



I came to nature  
To ask the big ones.  
And nature invited me to stay.

I came to poetry  
To tell this story.  
And poetry invited me to stay.

For those who wonder.  
For those who listen to the wind.  
For those who sleep where no trail leads.

# Oliver Lenz

# Quiet Rebellion



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I sleep beneath a tree I just met,  
I camp where no path leads,  
I stir a soup of nettles and mushrooms,  
I write verses not for likes but for life.

Because I could no longer bear  
What the world called normal.  
And those who answered my voice with love  
Are part of our quiet rebellion.



Some have a heart of gold.  
Others have a heart of stone.  
I do have a heart of moss.

I thrive in unity,  
Not with the masses.  
But with the land,  
The creatures, the rain.

Should your human shell  
Ever meet a heart of moss,  
Be sure to be on its side-  
As moss is hardier than stone.

I will return to where I grow  
No matter what you'll do.  
But should you love the heart of moss,  
It just might grow around you too!



I didn't bring a stone  
To add to my collection.  
Ben Nevis stays complete.  
And I grew climbing stones.

Disconnected and rewired,  
I left no trace.  
And yet, I took everything.  
My own growing soul.



My poetry isn't meant to be tame.  
It's climbing cliffs barefoot.  
It's howling from mountaintops.  
It's the sea clashing in your face.

Yet it will embrace your soul  
When you are pure and wild,  
When you hear nature's roar,  
When you roam the rough.



I woke up on an unnamed hill,  
To the birds greeting the day.  
The path least travelled didn't take me far,  
But to a place I feel at home.

I left some poetry for the next to come,  
To enjoy a read while inhaling freedom.  
Come up this path, like-minded soul.  
Stay a night and listen.



My soul can dance.  
My body can't.  
My mind starts bobbing  
Where others flee.

Let's move to places  
Where soulflight is a state of mind.  
Let's move to places  
Where neurotransmitters dance.



I lost my own path  
On my way back home.  
Guided by the land,  
I found more beauty!

The trees, they seemed  
To nod in welcome.  
And they guided me home,  
Soft, insightful and reflecting.

The path I thought I had lost-  
Was it even there?  
Was it even mine?  
Give up your claim and go astray.



Some take the tourist path up to Ben Nevis.  
Some take the path less travelled.  
But I ask the land for the path least travelled.

You'll need a map, but in your heart,  
To navigate with land and soul.  
You won't get lost-  
But redefined.  
So your new name will fit your soul.



I stopped the clock in my room  
So I get a better sense of time.  
I don't need to be reminded  
Of every second that has passed.  
I don't need a nerve-wrecking sound  
3600 times an hour.

I need to hear the owl at night  
Telling me it's safe to sleep.  
I need to hear the birds awaking  
Telling me it's time to rise.  
I need to hear the wind outside  
Telling me it's rough to camp.



Old oak, how lucky you are!  
You are blocking my view,  
And I love you for that.

You have this view of Ben Nevis  
For all of your life.  
No one has the size  
To stand in your way.

Poets talk to you.  
You are a star in poetry.  
You are home of the birds,  
Singing to me right now.

Decorating the sky  
With curly branches,  
You mind your own business-  
Just to be.

And just by doing so,  
You are the only thing  
I need in this moment.

You stand alone.  
You don't need neighbours,  
Just a handful of friends.  
Would you like to be my friend?

I would be honoured,  
So take this poem as a gift.

And please,  
Keep blocking my view.  
My friend,  
My shelter,  
And my view.



I'm everything,  
Yet I do not belong  
In your busy world.

I am one  
Where lichen whispers,  
Soft on stone and bark,  
Patient in the hush of rain.

I am true  
Where birches call,  
Their silver voices  
Threading through the mist,  
Calling me back  
To what I have always been.



The mountain can afford its indifference.  
It will still stand tall in millennia.  
I doubt there will be humans left to witness.

Not impressed by the stillness of stone.  
Yet burying themselves in motion.



There's room for everyone  
In nature's own Grand Hotel.  
Yet I have it all to myself.  
Odd witcher's all-exclusive.



Poetry before breakfast suits me well  
Because my soul speaks  
Its needs before my body.  
It whispers, and I listen.



"I don't owe you any money  
For dreaming of a better world!"  
And I don't want your money.  
I want your mindset to change.

But you will never change-  
That's why you call me a dreamer.

May I ask about your dreams?  
Your dreams of getting rich?  
Imagine your dreams came true-  
On whose shoulders would you sit?



Found pure sunshine all around.  
The urge to taste it was hell-bound.  
The Earth took one more circle  
And I am back, back in sunshine.

You won't do me any harm,  
So I'll swallow you whole,  
You sexy little blossom  
Of Scottish gorse, my soul!



Dear little shroom,  
You beckoned me into the breath of frost.  
I had no wish to feel the biting cold,  
But you drew me into your realm again.

And though my eyes sought your cap,  
You hid - for your purpose was done.

Thank you, then,  
For guiding my gaze to the untouched,  
To the beauty I missed so much.  
Thank you for your quiet trickery,  
And for staying unseen.



