

# WHO/WHAT/WHERE/WHEN/WHY

Lee Nelson

Come in company  
come alone  
by day by night in sun in rain

Bring torches and by dark re-find  
re-travel routes by daytime known

The jeans-of-green<sup>1</sup> suit every season  
pick a pair and haul them on  
come any day you're free to come

A day off sick – we walk the green  
A day too much – we walk the green  
A day alone – you walk the green  
A day all's lost – you walk the green  
A day of sadness – walk the green  
A day of joy – walk it again

The trees will bend to every mood  
Between earth and sky you can be nude  
in feeling,  
fury  
rage or song  
In loss,  
loneliness  
right  
wrong –  
the hill hears one as it hears all

It's here to hold up human foot  
here to hear what words you've got  
to whisper, scream, to sing to shout

There's room for all, there's room to spare  
to amplify joy  
absorb despair

---

<sup>1</sup>In folk-song, to 'wear the gown of green' can mean to 'get a bit frisky in the outdoors' . . .  
While this poem does not in any way promote or encourage such practices it does at least admit  
their possibility and suggests that a well-fitting jean of green might be a wiser choice for such  
outdoorsiness for the modern-casual wanderer.

An outdoor space for all that's in  
each human vessel –  
toe to chin  
to domed bone-vault that curves beneath  
the sky above that curves the same  
as curves below eye and soul and heart  
all filled with commerce, music, art  
or care and worry or with naught  
with things heartfelt, with things head-thought

So, bring them all, the bones they ride  
out here - no way, no need to hide –  
for tree and rabbit, stream and hill  
look just the same on good or ill  
as it shines or festers in human will