Secret Silence

A gentle breeze cooling my fair skin from the bright hot sun. My mind wanting nothing more than a distraction. What better way than to take off down the trail that I have grown so familiar with? Something about the open space and fresh scent of juniper tree always drags me back. I know all the twists and turns by heart. I get the same sweet feeling of escape every time my shoes hit the dirt path. Tap, tap, tap is the sound of my shoes with every long stride I take. This being the only noise not provided by the gentle scenery surrounding me.

My feet lead the way taking me closer, and closer to my secret spot. This is where I rest and let my mind wander over every thought I was previously unable to complete. The branches and pines of the thin tree providing a curtain from the hot sun. A slow trickling stream cooling my feet as I sit upon the stump that has overtime become covered in carvings and marks from the small pocket knife I carry in my bag. The only sign of animal life being the blue belly lizards. I can only spot a few because they slither so slyly across the still ground. This is my freedom and where I always feel so safe surrounded by the soothing silence and warmth of the sun.

After what seems like such a short time my watch alerts me that it’s time to leave this peaceful place for now, only to return another day. I replace the socks and shoes on my feet and set off backwards down the familiar path. Leaving is never my favorite part, but knowing this place will always be here assures me that I can always come back. Some ask where I go

when I quietly disappear for an hour or so at a time, and they always get the reply, ‘that’s for me to know, and you never to find out,” for now this is your only insight of my secret silence.