

apophenia

someone once told me
you don't always find
what you're searching for
but you find what you need

on Kenya's vast plains
scanning for wildlife
I find life
in dead trees

bleached like old bones
shapeshifting
with the look of elephant
lion or leopard

there is quiet dignity
in the knots and grain
visible scars
borne over years

what have they seen
these trees
that still bring life
to this landscape
providing food
habitat and shelter

on Scottish islands
stone bears witness
to lives of ancestors
half-guessed

standing amongst
stone circles
I can only wonder
at their purpose

over millennia
we've marked
with ritual
what is beyond
understanding

celebrated
rites of passage
mourned our dead
honoured the gods

there is beauty
in cold stone
rich with lichen

faces appear
in weathered pillars
and I wonder again
what stories
could this stone tell

there are words
to explain away
this magic
there is I'm told
no mystery here
it is pareidolia
that's all

me pondering
connections
between
trees and stone

contemplating
hidden messages
a parting gift
their last breath

it's just apophenia
nothing more
some psychiatrist
invented a theory
abnormal meaningfulness
he called it

call it what you will
for me it is magical
a glimpse into worlds
beyond what we know

is it so hard to accept
this need for meaning
when we search
but do not satisfy

who's to say
the trees and stones
don't have the answers
we've failed to find