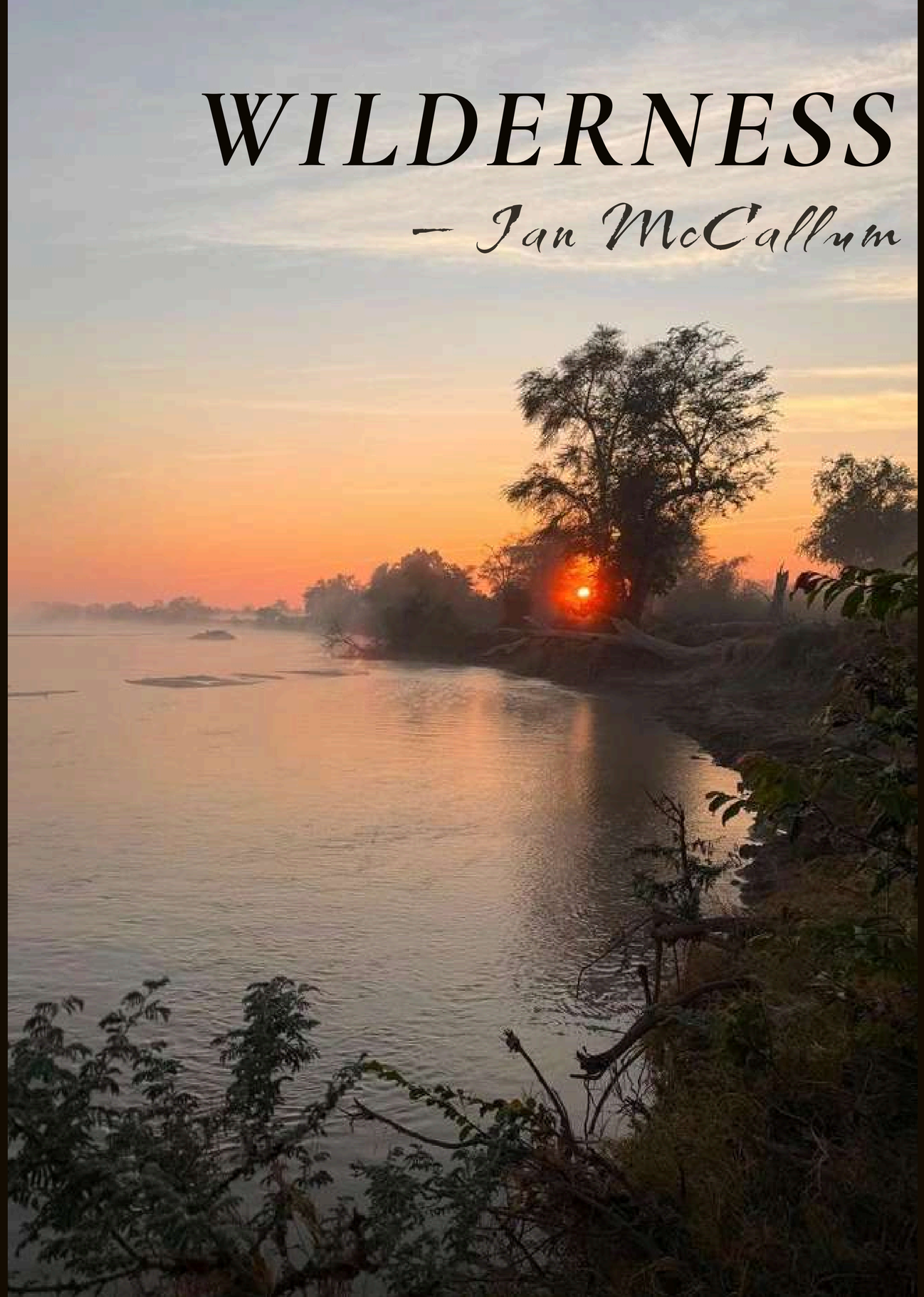






Rewild

AN ECHO FROM YOUR BONES



Have we forgotten
that wilderness is not a place,
but a pattern of soul
where every tree, every bird and beast
is a soul maker?
Have we forgotten
that wilderness is not a place
but a moving feast of stars,
footprints, scales and beginnings?
Since when did we become afraid of the night
and that only the bright stars count?
Or that our moon
is not a moon
unless it is full?
By whose command
were the animals
through groping fingers,
one for each hand,
reduced to the big and little five?
Have we forgotten
that every creature is within us
carried by tides
of Earthly blood
and that we named them?
Have we forgotten
that wilderness is not a place,
but a season
and that we are in its final hour?

Rewild is a nature-based exploration of the human experience, incorporating time in wild African landscapes, movement, breath and attention to explore our relationship with ourselves, each other and the living world.

Carl Jung once wrote:

“Our ancient contact with nature has gone and with it has gone a profound mental energy that this symbolic action supplied. Thunder is no longer the voice of an angry god, nor is lightning his avenging missile. No river contains a spirit, no tree is the life principle of a man, no snake the embodiment of wisdom, no mountain cave the home of a great demon. No voices now speak to man from stones, plants and animals, nor does he speak to them believing they can hear.”

