

## **Outside, Trees, Flowers, Plants, Air, Wind, Sun, Sunset**

A walk in nature with its variety of sensory experiences, seems to be conducive to positive or even ecstatic emotional states.

An externalized psychedelic experience in the mountains, on the seashore, in the woods or even in one's own garden can become a unique and unforgettable event.

Beautiful natural scenery or certain objects that reflect nature's creativity usually have a very positive influence on the LSD experience.

Everything flows. The flow of water, of wind and of fire is obvious, as is also the flow of thought. The flow of earth and rock is less obvious.

Experiences with the sun and wind lend themselves to creation of rich mythological fantasies.

Flowers are almost as transporting as precious stones, reminding us of what's always been there, preternaturally bright, colorful and significant, at the back of our minds.

In field, forest and every garden, a reality is perceptible that is infinitely more real, older, deeper and more wondrous than everything made by people.

Looking at flowers or trees, sitting in the grass, smelling hay or watching the sunset can be powerful experiences long to be remembered.

Men have an almost universal tendency to seek relief from their own kind among the trees and plants, the mountains and waters.

Objects in the environment—lights, trees, plants, flowers—seem to open and welcome you. They are part of you. You are different pulses of the same vibrations.

Plants seem to represent pure being in the here and now, in full contact with the immediate environment, which is the ideal of many mystical schools.

Some female subjects have experienced the penetration by the sun as sexual, speaking of the sun as a "cosmic lover" or using other words to that effect.

The mystery of creation, the wonder and fascination of creation simmers in every leaf and stone, every thorn and bud.

The oceans, the air and even the solar system are as much our vital organs as heart and stomach. We are not in nature. We are nature.

The wind is experienced as a tangible manifestation of the awesome power of the universe, as "god's" breath" or nature's exhalations.

Those "mythicizing" the wind experience feel "cleansed" and "inwardly purified" by the wind's "clean sweeps" through them.

You can throw yourself flat on the ground, stretched out upon Mother Earth, with the certain conviction that you are one with her and she with you.

You go mad about sunsets because sunsets remind you of what's always been going on, whether you knew it or not, inside your skull and outside space and time.

I could make a strong, if not conclusive, case for the idea that plants are more intelligent than people—more beautiful, more pacific, more ingenious in their ways of reproduction, more at home in their surroundings and even more sensitive.

My garden, weeded and watered tenderly, was a solace. I fertilized it with a solution of LSD to see what would happen. The plants responded with enthusiasm, producing juicy, sweet vegetables. (That was Timothy Leary.)

Plants seem to represent pure being in the here and now, the ideal of many mystical and religious schools. Not exploiting and hurting other organisms, most plants serve themselves as a source of food and bring beauty and joy into the life of others.

The empathy with nature seems to be especially abetted by the warming rays of the sun, the playing of the breezes over the subject's body, his contact with the earth below him and various other types of tactile experiencing of the environment.

Experiences of plant identification often mediate deep understanding as to why certain plants have been considered sacred by some cultures. (Plant identification doesn't mean what the name of the plant is, but experiencing plant consciousness or what it is to be a plant. Psychedelic plants are the most sacred.)

Our capacity to identify with the consciousness of plants contributed to the fact that many cultures hold certain plants to be sacred. Plants with psychedelic properties have been incorporated into the religions of many cultures and are considered deities or the "flesh of the gods".

The fates of nations and the lives of billions of people have been profoundly affected by the divine illuminations of spiritual prophets. We have only to remember the revelations of Buddha under the Bo tree, Moses on Mount Sinai, Jesus in the desert, Paul on the road to Damascus, and Mohammed during his visionary night journey for evidence of this.

Elements of plant consciousness can be accompanied by philosophical and spiritual ideation and insights. Several subjects, for example, have pondered over the purity and unselfishness of plant existence and have seen plant life as a model for ideal human conduct; unlike animals and man, most plants do not kill and do not live at the expense of other organisms.

Often a good part of the session would be spent on the beach or in the water. We found that the surf, in the protected bay, proved to be an excellent way to bring someone through a difficult phase of the trip. Simply to lie at the water's edge, merging into the eternal currents of air, ocean, sea, and earth, seemed to clear away much fear, suspicion, frustration, and other emotional baggage.

