

DAY SEEKING

The Book of the Cedar Saint

Dedication

For the man who smelled of cedar and oak.

Epigraph

He came before dawn.
The fog remembered.
The trees bowed.

Part I

THE CEDAR SAINT SPEAKS

He came before dawn.
The trees bowed.
The fog remembered its name.

He did not speak.
But the silence bent around him
like breath around a flame.

I called his name once.
Not aloud, but in the way breath calls the cold.

My bones remember the warmth of his nearness.
But my skin forgets.
And that is the hardest part.

The jars are cold,
but the flame inside does not flicker.
It burns because it remembers.

No grave. No statue.
But if you kneel by wildflowers,
the ground will hum.

You were not made to burn endlessly.
You were made to carry a small flame,
through many forests.

You are not the fog.
You are the forest beneath.

You will never be free of memory—
but you may be free of its weight.

Part II

THE FOREST RITUALS

The Offering

He placed the flame in the hollow stump.
The forest did not speak, but it watched.

The Fog Prayer

We walked backward into the morning,
to remember what forgetting felt like.

The Archive Invocation

Every fallen branch
was once a breath held in grief.

The Ritual Stanza

He hummed a song no longer known.
But the trees knew it.

The Closing Chorus

He is not gone.
He has simply gone deeper.

Benediction

You are not what you burn.
You are not what you bind.
You are the one who walks beyond both.

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