

Song of the Forest

- Madison Hattaway

Eagle

I have never known the icy grip of terror. The oppression of land-bound beasts is not familiar to my heart. Free as a bird, perhaps because I am one, I have never experienced the shackles of four legs. I am as close to a spirit as a solid beast can be, for when distant horizons beckon to me, I willingly succumb to their calls and I sing of the magnificent freedom of flight. I have never been one for romance or mystery, because the answers are always within the grasp of my cruel talons. Molten, simmering suns sinking low behind jagged mountains bring the day to a close, stars and the porcelain moon spill out onto the sky and I let my heart roam...

Deer

Melting away like spring snow, all that is left of me is the foot prints made by the cumbersome body to which I am bound. I bound across emerald meadows studded with flowers of brilliant hues like a bird in flight. A wisp of smoke I can be, a glimmer of an inkling with just the slightest suspicion I might possibly not be there. Lost souls often drift through our woods, seeking our ancient song, as if it means something to them. We weave melodies out of love and loss, and rhythm is just the nature of our existence. Inspired by the splendor of the mountains with imposing peaks and snow-frosted caps blanketed in green, my song is a song of beauty.

Mountain Lion

Can you hear my lonely murmured song? Of course not. I am a sinister shadow stealthily prowling through inky blackness of the witching hour with smoldering amber eyes. My heart has become marble for I have lived a harrowing nightmare in which predator falls prey and the innocent return to dust prematurely. I tread this earth with no malice in my heart, but under certain circumstances one must let blisters and sores become calluses. I have seen death, the releasing of spirits from solid states to freedom and oblivion. Free to traverse this forest, among the evergreens with branches raised in exaltation of the glorious day. I think of how lucky they are, to no longer be captive in this figure; death must be bittersweet, so I let my aching heart wander...

Tree

I am the sentinel of the forest; I hail the dawn and usher in the dusk. Many of my kind inhabit this forest, but the burden of watching the lives of all is one we bear individually. I am as old as time, yet I feel older; I sprang up on the damp forest ground many years ago. If there is one thing I have discovered on my time here on this planet, it is that souls have three duties they can fulfill to achieve peace with themselves: they must embark on a life-long journey to discover truths of the world and themselves, and using these truths, they can become all that they can be. The song of the forest is swelling in what seems to be its final crescendo. A trail of destruction and sorrow is approaching our doorstep; we are in the twilight of our glory; we seek harmony all the while.

See bio below:

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Madison Hattaway

A short bio: I live in Kansas; in the suburbs of Johnson County. I would be nature deprived if my parents had not taken faithfully our family out on week-long camping excursions in Colorado's Rocky Mountains every summer. These trips have instilled in me a deep love of nature, and all of her beautiful creatures.