Enchanted rain. It wears away rock and yet you can walk in it unharmed.  
Flowers call to mind a world of innocence, transparency, light and joy.  
Here the depth of light and structure in a bursting bud go on forever.  
How fresh the air feels when you breathe it. Fresh, pure, charged with life.  
It's like the Garden of Eden.

Outside, everything is so vast. An inch is a million miles of space.  
Paradises abound in gems or self-luminous, magical flowers.  
Stars teach us lessons nightly, speaking both of Beauty and Truth.  
The air is so clear that it seems to act as a lens.

The earth can be perceived as Mother Earth or a divine being.  
The soft breeze is the breath of God.  
The trees dance and everything is alive.  
These great trees have a kind of mythological quality.

I enjoy visions of beautiful patterns in motion everywhere, on plain cloth, on walls, in clouds and dirt yards.

I feel that the mountains and the sea and the stars are all part of me, and my soul is in touch with the soul of all creatures.

The bud has opened and the fresh leaves fan out and curve back with a gesture which is unmistakably communicative.

I am looking at what I ordinarily call a confusion of bushes, a tangle of plants and weeds with branches and leaves going every which way. But now I see that what is confusing is not the bushes by my clumsy method of thinking. Every twig is in its proper place.

I look at those leaves with their architectures of veins, their stripes and mottlings. I peer into the depths of interlacing greenery of those living patterns, so characteristic of the visionary world, of those endless births and proliferations of geometrical forms that turn into objects, of things that are forever being transmuted into other things.

A cluster of remarkable trash cans by the curb hailed us “good morning.” Their metal sides and their contents sparkled like diamonds and rubies.

A major revelation was that of the spiritual nature of trees, the obedient benevolence of trees.

Almost an endless variety of exciting colors and textures swept one after another across the sky.

An endless sea of glorious golden light which was in truth God, stretched into infinity. As I watched, an overpowering feeling of reverence settled into my very depths.

As I watched a wooded section I was surprised to find the branches of the trees flapping as a bird does, only in harmonious slow motion.

Between the trees I could see the sun sending down rays of warming benediction upon this Eden, this forest paradise.

Everything I could see seemed alive and immensely beautiful and meaningful. Trees, rocks, cacti the entire landscape was radiating with relevance.

Everything looked so good. I could just look at the sea and feel it on my skin and in my bones. Touching it was ecstasy. Sensations were exquisite.

Flowers, leaves, grass, trees were seen with tremendous vividness—“with the intensity that Van Goth must have seen them” is an often-used description.

He looked around him as if seeing the world for the first time. The world was beautiful, strange and mysterious.

His eyes were microscopes registering the jewel-like beauty and precision of the sidewalks and lamp posts.

Huxley had taken mescaline in a garden and shucked off the mind and awakened to eternity.

I could hear voices in the street many floors below. Perhaps in some way the sensing entity has become separated from the physical body.

I felt I was there with God on the day of Creation. Everything was so fresh and new. Every plant and tree and fern and bush had its own particular holiness.

I had reached a state of “wakefulness” when the brilliance of light on a window sill or the color of blue in the sky would be so important it could make me cry.

I knew every tree, every bush; but it was transformed, transfigured into the perfection of a world newly created.

I looked at a film of sand I had picked up on my hand, when I suddenly saw the exquisite beauty of every little grain of it.

I looked at the infinity of space and let my soul drift as it would. Carnivals were staged between the stars.

I looked down at the leaves and discovered a cavernous intricacy, pulsing with undecipherable mystery.

I looked out the window and the earth seemed to vibrate with life. It’s alive. It’s a wonderful world. I don’t have to run anymore.

I ran madly out of the cottage and across galaxies and over time-warps and through the seas of space, searching frantically for the green planet earth among the infinite suns.

I ran out to the lawn, snow, trees, starlight. It had never been more beautiful. Etched, sharp, magnified.

I saw the grasses bend in prayer, the flowers dance in the breeze and the trees lift their arms to God.

I shouted for joy, I praised God with my whole heart. Everything looked new to me, the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a new man in a new world.

I started walking into the woods and amazingly, the trees opened up before me and they closed behind me.

I was keenly aware that every little sparrow that flew had a beautiful song to sing that meant something.

I was wholly unconscious of what my body was resting on or what was under my feet. I didn’t know whether the wind was riding on me or I on the wind.

