

MOSSY LOG
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As autumn turns more into winter and summer retreats farther, I find my eye looking for what patches of green still remain. The leaves and foliage of the forest floor consists mostly now of unsaturated gray and washed-out browns, but here and there old logs with moss do stand out. I guess moss does not need much to be happy, just a spot of sun every now and again, a place to spread and shine.

And I can spot patches of bright moss from far away. Why and just how these mosses, liverworts, and ferns can keep going I don't know. I do know they are very primitive in the plant kingdom, so they must have learned how to survive way back when.

Of course it is all good: summer, fall, winter, and spring, all of it. I don't know why I favor spring so, but I love whatever is green and living, the more so as it becomes scarce each year. There is something about an old mossy log, catching the morning sun, and me sitting there in the leaves next to it on the forest floor, and I mean sitting there for a while.

And as winter comes on, the patches of green are fewer and fewer. I wonder does anyone else visit these mossy logs? Do others know they even exist and just where to find them? To me they are old friends going back years and years. Perhaps I am the only one who knows of them. I have never seen anyone else sitting in the leaves with the sun keeping them company.

