

# The Wood in Our Senses

We see  
the way into the wood-  
beautiful colours  
warm sunburnt trees  
that grew so tall.  
Of different types and ages,  
slender  
with no end.

Birds seeking their hiding place,  
or anything from a rabbit to a reindeer,  
a ladder against the wall  
so people can grab the apple.  
We are hungry for  
serenity and quiet and fruit  
or a very large house or a mansion  
or a lake or a picnic.

We hear  
the birds  
the rustle of the leaves  
the scuttle of the squirrel  
the clamouring of disturbed birds.

We feel  
damp, moist soft carpet-like ground,  
slow to dry.  
And we smell  
wood, dank decay,  
ferns and earthy foliage,  
a leafy smell

We have a sense of entering  
a place  
inviting and sedate  
dark and dangerous,  
with shadows.

Don't feel safe in it anymore.  
How do I get out of here?

We are slow to move yet  
curious  
apprehensive  
energised, peaceful.

Are we trespassers?

Will our taste for adventure  
take us through  
the strange gateway to  
cool shaded areas or  
a good pub  
or a fairy castle  
anywhere at all...

Go on forever  
along the distant path -  
it goes somewhere  
but you are not there  
until you go there.

We don't look to the sky.

## The Living Well with Dementia Creative Writing Group

(February-March 2015)

*This poem was composed by The Living Well with Dementia Creative Writing Group. Contributors included people with dementia, family carers and volunteers. The group was facilitated by Alison Barker and supported by HSE Primary Care Team (OT). The group met each week in Blackrock Library to write, reminisce and enjoy each other's company.*

Living  
Well with  
Dementia  
Stillorgan-Blackrock