

Wild and Free

As I walk across the land, I can see the light that covers the mountain pass. I notice the horses running free and the trees whispering in the wind. From a distance I can hear the river flowing through the mountains, the rush that I can feel as water crashing against the rocks. I realize for an instant what it is like to be wild and free.

**Wild nature is free for the precise reason that humans generally aren't, because it just is what it is in any moment in time, while humans worry away, jumping from moment to moment and thought to thought. Rarely still. But in those rare instances that we are, we know that we too are free.