

Broken With Nature

Preface: I reference being broken/breaks/breaking down because it is a shared occurrence between humans and nature. Strong winds, rain, and storms break stems, petals, and trees. In relation to the current pandemic, as humans we are experiencing broken faith, broken hearts and families, and the breaking down of our mental and physical bodies. All of which have been forced upon us similar to that of a storm. My attachment to nature developed because nature did what it does to almost all organisms that inhibit it over time. It took something that was broken, decomposed it while preserving the nutritional material to recreate new life, repeatedly.

I was broken, living inside a hollow vessel consumed by my disillusioned mind. My detached body became rooted by the solidarity and forgiveness nature offered, that my mind had not. With each step past the woodland's edge, I became aware of the breaks between the leaves on the trees, absorbing the sun's rays on my skin. I felt the warm air gradually transpire into a cool cloud as I climbed. I listened for the silence that broke the whispers of the wind. I disengaged from the rampant judgments of my mind and focused on the physical sensations of the reality before me.

The physical demands of my traverse required a mental divergence from the impositions and accusations roiling my mind. I succumbed to the rhythmic and repetitive movements of my body propelling me forward in unison with my breathe. I began to detach from my thoughts and give in to the demands of my surroundings. I was no longer a hollow vessel; I felt my bones. I gave into the vulnerability and indulged in the heightened awareness of my body and the landscape before me. I fixated on the dendritic formation of the bare roots and sensed the instability of my muscle fibers as I maneuvered the uneven terrain. The insecurities of my mind were subdued by the environmental reminders to revert back to my body; the illuminated veins of leaves, the erect spine of a sapling, the stable trunks of trees.

My human body was capable of naturally repairing unwarranted scars, but it was nature that rebuilt my soul in suffering. Now, I actively seek nature's merciless grasp. Time and time again, I subject myself to the mental and physical demands within the elements of nature to strip me of my mental speculations to bring me back, back to my bones. Life will break you, but you must know how to rebuild yourself.