



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



© 2025 Oliver Lenz

Druck und Distribution im Auftrag des Autors:  
tredition GmbH, Heinz-Beusen-Stieg 5, 22926 Ahrensburg, Deutschland

Das Werk, einschließlich seiner Teile, ist urheberrechtlich geschützt. Für die Inhalte ist der Autor verantwortlich. Jede Verwertung ist ohne seine Zustimmung unzulässig. Die Publikation und Verbreitung erfolgen im Auftrag des Autors, zu erreichen unter: tredition GmbH, Abteilung "Impressumservice", Heinz-Beusen-Stieg 5, 22926 Ahrensburg, Deutschland.

Kontaktadresse nach EU-Produktsicherheitsverordnung: [impressumservice@tredition.com](mailto:impressumservice@tredition.com)

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.

