

## Reflections of The Land Journey



*'When you give yourself to places, they give you yourself back'*

Rebecca Solnit, wanderlust

Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> August 2013 (Night camp at Machynlleth)

### Shooting stars

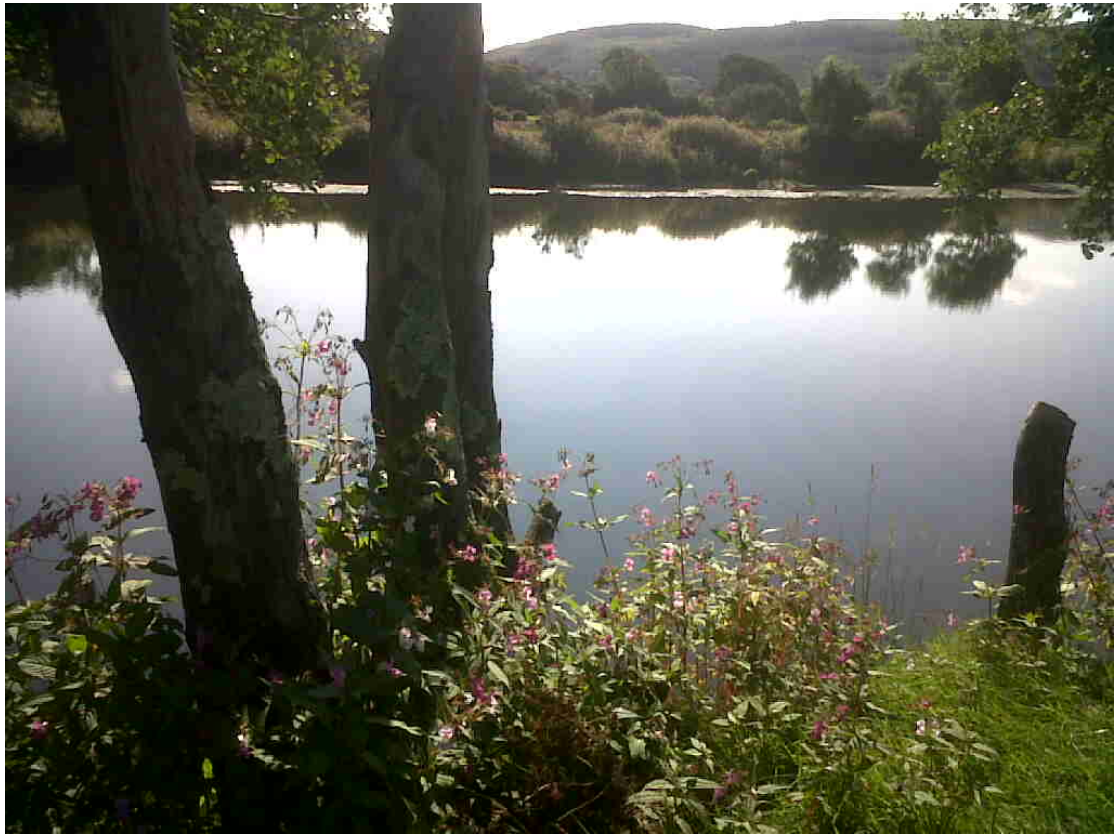
Under the starry night and next to the final burning orange embers of our log fire, we four lay still watching for shooting stars. Staring upwards into the black rectangular sky above us, wood framed by the perimeter of trees, lining up in perfect order, reaching skywards and pointing our gaze.

The sound of the rushing rolling river beside us, gushing, tumbles forth its crystal clear waters, journeying to the sea. Carried along for miles, weathered stones, bearing angular scars of horizontal lines, tell the history of their creation, the rock beneath our feet, lining the way to mark the beginning of our land journey.

(Tania Pyburn)

*'It is in vain to dream of a wilderness distinct from ourselves. There is none such. It is the bog in our brains and bowls, the primitive vigour of nature in us, that inspires the dream'*  
Henry David Thoreau

### Day One towards Ynysymaengwyn



### **Turn on and tune in**

The constant chattering and singing of the river was punctuated only by harmonious birdsong.

We walked in compatible silence, absorbed in our listening

Our hearing ears turned on and tuned in to the volume of the countryside. Ancient church bells tolled their tale across the open river meadows, as if in sympathetic pilgrimage to our wanderings.

The river was brushed with glowing sunshine, playfully reflecting like glass, on the flat water like a million tiny crystals projecting their prisms of light.

Amber (like Huckleberry Finn) in straw hat, sat by the river bank, gazing and dreaming, longing to play in the wild.

Wishing to pull trousers up, let toes freely roam the banks of the river bed, dig feet down into squidgy mud and wriggle delightfully in the coolness of nature's bathing pool.



*'The land is the journey within us'*

### **Mountain pine haiku**

Tall and elegantly sublime  
Reaching upwards  
The mountain pine

### **Reflections from the group on day one**

Emerging  
Jernerging  
Hot  
Steadfastness  
Perseverance  
Balance  
Beginnings

## **Day two towards Llanllwda**

In the heartland of the welsh hills a swath of blue sea like a strip of indigo silk melts into the skyline with the distant cloudless horizon.

The sun beat down on weathered hills, walkers feet carefully treading on craggy footpaths, walked by a thousand sheep faithfully clinging to the boggy ground.

Descending and ascending in continuous motion, we walk, one foot and the next, steadily, in compatible silence with each other and the land.

