

Claire Burnett

I Love to Walk

I love to walk into the early morning

when I've been awake

all night

and

the world

sleeps

still.

I love to walk into the dimpsy light

before the sun

is risen,

dewey gatherings on ladies mantle

make pools

where

awakening birds

quench throats,

ready to sing and bring in the dawn.

I love to walk the damp and steely slate path,

padding barefoot

out onto mossy Moor,

that gently gives underfoot.

I love to walk out into the lightening world  
of foxgloves, ferns and purple heather,  
verdant with the brightening Spring.  
Golden gorse scent rising with the dawning,  
awakening Doe turns her head,  
notices my presensce  
and she accepts me  
as part of the natural world.

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