In a flash, the Door in the Wall would slide open and wherever you were, in a room, lying on the grass, walking on the beach, would be magically transformed.

In the garden, everything glistened and sparkled in a fresh light. The world was as if newly created.

In the woods and by the river, it seemed that my love was so great, it evoked a response from the animals, plants and even things.

It seemed ages since the day and the world had looked so beautiful, innocent and undismayed.

It was as if everything were backlit or lit from underneath and not just from the sun above.

Looking up, I saw the stars colored with the same reds, greens and blues that one sees in iridescent glass.

My garden embraced me. The trees, the flowers, the shadowed mosses were alive with tenderness.

My senses became extremely acute. I could see an ant upon a tree at a great distance away. I could hear the whispering far off from me.

Outdoors the world was wondrous, new, alive. Everything breathed and throbbed with vitality.

Outside at night, the world was transformed. The full moon shone so brightly, it seemed like a sun.

Strangely enough. I preferred the subtle colors to the bright flowers. They seemed more mysteriously beautiful.

The beauty of the trees simply gave itself away. Creation was good and it was an open secret.

The city was transformed into the wonderful world I had experienced when hearing fables as a child.

The colors of the sky and sea and mountains were marvelously beautiful in a sort of shining air.

The exquisite beauty of this tree was like a window in which you could see the existence of this Other World.

The green trees transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart leap, almost mad with ecstasy.

The hill, half a mile from me, soon came to be perceived as the boundary of the continent itself.

The house was a stone raft floating in a sea of vegetation. It was Eden. Each plant was dancing, laughing, a quiet network of high intensity conversation.

The outside appeared clear, serene and beautiful. I saw things I have never seen on the road. The trees, grass, colors, sky—all were a real delight to behold.

The sky descended and the earth was rising from below and he was soaring toward the center.

There came, suddenly, a living, flesh-and-blood, twinkling face with eyes looking at me out of each of the little diamonds in the bark on the tree. The tree was like a Tree of Life.

This is what I realized on LSD. This is our playground and we are here to laugh and dance and sing in the sunshine.

Under the protection of their evening shadows, the farther water lay like a divine child asleep, watched by an eternal nurse.

Wherever a pencil of light fell, between rocks or trees, it seemed a prismatic pathway between earth and heaven.

A dandelion I glanced down at grew two feet high. Everything was magnified. As I strolled, my attention was wholly grasped by a small dewdrop on the grass. It was utterly captivating.

As my body was rocked with wave after wave, I lost contact with my feet and my legs. I began to experience a total identification with nature, as though my body were merging with the earth, like a tree with roots in the ground.

At the gas station, the men smiled at me with twinkles in their eyes, and I felt very good, I saw smiling men's faces in the sky and the stars twinkling in their eyes. I felt better than I ever had in my life.

Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in and was part of the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication of life.

I saw that we were part of an enormous sinewy archetype, a monstrous rooted and branching phenomenon, the primordial life force. I could see the buds opening constantly to new existences and whole colorful worlds.

I spent a long time watching the play of life around me, listening to the gossip of trees, insects and animals, discovering that there is one biological intelligence that expresses herself through the various living forms.

It seemed as if I could distinguish every leaf, every blade of grass. It was like walking through a fairyland, a tranquil, dreamlike landscape unassociated with anything I had previously known.

My identity and awareness seemed to spread throughout the room and even beyond into the forest outside. This meant when somebody came into the room, as they did, it was as if they were walking into "me."

Perfectly harmonious, luminously alive, the rose was looking at Aldous and Aldous was looking at the rose. There was perfect communication between the two—and complete silence.

She had merged with and had become the consciousness of the Earth. She experienced herself as the Earth, as a living, breathing organism. (Yes, the Earth is alive and so is everything else in the universe, including the universe itself.)

The city was transformed into the wonderful world I had experienced when hearing fables as a child. The rich colors and textures, more real than real, were pure enchantment. Walls of buildings had an added dimension to their surfaces.

The flower's incredibly exquisite petals opened on the room, spraying indescribable colors in every direction. I felt the colors and heard them as they played across my body, cool and warm, reedlike and tinkling.

The trees, shrubs and flowers seemed to be living jewelry, inwardly luminous like intricate structures of jade, alabaster or corral and yet breathing and flowing with the same life that was in me.

