Arboraceous Wanderer

I see a moss-laden path under a sorrowful sky,
a crow and a dove tempt my path, I ignore them.
I see what looms over the trees and their pungent, lovely mist,
however faintly, obstructed by the trees, I see.
Shrouded in the crashing waves of thought, it lies before me;
It is distant, it is obscured, it is beautiful.
I am pushed back by the wind and forward by my will:
Am I the eye in this storm?
Lilacs yearn at my heels, and crumble foolishly under my feet.
I see them not, I only hope to catch a glimpse beyond the trees.
A fawn crosses before me, and I allow myself to be guided,
beyond the fir sea; beyond my path.
It appears before me in my recollection,
a path, moss-laden and morose.
I long for its end, but crave its faint earthy scent.
I ache for the clearing in the trees, and I yearn to see,
and I walk through the trees, led by the fawn.
Ah, such beauty in these trees.