I listened  
As it called again.  
The land's own voice-  
It wanted me here.  
And it asked without shame.

Since I took in  
The shore of wonder,  
I live in quiet gratitude  
For being invited  
To such beauty.

No road, no path,  
No signpost  
Lead to this place of insight.  
You have to listen-  
To the land  
And to who you are.



I don't whisper. I roar.  
I command you to follow my call.  
"What took you so long?"  
I ask you!

So after two days of lingering in my shadows,  
You follow my call  
And be one with the land again.

My valleys are open  
For you to explore.  
My Munros are waiting  
For you to climb.

We will decide in unity  
Where you sleep  
And where you rest.

In love, Ben Nevis



So you came.  
Not to conquer, but to listen.  
Not far, not high,  
But far enough to matter.

You came with your will  
And tools which were enough.  
Your hands clutching a restless tent  
On my windswept skin.

I watched.  
I tested.  
You didn't flee.  
You stayed.

And in the morning,  
You thanked me.  
Like a handful of other souls.

You thought you could just leave.  
But something stayed.  
We are friends now.  
I will not stop speaking.  
Never.

Ben Nevis



Reaching out to light some lanterns  
Of love, of longing for the deep,  
Of soul, of connecting to nature.  
Like tiny Earth, lost in vacuum.

Lost to a system of greed,  
Of fast-paced noise and competition.  
Yet still writing to your longing  
That you all put to a rest.



Each step I take  
Writes another line of your song.  
Your call grows louder every time.  
Soon your embrace will hold me long.

Near the Lochs, near the Sea,  
In Sunlit Valleys, on Icy Munros,  
I choose your silent company  
Over every city known below.

So keep me in your arms next time.  
To nourish my soul.  
To cherish my heart.  
To be myself.



I walked through miles of gorse,  
Golden, blooming sunshine on my way.  
Yet their thorns reminding me  
Of shadow work to be done.

When your love hit me like lightning  
Out of a deep blue sky.  
With birds singing a love song  
And pines welcoming me here.

My soul walks naked in your valleys  
Where mist clings to the grass like longing.  
Where I was just myself for the first time.  
Where I never wanted to part again.

My mind, it wanders in your forests,  
Reflecting my new self,  
Asking questions I always felt  
But never tried to answer.

You'll never leave Caledonia,  
And so neither will I.  
My body might leave  
But in every question, my mind returns.



Look inward and down  
Like Thoreau at Walden Pond  
Look outward and up  
Like Carl Sagan reaching out  
Your shell can go places  
And reflect on humanity  
Your mind can go places  
And let you gaze in awe  
Combine both  
Go feral  
Be mindful  
Go pagan  
Be wild  
Go be



Walking on a planet full of beauty,  
The most sophisticated brain of pale blue dot  
Is digging it's own grave.  
Right here in paradise.

Bury your ego, drunk stardust!  
Bury your homemade gods.  
Bury your chimera.  
You are conscious beauty on pale blue dot!

Make yourself great again  
By becoming small.  
Make yourself pale blue again  
By becoming one with Earth.



I am enough  
I seek my own way  
I am the path

Asking is enough  
Deep questions give me meaning  
I am the question

Being is enough  
A conscious being of stardust  
I am the universe asking what's going on



***Recipe for a soup that doesn't want to be found***

Meandering in the lowlands,  
A bunch of wood ears catches your sight-  
On some elderberry bushes of course.  
Joyful, you pick a handful.  
And remember a recipe you made up many years ago.

You'll need a potato. And a carrot.  
The Black Isle has the best of them, they say,  
So off to Fortrose you wander.  
While you're up there,  
Why not snag some vegetable broth in Moray?  
It's hearty and worth the detour,  
And it's only 50 miles in the wrong direction.

Next, you recall that stinging nettle is best  
In early spring. But alas,  
Scotland's nettles don't have the right zing this time of year.  
So off to the fields of York you go,  
Armed with foraging gloves  
And a growing sense of life choices.  
Yorkshire farmers shake their heads,  
Muttering, "Another tourist with weird hobbies."

Finally, with ingredients in tow  
(And a train ticket budget blown),  
You're ready to prepare your soup!  
But wait: Wasn't there something else?  
Well, the preparation is left as an exercise for the reader,  
Just follow your instincts,  
Or consult the ancient cookbook buried  
In a cairn near Ben Nevis.  
(It's guarded by grouse - bring snacks for them.)

A cycle spun of thought and deed,  
Of mindful touch and rooted seed.  
As Thoreau knew and I have found,  
The practice shapes; the mind unbounds.

So in the hush of dawn's first light,  
Where forest cloaks the fading night,  
I walk this path, and it walks me,  
In wild places, pure and free.



In Scotland's wild, we walk with care,  
To leave no trace, our presence spare.  
Among the Lochs and heather's grace,  
Our only mark - a fleeting pace.

Yet in the world beyond these lands,  
People seek with eager hands,  
To leave their trace, their name, their face-  
Forgetting peace in empty space.