The very heavens seemed to pour open and pour down rays of light and glory. Not for a moment only, but all day and night, floods of light and glory seemed to pour through my soul and oh, how I was changed and everything became new.

There was a huge opening in the sky, I saw God. I had a tremendously mystical experience. I was deeply moved, deeply in love. And when I say love, it's not like the level we know from analysis. It was the absence of all anger, the absence of all conflict.

As I stood on the lawn, I noticed that the rough patches where the grass was thin or mottled with weeds no longer seemed to be blemishes. Scattered at random as they were, they appeared to constitute an ordered design, giving the whole area the texture of velvet damask.

I could see that the intricate organization both of the plants and of my own nervous system, like symphonies of branching complexity, were not just manifestations of intelligence, as if things like intelligence and love were in themselves substances or formless forces. It was rather that the pattern itself is intelligence and is love.

I looked down below as if from a very high place and saw a rough square of pavement which had laid out all of Manhattan in miniature, including people. The proportions, the infinite detail were perfect. The city within the city. We could have swooped down like gods and lifted up the Empire State Building.

I looked on fields, and waters, and sky, and read in them a most startling meaning. I wondered how I had ever regarded them in the light of dead matter. They were now grand symbols of the sublimest spiritual truths—truths never before even feebly grasped, and utterly unsuspected.

I suddenly became aware of the creaking of frogs and then of the chirping of crickets. The former came from a stream about a block or so away from the house but sounded very close and I fancied that the frogs had come down to stand before the door and serenade me.

I suddenly felt that everything was so much more real than it had been before. The grass was greener, the sun was shining brighter, and people were more alive, I could see them clearer. I could see the bad things and the good things and all that. I was much more aware.

In sheer delight, I began to dance on this enchanted carpet (really a lawn) and through the thin soles of my moccasins I could feel the ground becoming alive under my feet, connecting me with the earth and the trees and the sky in such a way that I seemed to become one body with my whole surroundings.

It was as if all the warm, sunny wonderful days of my childhood had been rolled into one and this was the day. I felt like a child looking out of the window at the beautiful, beautiful world. Never in all my life have I seen anything that looked as beautiful as this particular day.

The following morning I felt as though the conduits of my consciousness had been thoroughly cleansed. Stepping outside was like witnessing the dawn of creation. Every leaf and flower was polished to a brilliant sheen, the sea sparkled and the air was dewy fresh.

We walked around the garden together. It was like walking in Paradise. Everything was composed and harmonized. I felt I had never really seen this garden before. I was enchanted with each plant, leaf, flower, tree trunk and the earth itself. Each blade of grass stood up separate and distinct, edged with light. Each was supremely important.

A most beautiful sunset was dying in the west, the river was tinged by it, the very zenith clouds were bathed in it, and the world beneath seemed floating in a dream of rosy tranquility. My awakened perceptions drank in this beauty until all sense of fear was banished, and every vein ran flooded with the very wine of delight. Mystery enwrapped me still, but it was the mystery of one who walks in Paradise for the first time.

All at once, everything appeared in an uncommonly clear light. Was this something I had simply failed to notice before? Was I suddenly discovering the spring forest as it actually looked? It shone with the most beautiful radiance, speaking to the heart, as though it wanted to encompass me in its majesty. I was filled with an indescribable sensation of joy, oneness, and blissful security.

Every plant became a kind of musical utterance, a play of variations on a theme repeated from the main branches, through the stalks and twigs, to the leaves, the veins in the leaves and to the fine capillary network between the veins. Each new bursting of growth from a center repeated or amplified the basic design with increasing complexity and delight, finally exulting in a flower.

Feeling not that I was drugged but that I was in an unusual degree open to reality, I tried to discern the meaning, the inner character of the dancing patterns which constituted myself and the gardens and the whole dome of the night with its colored stars. All at once, it became obvious that the whole thing was love-play. This single source was not just love as we ordinarily understand it. It was also intelligence.

I could see that the intricate organization both of the plants and of my own nervous system, alike symphonies of branching complexity, were not just manifestations of intelligence, as if things like intelligence and love were in themselves substances or formless forces. It was rather that the pattern itself is intelligence and is love and this somehow in spite of all its outwardly stupid and cruel distortions.

