When encountering tall and towering challenges,

A person might yet stop and freeze, holding in each breath,

Making sure to seize any miniscule moment of movement.

It has always been told that when mankind is faced

 with such challenges, they must perform an act of fight or flight.

However it is in question that a person

may choose to do neither.

A neutral, free wandering choice

of acceptance and hopelessness.

Such as getting lost in a forest, ever sprinting,

hoping to reach the end of the unkown,

which seems to last forever.

But for those who choose to stand so very still,

which some compare to the equivalent of nothing,

might just turn out to be very much something.

An action to observe and hearken.

The body of stillness might just solve-

the mystery of the forest.

Of why it breathes, and of why it listens.

The passing souls inside the endless grove,

who may not be as lost as they believe they are.