

The Woodlands

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My mind grows tired of painting concrete the color of moss.

It's hard to find my voice in a cityscape
Sitting against concrete, I decide where to step
I should look for a homeland beyond buildings
Each second resting, my eyes grow northward
Searching for a path that leads away
I do not want to remember any recognizable constructs
This desire to create breaks concrete towers

When golden rings fall from the sun
I will make a trail to the white hill
There, on top I'll ask the ground for a clear mind
When I hear no response, I'll tell myself
"Clarity obtained through isolation,
Have your eyes hunt in the woods for a voice,
And your hands build monuments with principle"

I am exhausted from seeing. No one measures up to true bliss or suffering. Nor do I. I'm just a man with loud thoughts and no tongue. Insincerity fogs the surrounding landscapes. Life simmers in concrete buildings with sunsets painted onto the glass windows. Does anyone know what stands beyond the blocked horizon?

I ask, why do men dream of a home with no mother? To recreate a name that doesn't belong in the woods. Mountain lion doesn't need a name, but still I speak it. I want to be lost in thoughts that need no name. Why do I think I deserve such a space?

I try to stare at clouds with the sun behind them. The breakage of light evokes an escape from an unnatural life. I prepare my mind to leave a constructed habitat and live in the woodlands. My name was given but makes no sense when spoken. This land was born without a name; we gave nature an order. There's no reason to say names in the woods. So I sit and stare at the sun covered by passing clouds. Cover my memories that no longer benefit, but memories are never fully forgotten. This is not a pleasure, but a punishment to the mind.

I'm leaving a place with too many echoes
Voices rebound with heavy weight
There is no space for my mind to speak
An end in the woods will sound a new start

Cityscape is locked
Not trapped but stopped from leaving
Outside remains too uncontrollable to comprehend

Sitting, I have no place that welcomes
No untouched space to recall thoughts
Woodlands, do you hear names called?

Evening's shattered light punctures fast
Lungs filled with dirty ink collapses
Vomit to write names that won't be forgotten

This town acts as a place to rest
Filled with men dreaming of corn and wheat
Satisfied is a word that's branded into veins
None dream of changing their voice
Falling out of dreams keeps me awake

With my brother gone, I have lost my sight of the city. He's no longer here to help me look beyond rising buildings. I cry for my blindness and my brother's absence. I forget if it was I who locked him away or was it the city. The memory of him leaving on his own speaks the truth. Family bonds seem temporary. So I will leave the city to sit. One day, when I can see, I'll come back to create a grave out of concrete and wood.

I'm sorry how our space aches
Your words are kept in this cell
In response, I write you a promise

Brother's words describe him as wooden
He reveals fright of unreachable family
I see his body crumbling with wood rot

None to keep his secrets safe
Tell me what you need to hear, brother
"My unheard shot bounces in depth"

I gave up my father's word
In the process, my brother began to rot
Now, my mother only has faith

Mother can watch her son in a cell
She told me,
She doesn't know what to do without you

Always so separate, we deteriorate
It's more than poorly cast concrete
In the way we break
We raise questions of beauty

I don't believe he died alone
We have no way to know
He's locked in a cell
In his hole, a window opens

Bare feet slip between blades of grass
My mind drifts
To find old daydreams

Church acts as a building
Priest pretends to have an altar
He's just a man with timbers

What's the name of the man who told me to never stop breathing?
Does he hear anything ?
I think he would have a different name,
If he knew the difference between relief and remedy

I want to keep moving
This is my right to never stop
Time matters when it is proven false

Memories show burnt buildings
On borrowed land, I try not to stumble
I blind my eyes with hot ashes

It felt like the town was sitting in fire. It tried to drown, but those who left understood there's not enough space for it to drown. I'll forget it all with my youth. I left a town that smelled of burnt stillness.

I drive to forget my home and I don't want to sell my car.
Gas is too much money. I give it away so I can learn to struggle.
Now I walk until death becomes a callus.
Sky with no light. Woods on horizon. I'm tired.