Or as Hermann Hesse so beautifully put it:

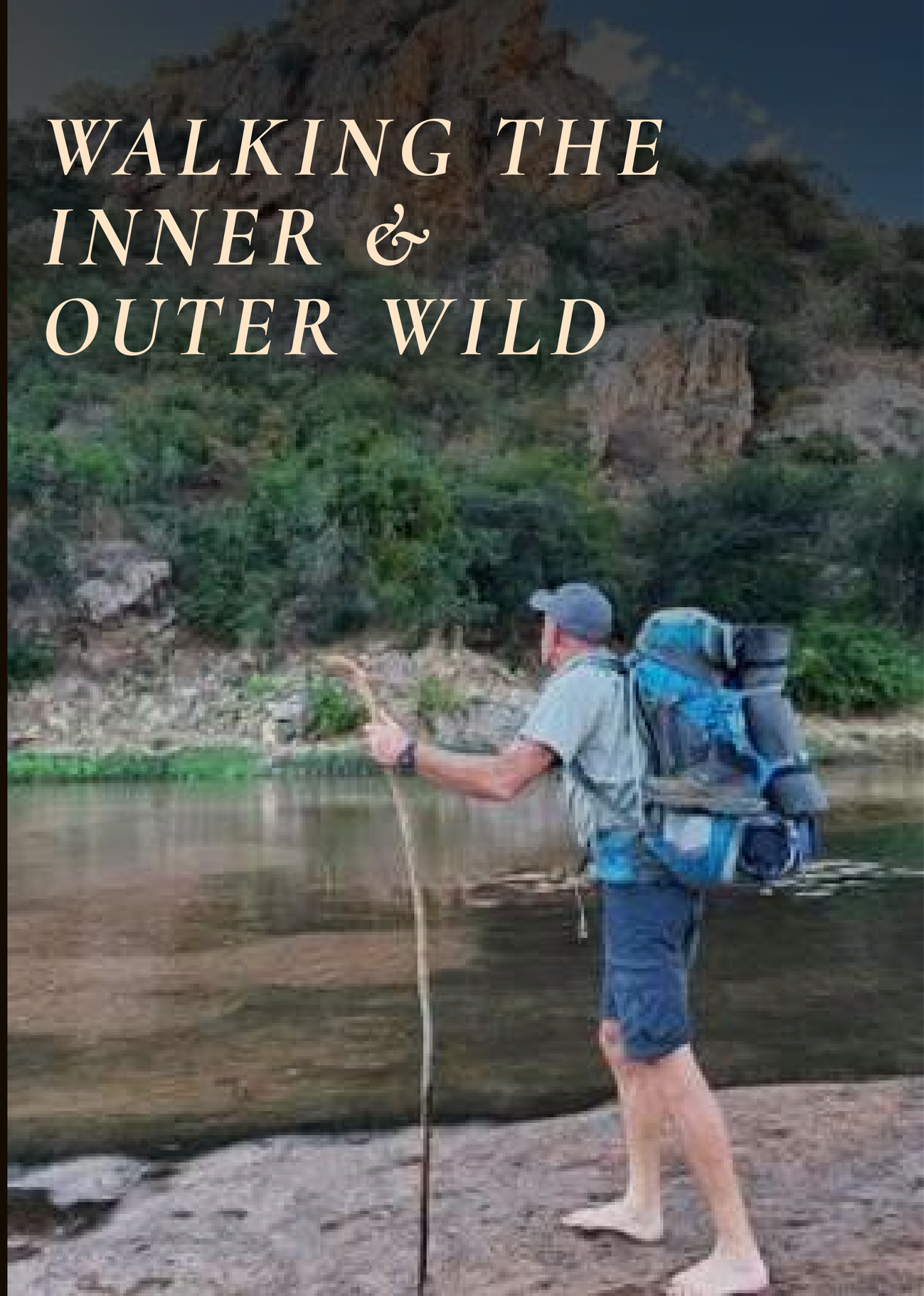
A thousand forgotten years ago, the bird and the blowing wind were like me, and were my brothers.”

These explorations take place for the most part on foot, within wild African spaces. The landscapes our species emerged from and adapted alongside for far longer than we have lived the lives we now consider normal.

Living closer to these places, even if only for a few days, paying attentionand embracing a different rhythm, can awaken a strange sense of familiarity.

The wilderness in your blood stirs, breath deepens and an ease of spirit washes over you

WALKING THE INNER & OUTER WILD





REWILD EMERGED

A curiosity in ecology began. At first, through a curiosity in human nature and a willingness to learn, then a bravery to re-engage with the conversations of the natural world a little more directly.

The interconnectedness of the processes at play fascinated me. Systems, structures, patterns and the organic elements making up the natural world, all working together in synergy, seemingly effortlessly and with purpose. Each one seeping seemlessly into the next

To put it frankly, it blew my mind, opened my heart and planted my feet firmly and humbly on the ground.

