

**Braiding**  
**Lorraine Caputo**

*– for my traveling compañeros*

I walk through the taiga forest  
to still my thoughts

My inner Self is quieted  
& listening to the voices  
of the Mother

Aspen leaves  
quaking & whispering...  
...then silent in the passing breeze...

Lines of poetry  
the words tumble  
in the stream of my mind  
Like the pebbles polished  
in the braiding brooks  
The icy clear waters dividing separating  
onto their own courses  
meeting again among the willows

Like us  
going apart  
only to meet separate  
meet again & again

I gaze into the forest of little sticks  
the trunks dense  
their roots covered by moss & lichen  
I stand upon a bridge  
listening to the waters pass  
over the multi-colored rocks

I walk through this taiga  
& am forced to look around me –  
not at where I step...  
The challenges are wound me –  
not at my feet...

Lorraine Caputo is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 200 journals on six continents; and 14 chapbooks of poetry – including *Caribbean Nights* (Red Bird Chapbooks, 2014), *Notes from the Patagonia* (dancing girl press, 2017) and *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019). She also authors travel narratives, articles and guidebooks. In March 2011, the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada honored her verse. Caputo has done literary readings from Alaska to the Patagonia. She travels through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth. Follow her travels at: [www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer](http://www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer) or <https://latinamericawanderer.wordpress.com>.