

## Little red cabin

Caught in the eye of the storm  
of my own making,  
I ride my hurricane of discontent  
headed for the Blue Ridge Escarpment  
and seek the calm of the little red cabin in the woods.

Beckoned by the lantern at the door  
I enter in and curl up on the wooden floor.

I hibernate here, in the warm hair  
of my black bear, by the river rock hearth,  
waiting for the storm to leave us there.

And it always does.  
When I awake the redbuds are in bloom again  
and mountain skies are clear.

It's then I realize I come back here  
for just one reason,  
to be reminded of the forest's most important lesson,

*to everything there is a season.*

