

DANIEL HUDON

LOOKING FOR THE FOREST

I want to go to the forest, the man said to me at the street corner, where is the forest? He seemed determined, as if he had come from a long way and felt he was close to his goal. Forest? I said, loudly, for the light had changed and the cars roared past, this is the middle of the city, there's not been a forest here for centuries. And I wondered when I had last gone to the forest. I want to go to the forest, said the man, can you take me there? My heart went out to him for his naïve quest. How did he not know? There's no forest here to go to, I said. We have parks and green spaces, but there's no place big enough to . . . What did you say? he shouted above the traffic. I said the only forest left is in your mind, and you must go there when you are lost, before you become lost forever. His dark eyes melted, but he didn't say anything as he turned and wandered into the intersection like a wounded dog so that the cars honked and swerved around him.