

**Green Stones Sketchbook6-1JanFeb2011**

**Michael E. Stone**

Riding in an old dark forest,  
On a deer-path scarcely seen,  
Where vines like mossy ropes,  
Brush the young man's head.

Circles cut into great trees  
Mark out his way within,  
To a shadowed, hidden place,  
On a path now seen, now hidden.

Guided by damp green stones  
By runes cut in ages past,  
Piercing the forest's heart,  
Beyond where men's paths lead.

Quiet respite flows forth,  
The rider senses its stream,  
No birds call out in there,  
The heart is silent, serene.