I walk to the woods alone to find a trail. My past ideas of survival have become something new. The natural will consume any conscious and leave nothing but instinct. With a clear mind, I will build objects that shall stand with nature. They will act as monuments to the discoveries made in silence. My conception of isolation will have a different meaning when they rise. I will learn how to see past the reason for names and live in a sylvan bliss. So I come to you, woodlands. I want you to eat me alive. Show me a nonphysical beauty that none have ever tasted before. Rewrite my name so I can speak for the first time as a proper individual.

I'm a man who wants an empty mind
Hollow, my eyes describe falling light
I enter a space that needs no name or tongue
Each encounter in the wilderness uncovers an unseen trail
Past impressions fade with my disappearing footsteps
This is my way to have a filled mind

A drifting sun follows the horizon on the rising woods
I watch as light collides with the shadows of trees
Emerging pattern paints the direction of my future hours
When time is no longer seen, I head further into the forest
Once surrounded, trees will speak of an undying life

A man plants eight trees
Each become more than his hands
He'll write about eternity on tree branches
Words spread across leaves and never fall

The woods becomes the place to have new memory
There is no sound and no voice to force words into creation
I will build a place where no thought crippled wandering feet

There is no reason to feel a disconnection between steel and trees. Manipulated, the mind forgets that both are matter from nature. The mind begins to learn how the natural became an unnatural word. It was in the city when it was decided to create the unnatural. Does the city realize it comes from a natural material? The steel and stone are taken from the same dirt that produces trees. Though, manipulated, everything begins from a natural source. We the people, determined to create a separation between wood and steel. Everything is natural and unnatural. It is in the way we speak that separates us from the woodlands.

My creations are made to inhabit a place untouched. No footsteps can corrupt. Paths are only made by those who wish to wander. Rising monuments speak with a simple voice. Listen in order to hear what the tongue of concrete and wood has to say. These creations are made to guide the mind in understanding why there's any continuation. Unnatural material is just a concept; manipulate perceptions to see that unnatural is natural. Sit and decompose.

Quiet has two eyes and no tongue
I'll make companions with those who need no companion
Silence will become my best passion

Moss covers and consumes the woods
This domain has no conquer
Moisture drips into newfound existence

I cut down trees and shaped wood to form a structure with the intent to house the consciousness of thoughts. This monument will be a chair to give space for thoughts of solitude to expand and conquer memories. A chair that surrounds the mind with physical beauty. This is another procession of erasing the separation between what is unnatural and what is natural. This chair will become trees and grant growth to those who seek a new meaning of self-identity.

I went to find solitude. So I could discover an honest understanding of what it means to have no company. I thought only in solitude could I learn the truth of names. Though when alone, one realizes that solitude is a falsity. To have a mind is to be surrounded. As long as I have a mind, I will never be alone, memories will always keep me surrounded. Only a fool with no memories can truly be alone. So I walk to try to become foolish.

Memories rise under a falling moon
My voice tries to remember a certain story
Moon claims words that rose too high

New muse will go with sweet air
I took a chance and cut off my nose
Stay awhile in arms that only fold

There's no need for legs that stretch to the sea
It's okay just to stand with these trees
Forgetting thoughts on fallen leaves

I am a man who walks with no name on his lips. Searching for a sound that creates a sense of existence, I have no reason to dwell on my nameless presence. Wandering, current that moves like an ocean with no map, I flow from fallen trees.

Why do letters come together to create sounds that make no sense? It is to ensure that minds can create some order in nature. The mind creates concepts of sound to reveal an unnecessary point for existence of names. I search in solitude to hear the difference between spoken and unspoken names. Then when heard, I can begin to hear no sound and read letters with no predestined voice. How did anyone try to name beauty?

My hands become bruised from carrying concrete against the forest floor. Cuts spread across my body during the process of collecting material from dried trees. I merge concrete with wood to form a connection between body and ground. I have no need for tools. My body becomes the means of construction.

My feet grew tired of walking the forests. I traveled until my name blurred. I built a cabin to house my body. With windows and a door, next to fallen trees. This will be the place where my future monuments will rise in mind and escape through my hands.

