

**Shinrin-yoku**  
**Nature bathing**  
**Healing**

*Lillian Rodrigues-Pang*

An habitual saviour that never speaks  
The garden path

Rapid pace when  
Anxious  
Meander when depressed  
Intersecting with friends, words, events  
Curiosity  
A moment of noticing, lifting out of the me and into the world.

There are moments when  
I don't trust my brain  
Internal conversations too intense  
Conflate, spiral, hide truths and realities  
Find fear and fault  
Force isolation

Until I move my feet  
Find  
Solid ground  
Coolness in shadows  
Relief

My brain, inside my brain  
In side, front, mid, right, not right brain  
Drawn  
A thin off-the-page pencil stroke, to notice  
Insects breezing past  
Wings above me a temporary sky  
Rose petals beds

Truths that I can trust

**I walk**

The Orb  
Suspended wheels in front of me  
A rhythm of seeking  
Hunting  
Clarity  
Pieces of mind

Spider silk a simile of connection  
This path of garden  
Daily creating piec - es  
of beauty  
peace

Depression prefers an indoor environment  
Electricity in my nerves  
Stones in my speech  
Isolation

**I walk. Habit.**

Nature bathing my ills  
Soothing  
These gardens paths until I am aware of;  
The frivolous presentation of green.  
Green, olive, grey, brilliant, Australian greens  
Wattle, whites, burnt walnuts dusty with pink  
Galahs

Soothing follicles  
Carbon sink  
Taking the bad  
Re-breath-ing

**I walk. I hear**

Infectious joy  
A smile so wide it's all teeth careens towards me  
No thought to decorum.  
Others opinions  
Fit of clothing  
Workloads due  
Ducks fawned on, eels be squealed at  
Birds in groups, pigeon, seagull, ducks,  
those little black ones with the red beaks,  
long legs, glistening feathers, poking, defiance, power plays  
groupings to be run through  
gleefully  
in the time honoured task of 'getting them'  
Pursued by millions of children  
Worldwide and here on this day  
Reminding adults  
of the important endeavour of play

**I walk. I see**

Skeleton leaf  
Offering path ways of its own.  
Highways, laneways, junctions, splits and diversions  
Clear  
Distinct  
Formed from decay  
Neglect  
Having fallen  
The minor of the species,  
Not the kernel holding the future,  
Not the trunk holding the present, dispensable.

In this experience  
Rare  
Vulnerable  
Revealed

**I walk. I feel**  
The gift of space  
I am tethered.