

# Werifesteria Ambedo

☒ Dead end job,  
Dead friend mob,  
Dead fridge slob,  
Dead bloody blob,  
Dead heart throb,  
Numb I watched the surgeon fix me,  
Numb I spoke in recommend therapy,  
Numb I held the medicine prescribed for me,  
Numb I smelled bitterness around me,  
Numb I listened as my soul ran away from me,

I needed to lose myself to reconnect,  
A forest trip to focus and reflect,  
Recover some measure of self respect,  
Take away my insecurities ability to project,  
Before it became something for my brain to reject,  
The forest was enthralling – calling,  
I felt the familiar bone like tree root – underfoot,  
The Werifesteria took hold of me – glee,  
An exciting mystery devoid of preceding scrutiny – destiny,  
The wind sang me in sorrowful and melodic – hypnotic

Stalls,  
Dreamy footfalls,  
Following bird calls,  
Free from office walls,  
Sought awakening under cold waterfalls,  
Followed stream to source,  
The water fell, sprinkling flowers,  
Their sweet scent beckoned,  
A twig snapped sharply,  
Announcing a hidden fawn.  
Thirst overcame fear.  
I sat on the bank,  
Running my fingers through moss,  
Soft sunlight warmed me.

Bluebell dappled light,  
Gently caressed the fawn's cheek  
With delicate grace.  
We drank cool water,  
Just two souls recovering,  
In forest's beauty.  
Ambedo,  
Captivated senses,  
Taking in existence,  
Grateful shared universal habitation,

Zen,

Becoming one with that moment I felt true peace,  
The forest sensed it too and the fawn found new peace,  
My eyes drank deeply as the forest embraced me,  
From the turmoil inside my soul sprouted new peace,  
Mighty trees feeding off the ages beneath them,  
Found ways to exist in contemplation through peace,  
Gentle zephyrs caressed my ears with whispered songs,  
They unlocked my spirit's final mending clue; peace  
Stress-led Werifesteria gave sanctuary,  
Secret memories to treasure, my paths to peace.

**David Robinson** is an amateur poet who writes with an enthusiasm for storytelling. Born in Belfast, he lives and works in Fermanagh where the air is fresher. He has also work put online under the name W. S. Ravensoul.

**Werifesteria:** a recently-coined word to describe *the emotion felt while wandering longingly through the forest in search of mystery*

**Ambedo:** *A kind of melancholic trance in which a person becomes completely absorbed in vivid sensory details (coined by John Koenig in 2012 for his project, The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows.*

**Image:** *The Giant Mac Fiche Werifesteria via Jonathan Cook*