I was amused to see the brick walls of a house tirelessly undulating. Fascinated, I drew near the trees whose trunks heaved and whose bark flowed and pulsated in a manner suggesting organic growth. Close observation of the bark was astounding. I reminded myself of the mental patient one sees in films, on the lawn of the institution, drawn next to the inanimate in watchfulness.

Large trees known for their longevity, such as sequoias and redwoods, were experienced in the sessions as representing timeless and centered consciousness uninfluenced by the turmoils and upheavals in the external world. Other insights associated with similar experiences were related to the mystical consciousness and deep religious significance of certain plants.

She lay down on the grass in a field beneath a bright sun and soon was living out an epic of creation in which she identified with “the Great Goddess-Mother Earth.” Her experience of this identification began when she first became aware that “for some time” her body had “no longer existed in its usual limited form” and that now she was “one with the Earth.”

The city was bathed in the first pink rays of the morning sun and was truly breath-taking to behold. The soft greens of the trees and grass of Central Park were beyond belief. The buildings and streets had a certain warmth and charm hitherto reserved for memories of bygone days...That evening I was back in my old familiar world but with an awareness of and appreciation for colors, hues and textures that I never had before.

A myriad of multicolored telephone wires hummed as they wiggled like serpents.

A piece of bark on the tree was magically smooth.

As I looked at the rose, it began to glow and suddenly I felt that I understood the rose.

ecstatic vision—For the first time in my life I literally saw “the world in a grain of sand.”

Flowers began to flare up and send out flashes.

From horizon to horizon there flashed a glory.

Heard said, “I ascended to the top of the universe.”

I could reach the stars.

I could see an ant upon a tree at a great distance away.

I could see colored shadows across the sky.

I could sense energies coming in from outer space and going out from the earth.

I discovered trees.

I felt a new connection with myself and with the world around me.

I felt the life in the earth.

I felt whole and full of wonder in nature as I remember feeling as a child.

I gazed heavenward, as one fascinated by mystical eyes.

I had a funny feeling that I wanted to run across the lawn and play.

I had never felt as close to nature before.

I lay in the grass, felt its wondrous texture.

I looked at the trees for the first time, really looked at them.

I saw a city of light.

I saw light in the form of a river blazing with radiance.

I saw the sun so close I could touch it.

I was more aware of the exuberance of nature.

I went for a walk and literally discovered the world.

It snowed a pristine blanket of renewal.

It was like my mind was a searchlight that reached out into space for thousands of miles.

It was like walking into some enchanted, magical forest kingdom.

Magnificent galaxies tempted me with their majestic silence and staggering beauty.

More and more luxuriant grew the sunset as we breathed the air of the open country.

Never was the sky so blue.

Red-violet roses were of unknown luminosity and radiated in portentous brightness.

She saw the whole universe laid out before her.

Staring out the window, Ginsberg found himself staring into the depths of the universe.

Stars in the sky seemed to have special significance.

Sweeping across the heavens came the gold of love and God, rich beyond imagining.

The air seemed washed to sparkling cleanliness.  
The air was clean and crystalline. He felt cleansed and reborn.  
The air was filled with curving color webs.  
The air was fresh and clear.  
The city seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in heaven.  
The earth itself was reborn for me. I watched it dance and danced with it.  
The entire world seemed to shimmer with a beautiful radiance.  
The fall colors were a blaze of glory (fall meaning autumn).  
The flowers trembled on the brink of being supernatural.  
The garden acquired an atmosphere that was distinctly exotic.  
The grass, bushes and trees outside my window glistened with a strange beauty.  
The grass was the greenest I had ever seen.  
The great radiance filled the sky.  
The leaves of the trees and shrubs were arabesques of marvelous complexity and clarity.  
The light sparkling from the cars was as beautiful as anything I had ever seen.  
The moon and stars were nearer and leaping on the sky.  
The natural processes such as rain, wind, and fire had mystical dimensions.  
The pavements were a mosaic of dancing leaf-shadows.  
The random patterns of blades of grass in a lawn appeared to be exquisitely organized.  
The sky was more deeply blue than ever.  
The stars are as big as huge diamonds---gleaming, sparkling, singing.  
The stars were awesome.  
The stars were dancing in vibration to the sound.  
The subtle colors of the loose earth and dead leaves were rich and wonderful.  
The sun was sending a thrill of light.  
The sun was shining with a brightness that seemed almost supernatural.  
The tree assumed a deep archetypal meaning and became the Tree of Life.  
The trees had faces and low-reaching arms. Trees seemed to sway.  
The trees seemed as alive as the animals.  
The trees, shrubs, flowers and lawn took on a transcendent beauty.  
The trees waved at us.  
The trees were sparkling with gold.  
The ultra sensuality of this of this plant was overwhelming. I was floored.  
The vistas through the shrubbery were magically intriguing.  
The whole cosmos broke loose around me.  
The world looked to me like it must to a little child, all big and beautiful.  
There was mystery in the air.  
Trees waved their slender limbs in invitation. Flowers winked.  
Twilight deepened.  
Viewing the herbs and grass of the field in his inward light, he saw into their essences.  
Vistas opened.  
Walls of buildings had an added dimension to their surfaces.  
We walked around the garden together. It was like walking in Paradise.  
a vision of the ocean with the waves marvelously colored and sparkling like jewels  
rolling in

