

## Walk Through A Mind-Field

No-one's around as I navigate the  
Idyllic landscape. Serene and tranquil  
I sit beneath a walnut tree, the view  
Sadly marred by a rising office block.

As the lights switch on, the tree quakes. The  
Fissured bark runs red with sap, the  
Grass prickles in sympathy and  
The roots convulse beneath the earth.

Everywhere's pounding and  
Nothing makes sense. The wind  
Shrieks and the sea turns red.  
From the mountain, Pan stares.

Water rises,  
No escape. Air  
Is thin, ground breaks.  
Cut off, fated.

All is dark then all is light. Everything  
Slows and logic is restored. The tree looks  
Worn yet continues to grow. The passion  
Flowers bloom with their harmonising glow.