

Jane Chevous

Safe Place

My safe place
is a green breathing space
a refuge from the pace
of the city race.
It's a place where the trees
lean in the breeze
and the whisper of the leaves
calm the thoughts that tease
my mind, tossed in the seas
of doubt and unease.
Where the children swing
and their laughter rings
like the riff of Spring
Life in everything.
Life is sweet off the street
as we rest our feet
catch the beat of the lunchtime meet
share a seat with the friends that we greet
tell the tale of our latest feat
warm our bones in the heat.
Lie back, lift your eyes
to those indigo skies
where the starling flies
feel your spirit rise
with the ease of the green
where the air is clean
you can stay unseen
from the demons that chase you
and want to erase you
the tarmac trolls, those media dolls
always on your case;
not in this place.
My life can unlace
my heart unrace

here in this space

I open my face

to the green grace.