

Room to Breathe

I find it quite strange meeting here on a screen
lifting part of this day from the structure
of meeting, equipping, then starting to walk
through the greenness of mixed agriculture.

Uncertain of how the new day may unfold
we sit and discuss expectations
the themes we'll explore or discover afresh...
share our joy or vent our frustrations.

Then we walk, make contact and recap our thoughts
catch up on lives changed from last time
in twos, threes or ones we start to relax
As we share in this day of 'me' time.

The water, the woods and those breath-taking hills
We take on the challenge together
Pausing to look at the lakes and the falls
Or the landscape fresh tinted by heather.

Our topics evolve as we walk side by side
those 'moments of meeting' so sweet
there's space to be still, and space to respond
and this happens each time that we meet.

And so we arrive at the point we are here
perched for lunch at a site most exposed
by the wind and the rain, or today by the sun
or by questions of life as they're posed.

Here our lunches are hidden, no forks left at home
so we miss the distractions and dive
straight into the pool of these curious times
and we swim as we can – we're alive.

The narrative's complex, patterns entwine
our experiences soon interweave
we're all different, of course, but we all give and gain
from the treat that we call 'Room to Breathe'.

Angela Harrison 2.04.2020