Need no clutter in my mind  
Need the quiet to be whole  
Need no futile in my soul  
Need my soul to grow and glow

Need no treasures on my shelf  
Need the sky to make me free  
Need no trophies for myself  
Need the Earth beneath my feet

Need no weight upon my back  
Need the space to walk alone  
Need no riches in my hands  
Need my heart to be my own



Beneath the whispering leaves I stand  
The forest's breath a gentle hand

It speaks through roots and streams that flow  
My soul reflects what wild winds know

As words take shape from rivers' song  
The universe, through thought, grows strong

In mind and verse, it wakes, aware  
A living voice, the Earth's own prayer



Sleeping in the heart of the forest,  
I gaze beyond the outer planets,  
Beyond billions of stars  
To billions of other galaxies,  
Vast, endless, untouched.

Yet just a short walk from my paradise,  
Billions of hands carve wounds into Earth.  
Drowning rivers, burning skies,  
Tearing roots that held the world in place.

Here, at the edge of the world,  
I am small enough to listen,  
Yet too small to stop them.



I touched the Earth  
It lets me go  
Moss rises in slow resilience  
Forgetting me the moment I leave

But  
Touch a soul  
Not with hands  
Not with weight  
But with words

Moss forgets the pressure of my hand  
The sea does not remember the pebble I threw  
But a word placed in the right heart  
May outlive the one who spoke it



The beauty brought by your senses  
Might serve just as evolution planned.  
Or perhaps your mind drifts into wonder-  
Evolution's greatest, unintended gift?

Are there birds  
Who celebrate their tetrachromacy?  
Do you celebrate  
The power of your mind?

Do our closest kin in nature  
Ask these kinds of questions?  
Our ancestors surely did.  
How many humans do?



My love language is not for townsfolk,  
It speaks in whispers where the tall pines loom.  
It is only free where the elements kiss,  
Where wind carves secrets into silent stone.

Where rivers flow and meadows bloom,  
And footprints fade but souls remain.  
Shadowed souls forever aligned in Earth's bliss,  
Bound by the hush where the wild heart sings.

Blooming in joined awe of the untamed,  
Where dusk and dawn weave threads of gold and grey.  
Where leaves move golden rays through misty air,  
And echoes of the past embrace the now.



I slipped out of my armour,  
The expectations,  
The noise,  
The ticking of the clock.

This is what I wanted to be,  
What I want to be,  
What I need to be,  
To face the wild inside myself.



Three days deep in the forest's heart, under the open sky's vast dome,  
I ponder a life, far from what I've known as home.  
As I rest in the woods, where the stars softly gleam,  
A question whispers softly, in a recurring dream.

"What if I don't return, to the world left behind?  
What if I choose to stay, with a peace I've come to find?"  
In the heart of nature, where my soul feels free,  
What if I merge with the wild, let that be my destiny?

In this realm where time seems to gently cease,  
I dream of becoming one with this tranquil peace.  
Would the forest accept me, as one of its own,  
In the embrace of the wild, forever to roam?



As I sleep in the woods, 'neath the open sky's sweep,  
In the cradle of stars, my thoughts wander free.

I don't speak human, but with wolves, I find grace,  
In their untamed eyes, a shared sacred space.

I find solace in nature's unspoken bond,  
Far from human chaos, to which I'm not fond.



A map once whispered to your home,  
Where central heating was unheard of.  
No blinking dots, no guiding lines,  
Just stars and sense for all time known.

A flame was lit and we were close,  
Its warmth was earned, not bought or piped.  
Those times long gone, yet still  
We were built to survive like this.

So bring a map to find a valley  
Where fire heats your resting place.  
The world that shaped our kind remains,  
Beyond the doors, beyond the roads.

Your instincts linger deep inside,  
Go figure why they shout-  
In places where they used to save  
Our kind that had gone too far from home.



We could live in paradise.  
We could live in peace.  
Yet, we choose our own ego  
While making racism great again.

Our mind was never meant  
For modern civilisation.  
Our soul was never meant  
To be locked up like that.

I'm here to listen with you  
For all we need  
Not what we want.  
Let's be wild and free again.

Wild like the forest  
That brought me here.  
Free like seeds in the wind  
That I try to sow.



I am no God.  
I am everything there is.  
I am you.  
Keep improving. Cosmos.



### *The ghost*

The ghost that visits every night,  
It knows me better than I do.  
Lost in a world of eager destruction,  
Cursed to only watch.

It screams as the world goes under,  
Unseen, unheard, disbelieved.  
It fears our ignorance.  
It fears the human ego.

We are not haunted by the ghost.  
We are haunting the ghost.

### *Freedom*

We do have the unbelievable freedom  
To venture out into the wild,  
To sleep under the stars,  
To learn the essential facts of life.

And then return  
To a heated house,  
To warm water flowing from taps,  
To electricity,  
To any information we could ever want.

Use your freedom to seek the wild  
Because it will change your mind-  
Even if you don't like it.  
Let it humble you, just once.

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