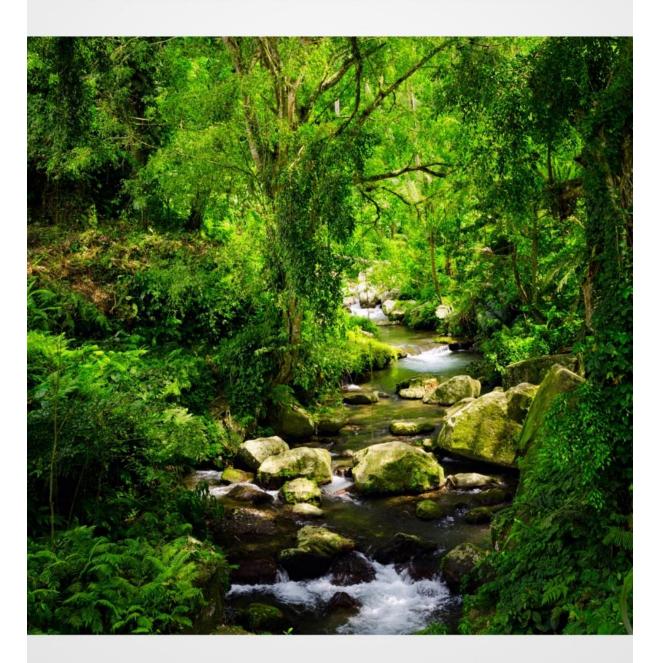
WHEN SILENCE SPEAKS

POEMS ABOUT NATURE



BY TRADITIONALBODYWORK.COM



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"It's not a secret at all. It just depends on the eyes looking at it."



Preface



Between 2011 and 2013, I lived in an open cabin, in the midst of the pristine Amazonian jungle of French Guiana.

This book contains poems about that time, reflecting the wordless language of this majestic, primeval forest, a place that cannot else than guide you finding the silence within.

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About the Author

I initially studied Information Technology in the Netherlands and worked seventeen years in software and database development for a variety of international companies and organizations.

In 2009, I left Holland for good, and discovered the beauty and healing power of Thai Massage and Reusi Dat Ton (Thai Yoga) in Thailand. It changed my life's direction and inspired me to become a massage and yoga practitioner and teacher.

After my return to Europe in 2010, I started offering treatments and training, and — for about a decade — regularly returned to Thailand to further my training in the Thai healing arts.

In 2018, I co-founded the TraditionalBodywork.com website as a platform to publish articles, eBooks, and Video Workshops about Thai Massage and Reusi Dat Ton.

Today, I also publish works about other types of massage and bodywork, somatic practices, alternative and complementary therapies, nature, spirituality, and unconventional lifestyles.

In addition, I share essays, poems, and reflections about my personal life experiences.

You can learn more about my background and about the website through https://www.traditionalbodywork.com/



Introduction



Image Depositphotos - Location of French Guiana on the world map

What Unfolds in the Heart

The grand Amazon, this mighty jungle. Sometimes deafening loud, but mostly eerie quiet. A place of many dangers, but likewise a shelter of complete safety. An utter paradox.

Living in its presence and surrounded by a green, moist cocoon and dense canopy, you have little choice but surrender, to acknowledge its power, and finally see — feel what unfolds in your heart.

I dis-covered an inner silence, realizing that it's a reflection of the quiet of the forest, and by doing so — understanding that the one *is* the other, that there's no *actual* difference, just an *apparent* one.

It's primeval silence that speaks, a dialogue becoming monologue. What unfolds is that what's *out there* becomes *in here*. Until there's only one.



Poems about Nature

When Silence Speaks

When silence speaks it comes to you in thunderstorms without no violence

it opens up this box of treasures always there a gift of pleasures

when silence speaks it talks to you in soundless words it radiates

the same old things another view with same old eyes but all is new.



Rain of Leaves

Rain of leaves like Christmas day your tree of gifts with many hints

snow of greens falling down in silence hushed by stormy winds

rain of leaves your way to speak with many tongues in single drops

but never loud nor any words your sound that never stops.



When Bubbles Pop

When bubbles pop you hear this silence coming down

you listen maybe answer talk in circles

things repeated having lost their living sense

said and done and meaningless you see

the bubbles pop and silence coming down.



I Heard Your Voice

I heard your voice sacred whispers silence speaking in the wind

I saw your forms lucid paintings your drawings in the skies

I felt your breath your silent rhythm beating through my veins

you touched my soul with boundless life it's silence now that always ever reigns.