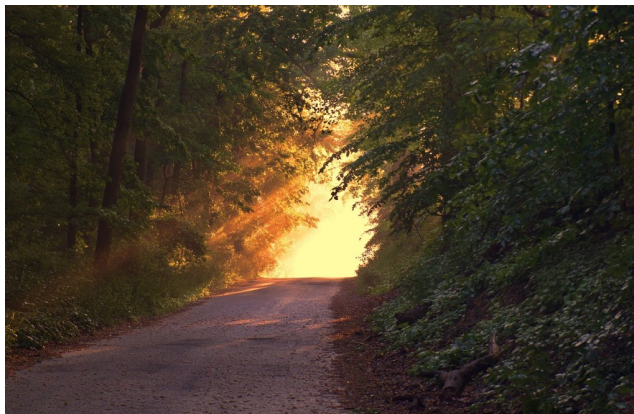
In the early mornings, she'd run to her wooden window again waiting for the sun to bathe the trees in its rays.

Sometimes the rays were red.

Other times they were yellow.

Often though they were orange.

Those were her favorite.



Later in the day she'd venture out to the woods to read a book.

She always chose to sit under trees that had the highest amount of life;

Birds, seeds, fruits, insects, leaves..

But while she sought different hideaway spots everyday, she seemed to always return to her favorite tree.

The fruit tree.

That fruit tree.



In the evening, she'd return home to a head butting greeting from the resident sheep before letting the chickens out from their coop and watching them run wild.

Sometimes she'd join them.

Often times though she'd just sit back and watch them scratch for worms and take dust baths.

Their baths fascinated her.

Messy and dirty.

Then she'd wrap her tiny little arms around her knees waiting for the setting sun to kiss the woods goodbye.

For the night.



Lucas Lenzi on Unsplash.

She is a little bit grown up now but she misses that alot.

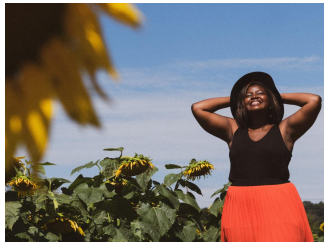
The headbutting with the sheep, the excited shrieks of chicken after they'd been let out, the secret reading spot, the true quiet, the splash of water beneath her bare feet after long rains, the clear skies at night, the clean fresh air, the rising and setting suns...

She misses it all.



Nguyen Thu Hoai on Unsplash.

Maybe if she looks around her she'll find those moments again,
Maybe they are still with her,
Waiting for her to pause and pay attention.
Or maybe, she can re-create them
Or just maybe, she can create new ones.



eyeforebony on @unsplash