awareness of the process of photosynthesis in the leaves, the mysterious process that is the basis of all life on our planet

awareness of the special quality and purity of plants that make them important examples for human spiritual life

flowers breathing, a repeated flow from beauty to heightened beauty, from deeper to ever deeper meaning

forests, gardens, lakes, beaches good for tripping—getting a sense of the world's beauty and of the subject's harmonious place in the overall "scheme of things"

in the Garden of Eden, in an Other World which is yet essentially the same as this world, but transfigured and therefore transporting

leaves of trees intricately patterned and at times resembled webs spun by god-inspired spiders of a thread of unraveled emeralds

standing in the wind and becoming the wind, the body weightless or "dancing" in the atmosphere

sunrises unbelievably lovely and seemingly made of jewels so fantastically overwhelming in brilliance and vastness

the almost universal passion for flowers, the almost universal use of flowers in the rites of religion

the element of the miraculous which we feel both at the stars in heaven and at our own ability to be conscious

the flowers so passionately alive that they seemed to be standing on the very brink of utterance

understood the Cosmic meaning of all nature dances and how man and nature merge into one

watched 2 grasshoppers go into a kind of cosmic dance. The perception triggered a transcendental experience of great intensity and depth

watching the first sunlight caught in the tree leaves and it was all about as fresh and clean and lovely as you could want

a beautiful autumn Saturday, with the leaves at their psychedelic best

a crisp, clear night of stars

a day of clear sky and brilliant light

a freshness in the air

a glorious sunset

a sparkling clear sunrise

an unforgettable autumn scene, golden fields, trees turning technicolor

awakens in eternity's sunrise

crystal-clear air

crystal-clear morning sunlight

extravagantly beautiful sunsets

feeling the wind blowing through them

flowers so passionately alive that they seem to be standing on the very brink of utterance  
golden shining leaves  
gorgeous flowers and jewels  
leaves yellow-fresh green that I remember from the springtimes of my childhood  
looks at the outside world and it has the glory and the freshness of a dream  
magic plants (plants that can get you high)  
mountains still unsubdued by labor, rising in primeval freshness  
our rape of the rivers, forests, prairies and skies  
paradise gardens with their jeweled plants and trees  
powerful rituals of taking plants in an atmosphere of reverence and harmony with nature  
said he looks at the outside world and it has the glory and freshness of a dream  
that magical place where every pebble is a precious stone  
the beauty of nature, the feeling it awakened in me  
the cosmic sky  
the forest with all its bewildering intricacy of leafy detail  
the garden of ecstasy  
the glorious sky above  
the infinitude of branches upon branches  
the magic blue sky  
the Paradise garden  
the phenomenon of seeing patterns in the air  
the radiance of the sunset  
the radiant and radiating petals of certain flowers  
the rain, its gentleness, purity and clean loveliness  
the relationship between plant-induced visions and mythology  
the sacred forests of the ancient  
the sky and landscape whose splendors were vivid  
the transfiguring light of dawn or sunset  
the vivid colors of a sunset  
this tender garden of divine bliss  
time to go in and leave the garden to the awakening stars  
trees reaching down as if yearning toward the heart of the earth  
trees with their waving clusters of distinctly individual leaves  
velvet lawn, noble trees  
winds sparkling and diamond clear and full of color as they glittered through the valley