

A Sensory Stroll



As I walk, I can feel:
the dampness of the humid air as I inhale;
the spongy, uneven ground beneath my feet
and the dewy undergrowth delicately grazing my skin.

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With my eyes, I can see:
foliage in all shades of green
glittering in the sparse rays of sunlight;
plants and shrubs jostling for space
and gushing streams driving relentlessly through the land.

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With my nose, I can smell:
the scent of damp, warm soil absorbing decaying leaves;
the aromas of orchids pushing through
and the clean, crisp, fresh air following a storm.

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With my ears, I can hear:
layers of chirrups from visiting birds;
the whooping bellows and chatters of monkeys
and echoes of thunder behind the splattering of raindrops.

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