

Winter Walking, part 10

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Learning as we walk is a collective practice

Walking invites us to perceive
at different tempos and scales,
attending to landscapes
with a rhythmic form of touch

Trails where we walk
unmoor us from the familiar-
unsettling and disrupting,
remembering and reminding

Walking more slowly together re-enchants
stories of rocks and trees,
deceptively quiet knowledge
fading to whispers

I suspect we are at the end of something and
remaining aloof has dangerous implications

But places are never finished

More attention is required

If we understand ourselves as geologic subjects
we will wait with ice
think with trees
walk through snow with new clarity

Ongoing encounters are messy and complex,
strange and haunting,
reframing our collective response

Call it simply, listening