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## Upon a Retreat into Paradise

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## Upon a Retreat Into Paradise

There is a place whose beauty I know;  
Slow steps upon a soft, descending path  
Lead to woods within whose shadows low  
Sleep wanders Nature hides beneath her hand.

A dampened trail whose winding way impedes  
The traveler with moss-capped twigs and stones,  
Provides an ample guide for one who seeks  
A secret Eden to be his, alone.

What coliseum greets the sobered eye!  
What darkened wooded colors overcome the mind...  
A dozen paces further and you've left  
The world of men and voices far behind.

An ancient log with a golden lichen gilt  
Supplies a grande seat than kingly throne.  
This forest, noble kingdom, proudly boasts  
A grandeur of the like no king has known.

Above the patient whisper of a stream  
The songbird's lullaby consoles the ear.  
Reality has fast become a dream.  
This place, it has no name. It's simple here.

This air--untouched, untasted but by me  
Yields up its perfect purity in full  
And bears the perfumed scent of flower and tree  
While gently, softly sings the halcyon lull.

Sweet nature draws her breath, the woodland stirs  
Each swaying limb soon murmurs soft reply;  
She sighs contentedly for all is hers.  
No blade of silken grass could riches buy.

Deep rug of dew-moist needles underfoot  
Absorbs and crackles dimply with each step,  
While further, deeper still the wanderer drifts  
Into this world of silence--dark and wet.

Here can the sleepless mind and body rest  
At last! Upon the ground find true repose,  
Yet, knowing that outside a grey world waits,  
Pricks sharp the soul like thorns upon a rose.

And slowly now, the trail grows thin, is gone.  
(All roads to beauty seem to melt away)  
As Nature's gentle voice implies it's time  
To turn around and walk the other way.

Now steps retraced much slower than the first  
Drag longingly past waterfalls of green  
Which cause an unexplained and quenchless thirst  
For things that lie beyond, for paths unseen.

Now golden glow of sunlight warms the face.  
A greedy world reclaims its captive stray  
And Paradise, deserted, starts to fade  
With rainbows melting. Now, a sea of grey.

The dream grows dimmer, flickers, and is gone.

Joshua Dwier