The Forest

A brown pathway made of dirt runs through the forest, but it was once a wood walkway. The trees stand tall, with their bare branches, snow sitting precariously atop some of the branches. There are only patches of snow, and brown-orange leaves litter the remaining ground.

 A quickly flowing stream follows the dirt pathway closely, and when it rains the river rises to cover the lower parts of the path leaving muddy, and uneven terrain. It is very quiet in the winter, but you can hear faint jogging footsteps, and occasionally children laughing as they play their games of tag.

 The stream, and dirt path run underneath a road. The walls underneath the bridge are painted in graffiti. The river runs slow here, on cold mornings some of it can be frozen. Cars rushing along the road sound eerie from underneath the bridge.

 Houses can be seen from the forest. Most are on top of a hill. These are the nice looking houses, tall with decks or Jacuzzis. Other houses line the pathway at a corner of the forest. Theses houses have chain-link fences, and their residents frown and look away as you pass by.

 There is a crisp scent in the air, almost clean. Not many animals are around in the winter season, but the occasional cardinal, and a couple of squirrels can be seen.

 Even in the dead of winter, there is only a thin layer of snow on the ground, at most, and the river still flows, but slowly as chunks of ice is blocking the stream.

 It is very still, like a photograph. Off of the path, fallen branches reach from the ground beneath the aging trees. This forest has gone a long time being unkempt, but it seems natural. The small bridges crossing the stream are sturdy, and the remaining wood and metal fences still stand. The outstanding fences are only on top of the steep hills to keep people from falling.

 The white snow stands out on the dark trees. Some trees lean on far angles, and seem like they will fall at any moment, but they don’t.

Not many come to the forest anymore. Most children seem to have better things to do. Few runners, and people walking their dogs may be in the forest, but not much else.

 There is a very thick tree that separates the stream from the dirt pathway. The warped bark bulges and it seems to depict two people holding hands and kissing. Some call it the wedding tree, or the kissing tree.

 There is a limited palette of orange brown and white in the forest. The ground is still mostly blended oranges and browns from leaves and dirt. The patches of white snow stand out.

 This of course, was all before the fire.