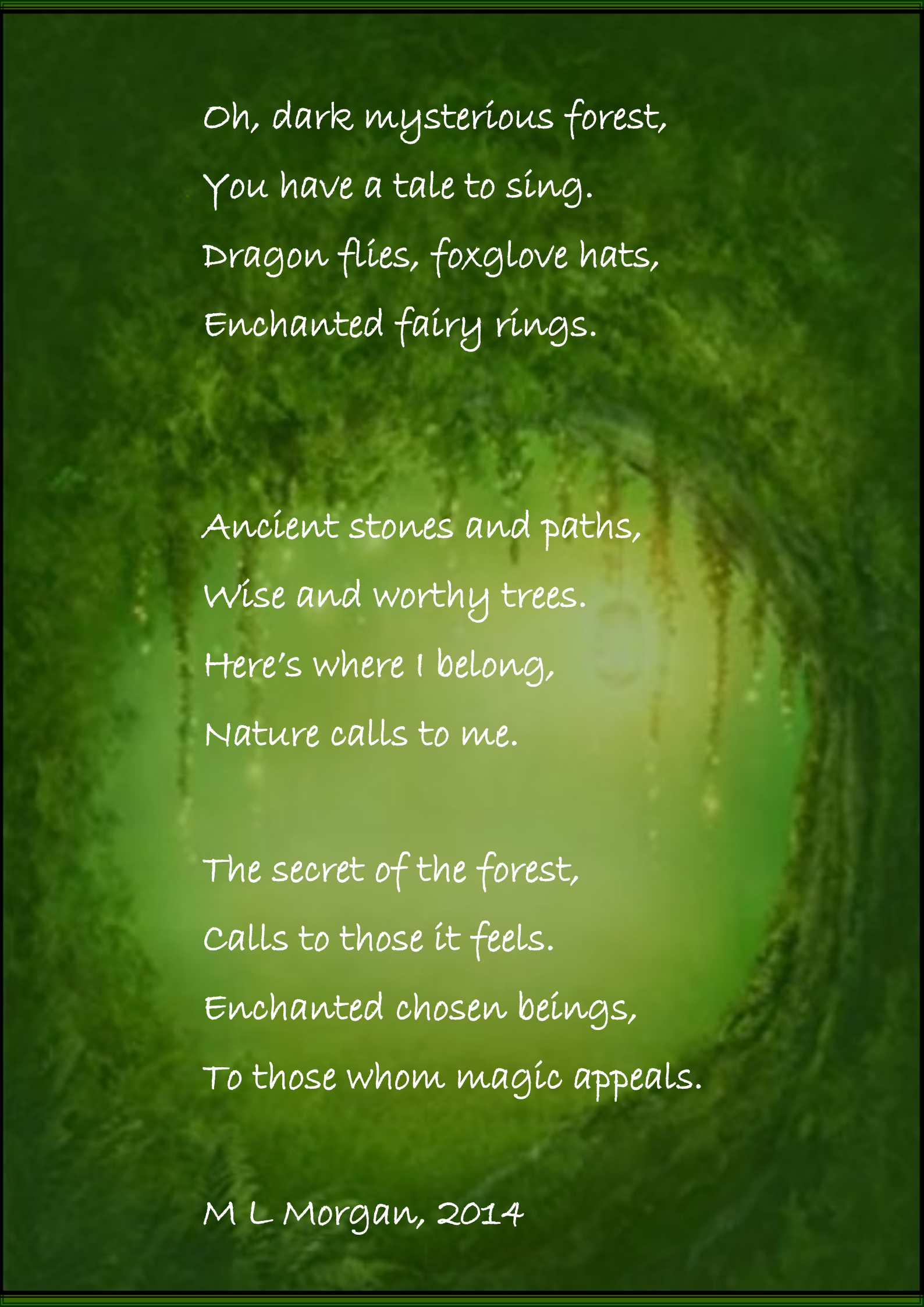


Forest Delights

Tip toe, tip toe,
Careful where you tread.
Spotting all the toadstools,
Little roofs of red.

Looking through the forest,
Unearthing mysteries.
I listen very hard,
To whispers on the breeze.

Deep, deep woodland,
With your magical presence.
Admiring wild flowers,
Captivating essence.



Oh, dark mysterious forest,
You have a tale to sing.
Dragon flies, foxglove hats,
Enchanted fairy rings.

Ancient stones and paths,
Wise and worthy trees.
Here's where I belong,
Nature calls to me.

The secret of the forest,
Calls to those it feels.
Enchanted chosen beings,
To those whom magic appeals.

M L Morgan, 2014