Time seems more beautiful when you count it by the sun. Days seem to age gracefully when there's no one to name months. I begin to forget the dismay within my youthful mind. I am concerned with just myself, finding the truth of solitude while wandering the woodlands. Sitting on a boulder, I try to define beauty. Moisture of moss, coldness of stone, smell of leaves. I have a definition that goes beyond speaking words. I have this connection, an appreciation for the loneliness that helped me redefine. I will construct to memorialize this natural bond between man and the woodlands. When I go past this life, wanderers that may walk across my marks will read monuments as signs of admiration for solitude.

I don't know how to change the way objects are viewed.

There are too many overwhelming thoughts slipping out of my poorly planned words.

In order to organize concepts, I construct objects to speak my flow of imagination.

In the quietness of woodlands, I created a platform that had no direct purpose. It spoke as a monument to those who wander in exhaustion. Use to rest, use to stand. A construction built from fallen trees and reimagined stone. Call it a bed, call it a table. Made to speak a tongue only wanderers can decipher.

When the snow turns to gold
Don't blame the already set sun
I look to the hill with rising light

Silver winds blow across a frozen lake
Movement of the snow creates a holy feeling
Hidden currents whip faster than the wind
Disturbing the beauty that is above

No one is here to name the lost parts of my mind
It's too apparent to say I can't be reached
My distance becomes visible locked in woodlands
Still, I search to find the paths that do not know my footsteps

Ends of my fingertips touch failing light
I see nothing more than shadows with names
Light tells the birth of hands in movement

Nature knows best. Imitators will fall in the domain of wooded listeners. I try to build a true relation with the natural flow. If I listen too much then my physical voice will never be taken out.

I travelled through the woods with snow to my knees. Searching for a boulder that spoke clearly. Unable to hear a call, I wait for the unforgotten sun to clear the lungs of stone. Melted snow drips off of stone and onto the ground. Soon, stones begin to sing names of men who wander the forest. Only one can sing my name truthfully. I can never stop walking or deafness will cripple.

When faces fade, I look into a glass boulder filled with reflecting water. Remove this glass stone to recreate memories that have been written on leaves. This tool was made to bring forward a quiet nostalgia to numb loneliness. Never a cure, loneliness never a curse.

At night I lay on a bed of stone. Eyes wide, I imagine past the cabin. I feel winter's coldness hollowing my bones when I stare into the sky. It softens my mind. I forget the name of my brother. I think of the beauty in a pastoral life. Winter is cold, but I feel happy. I've found solitude in the woodlands. Am I a man losing his mind?

I've spent days walking through tall hills while cradling concrete. Taken from the ground, moss spreads from concrete to hills. Soon grass and weeds tangle my feet. Hills become the curve of motionless legs. This land only knows how to consume the definition of unnatural. This land speaks with no definition.

With closed eyes, I imagine buildings of concrete rising from wooded ground. Pieces of constructed stone lodged around fallen tree branches. I pick one up; this staff shall be the remembrance of fallen lands, consumed by twisted tongues that slip out definitions with no meaning. I carry this branch with concrete to keep my feet from stopping.

Reflections fade in eyes of men who stand still
Wandering deer eyes never die
Dare not to look in fear of finding soullessness
No tracks tell better history
Planted unknowingly on shared paths
Each step marks myths of reality

I took a life to expand my experience
One who speaks with no beauty will die
Arrows collected with bones

Smoke smell stained in cloth
Hang from a tree to air out
This is a predicted memory

Mask for a face can't hide
The hunter's eyes have more to learn
Forest will be his true father

With the sun buried under damp clouds
Branches break in fear of a mountain lion
Fear of death takes the form of a true wanderer
Wilderness knows those who pretend in presence
When falsehood is discovered, the mountain lion hunts

Cuts on my hands become the markings of memories. Scars on my face remind me how grateful one has to be to survive in the woodlands. Physical memories are gained. Many springs have gone by and each year, he returns. No matter how many times he is slain, he is reborn every spring to taunt me. It is nature's challenge to see if I deserve to be part of the land. His steps on the ground are heard at night, the flick of his claws scratching against deer bones, his low growl sounds like laughter. He comes to tease me, to irk me. Mountain lion, the murderer wandering the woods. He needs no name, so he seeks to extinguish all those who speak it.

