

# Anatomy of a Walk

Walking in tempo  
Movements synchronised,  
Heel, midfoot, forefoot.  
26 small bones, 19 muscles, 107 ligaments,  
Tendons and fascia  
Working together  
Mapping the micro to the macro,  
The subterranean to the cosmological.  
Universes expand beneath my feet and  
Beyond my corporeal self.

You are here.  
Intimations,  
Above and below,  
In the finite and the infinite.  
The insistent sound of a cardinal  
Trilling her spring activities  
After the endless cold,  
A hint of new beginnings.

Deep purple, crystalline pools of river water  
Twigs and leaves entangled within.  
Wild iris shoots probe through the mud  
Their growth—a promise of summer blue.  
Water cabbages emerge,  
Their vibrant colour  
Heralding things to come.  
Dark days of winter put to bed  
Yet, the ides of March are still upon us.

Walking on  
My steps cross over  
Mud, moss, the humus of woodland life.  
A cold wind,  
Bracing.  
Life in all its complexity,  
Reminds me of resilience.

In this expansive landscape,  
We are so small,  
Insignificance takes over easily.  
Yet, the tiniest microbe has its place  
In the teaming soil.  
Rich with cosmos upon cosmos,  
Complex worlds unto themselves  
Beyond our pedestrian cognition.

Interconnections of living forms  
And their inanimate counterparts  
Everywhere;  
Branches, birds, rocks, air,  
The in-between places in life.  
Nothing works without the ecologies of others.

Our busy, distracted lives  
Oblivious to activity below ground.  
Transactions beyond familiar economies,  
Ciphred and interwoven communications  
Trafficking in food,  
A loose sort of gossip.  
Pathways and networks honed across millennia  
Fine-tuned, neatly interrelating,  
Coded for collective survival.  
The vicissitudes of human life far from their busy interplay.

The language of love,  
Sustenance for animate and inanimate alike  
For a million years and more,  
Exists in the most complex of stories:  
Backward in time,  
Forward to the next,  
Present in the now.

The anatomy of a walk,  
Daily disregard for what pulses beneath our feet.  
So many unknown, intricate workings  
Enmeshed in a vast, unquantifiable matrix of existence.  
The hubris of progress,  
Misdirected foolishness.  
Our loss,  
The wild miracle of nature  
And her thick weave of interconnectedness.

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