

## **I see you, driver**

*A poem written outdoors on retreat at St Beuno's 19.04.2023*

I see you, driver.

Or at least I see your car, van, lorry  
speeding along the main road  
ribboning across this beautiful land.

A place to be. In a hurry.

Something to do.

Turn off, driver.

Turn off and come sit with me a while.

Turn off to turn on

to beauty,

to misty distant hills embracing the cloudy sky,  
to a stunning view over trees and patched fields  
and dots of sheep and cows with no plan, no hurry,  
to the close-up lushness of foliage  
and flowers freshly unfurling.

Tune out to tune in

to mixed melodies of a thousand birds,  
to the buzz of the visiting bee,  
to the occasional contented moo drifting from the fields,  
to the whisper of the breeze,  
to the fragrance of life.

Come sit with me a while

and just be.

Come take your place in nature

and experience the presence.

And when you leave

don't forget this special time.

Wherever you are, and whenever,

make time to come sit with me again.

I'll be there waiting.

*Richard Martin*