

“Wilderness”

Webster describes the term, wilderness, as an uncultivated, uninhabited region, perhaps a desert or wasteland. But could even the founder of traditional American lexicography be inaccurate with his own definitions? Could the great Noah Webster possibly have made a



misconception in his own mastery of words? Could it be that he “couldn’t see the forest for the trees” and didn’t understand what ‘wilderness’ actually is?

Many of us don’t realize the true meaning of wilderness, the fact that it is practically undefined as it bestows a greater principle. We have yet to grasp the sweet natural beauty of wilderness, Earth’s dear token of purity. So we

should ask ourselves, what exactly is wilderness?

Wilderness is beyond the fresh vegetation, the dewed grass of dawn or the leaves blown by the wind, surrounding us all. It emphasizes life in many ways, adding color to civilization. It soothes the mind of the corrupted society. It strengthens and cleanses the air that we breathe. What is wilderness?

It is a precious flower, a tulip maybe, which blossoms during springtime, attracting the curiosity and hunger of thriving insects. It is a white oak tree that has outlived the days of our great-great grandparents, growing as tall as the eyes can see. It is the scent of



a breeze brushing through a small garden, motioning every plant to sway by the stem. It is the soothing raindrops drumming on the window sills of our homes. It is that active doe, who returns to its mother in the dwellings of the woods with song-singing birds fluttering away, pollen-collecting bumblebees buzzing about, and water-splashing fish swimming in the ripples of the still lake. It is a peaceful walk in the park, just you, your pet, and the good ol' sunshine. It is wilderness.

Wilderness is life.

as told by Terrance D. Waters