

# Spirited

There's the whisper of it on the wind when you go back.  
Back to the tall grass and cracked earth where it all began.

Where mornings talk and evenings listen.  
Where the brush strokes of the sky give breath.

The memories, you feel it in the bump and blister of bark,  
In places rubbed smooth by the hides of elephant history.  
Standing longer than you've been alive.

Feeding and nurturing the smallest and the greatest,  
the seen and the unseen of our wild spaces.

It comes from the roots; it comes from the heart.  
And from those who were dancing and dreaming before we did.

Faces unforgettable.  
Joy that rolls and rumbles uninterrupted.  
We are spirited, alive.

What is it that lives in the wild?  
The essence – it is beautiful and kind.  
One can never breathe in nature and leave unchanged.

On purpose you'll go back. The memories strong and vivid.  
Pulling you to absorb the profound music of nature.  
To listen to the birds chirping, the wind lifting.

Peace, renewed...

You recall where it is, the wild.  
In amongst a landscape of curated structure.

Lose yourself in nature and find peace, they say.  
I lost myself in nature and I found me.

That moment right there is living.  
This is what it feels like.

When you want to return to the whispering plains of East Africa.  
Remember these moments. Embers still burning long after the flames.

There it is,  
The wild energy flowing.  
Pushing us always,  
To feel closer.