At dusk, I hunt. Trailing his steps, we meet. Mountain lion with eyes that are deeper than my own, he swiftly shifts positions. Head low, I raise my bow. With a smile he charges. I aim and release an arrow. Like a ray reflected from the sun, the arrow swims through the space between the mountain lion and me. The arrow hits a tree. The beast is smarter each spring, as if his memories are reborn with him. Still charging, I fetch another arrow. His smile widens, revealing a jaw that one must admire in fear. This is nature's creation of beauty that murders.

Another arrow misses the feline. I lower my hood and I wear his head as a mask. He stops in confusion. I wear his skin and pelt from years past. He begins to back, hissing a growl. I know this is not a retreat, but just a momentary pause. He lunges and his fangs sink into my arm. But the arrow has already hit his heart. He releases with a grin. I wander back to tend to my arm, leaving his corpse for the coyotes.

Too late to say my name
I'm a man who burns all metal away
Holding still, my fate rests in a wooded trail

Golden light fills buried out holes
Like metallic liquid, brightness splashes
over the edge to remind life that
this grave was made to hold precious silver soul

Summers seem the most intolerable when wandering the land. The humidity causes my mind to slip. It's the suffocating closeness I feel inside my thoughts. Memories of old haunt. I go to pools of water. Reflected back is only a true vision of a hermit of the woodlands. Then I sit and let nothing move within for hours. Thoughts flow and manifest into the image of a bear, devouring salmon, tearing at the orange meat. This creature knows how to live with a true purpose. Survival is the genuine reason why I am here. Connections are momentary. Survival is the purpose. I am a wanderer learning how to speak with an understanding of how to see past the reason for names. To live life like a bear. To feed, to create life, to be devoured. But still, summertime never seems to end when wandering in humidity.

This hunted land paints all hands dark
Smoke fumbles from my broken fingertips
Let the land be covered so some can feed
Thickness of the air makes spilled blood stick
I will conquer and feast in my solitude

I eat moss off of tree trunks
And lay on misted stones
To learn how to read changing clouds

This day with so much sun
Washes away heavy shadows, endlessly
Thank you for keeping dusk away

The way the trees grow upwards acts as a testament to the beauty of nature. These giants are the best display of a true appreciation for nature. When one stands atop a cliff, gazing upon a sea of these behemoths dotting the ground, one feels so simple. Wandering in a nameless forest, swarmed by trees, I grow. I am where I should be. Nothing is better when the trees express their true splendor. I want to die in autumn. This is the reigning season. Mankind needs to feel autumn to gain any understanding of beauty. Though it is superficial, I want to create beauty, to make my ideal image eternal. More than to tell my tale of solitude, I will create to bring this bliss I feel to life. Those who come to these woods will find their way. I have left monuments behind as marks of my own discoveries. This natural landscape is my only muse, the only necessary voice that needs to be heard. There is nothing to stop creation in the wild. One just has to survive and live in moments of true bliss.

Surrounded trees become the voice of monuments
They speak a song heard among branches
Causing roots to grow under resting feet
Those who wander above hidden veins
Will come to recognize the sound of wood and concrete
Trees transform into more than wooden air

I built a tower that none can climb. It speaks with trees in currents of the wind. Those who know the bond between wood and man can understand. I made a forest out of chopped wood and concrete. Look to the tower that speaks with trees to see an unnatural natural.

I ran with the deer to find crossing water
Eyes met with the crowned beast
With regal words dripping into rivers, he said
“You’re no longer a man, but still smell of an intruder”

Standing on top of a cliff, this soft wind
will smother my fear of falling. And I won’t sit down on the edge.
I watch the horizon collide with rising moon and setting sun.
My hands hidden, feet stepping forward on moss,
I make sure to capture distance between sunsets.
This will become the only memory
I’ll want to die with.

Names are no longer important, memories have never left, just less haunting. I am who I want to be, a wanderer with the purpose to create in order to gain an understanding for the natural. I walk the forest in search of undiscovered trails. I hunt to survive. I sleep to dream of the faces I lost. I build to have my vision of beauty seen. This forest with hills and boulders and streams is all one needs to learn how to be genuine. If I ever leave to return to the town, I will go with a smile. If I stay until death, I will die with a smile.

Sunset reflecting onto a glass lake
I sit beneath on fallen leaves
Breeze becomes the sensation of a new life