For much of my life, however, my attention had been on people. I spent much time with various holistic practices, facilitating environments for reflection, movement and conversation, working closely with people from many walks of life, often during sensitive and vulnerable periods of change, challenge and self-exploration.

Through this, I witnessed many phases and workings of the human experience, spending time not only with our thoughts and emotions, but with the body that moves us through it all. Noticing and observing how we, the human animal, sense, experience and participate within this larger ecology.

These spaces offered fascinating insights into our physical and energetic anatomy; our organisation and engagement with our inner and outer worlds; the natural laws we are governed by; and how our species resiliently navigates these landscapes, even in the dark.

Somewhere along the way, particularly through challenges in my own life, I began noticing that some of my most meaningful moments of progress and realiziation weren't necessarily happening through another processes or practice. *They were happening outside.*

Walking. Encountering discomfort. Moving through landscapes that ask not much of you but your attention and to take the next step.

Under the trees.
Beneath open skies.
Bathed in the Earth's waters.
Moments where something is experienced rather than explained

I began observing the effects of forgetting the language of the wilderness in our blood and bones. The impact on our capacity to intuitively engage with and actively participate in a conversation that has been going since the dawn of the natural world, and the effects not only on our minds and bodies, but on our spirit and capacity for life.

Strangely enough, we seem to be the only species to, in part, 'forget' this conversation.

Gradually, I moved away from the experiences I offered that spanned many practices and modalities. Though they had their time and place in my understanding, and I hold much respect for them and their capacity to help people.
It felt at times that something called out to me.
The experiences evolved.

They became more grounded and nature-centred.
Becoming less. I took what I needed and left the rest.
Going back to the basics. This required slowing down.





THE HUMAN ANIMAL

For most of our history, the human body existed in continuous contact with the living world. We evolved in relationship with movement, terrain, changing light and seasons, and the communities, cultures and traditions shaped by the ecologies from which they emerged.

Daily life demanded movement, awareness and adaptation.
We walked, climbed, carried, cultivated and rested according to the conditions around us. Survival meant recognising patterns and paying attention to the behaviours of plants and animals, an ongoing conversation, never quite the same, carrying information we are still learning to perceive and understand.

Our senses were active participants in how we navigated life, creating an embodied, intuitive dialogue between the human animal and the wider ecology we belong to.

Perhaps this relationship runs deeper than conscious awareness. Even at a cellular level, our bodies respond to environmental signals. Our DNA exists within complex three-dimensional structures, and some researchers have proposed that it may possess properties similar to a fractal antenna, interacting with electromagnetic fields. While this remains a scientific hypothesis, it raises intriguing questions about the information exchanged within and around us, and how much we have yet to understand.

Across the natural world, life unfolds through intricate relationships of cooperation, competition and interdependence. Diversity contributes to the resilience and adaptability of ecosystems, allowing new possibilities to emerge through these interactions.

And perhaps there is something for us to learn from this. Not simply about survival, but about what becomes possible when different forms of life, knowledge and ways of being exist in relationship with one another.

“A rising tide lifts all ships”

AND THEN, MODERN LIFE

Modern life, however, asks something very different of us.
For reasons I am still trying to understand, our species seems to have moved away from the living world we evolved within. Cities are losing their cultural roots and connections to the land, while communities grow increasingly disconnected from nature, one another, their elders and traditions.

In their place, a sort of monoculture emerges. Clinical colours, oddly straight lines, fluorescent lights and familiar spaces , events and gatherings that somehow feel less alive. People living alongside one another, yet seldom engaging. Finding comfort in the predictability of the known, even when it leaves so much of us unexpressed and straved.

as Jung wrote:

"...the loss of a world that pulsed with our blood and breathed with our breath."

Many of us spend our days indoors, barely moving, our attention continually drawn towards screens, urgency and stimulation. Over time, our bodies respond. Movement becomes limited, breath grows shallow, attention fragments and we begin to lose touch with our own rhythms and senses.

I wonder what all this stimulation is doing to us. If our bodies are constantly responding to their surroundings, what happens when those environments become saturated with artificial light, sound, electromagnetic fields and endless demands for our attention? What might we be missing beneath all that noise?

Perhaps this is why something in us longs for open spaces, skies to wonder beneath, kindness between neighbours and the freedom to follow our curiosity.

And perhaps, more than anything, we long for enough quiet to listen again. To hear ourselves, notice the world around us and find the space to take a meaningful step forward, rather than endlessly running in place.





SO...
HERE WE ARE

Returning to the fundamentals, close to what shaped our very DNA over millions of years. The focus shifts away from fixed answers and end results, comforts , and toward giving nature space to speak. And we slowly cultivate the patience and capacity to listen.

We take our time.

Exploring our ability to endure discomfort, to expierence your body carrying itself through the terrain and to encounter this moment, embracing it just as it is, in awe and wonder. This opens the door to re-learn our place and awakens an awareness of how we participate in and process the information coming to us, from a ancient conversation far greater than any between you and me.

Cold water. Open skies. Earth beneath bare feet.
A moment committed to breath and movement,
witnessing the sun as it rises and we greet the day.

At times, the distant sound of lions echoing somewhere out in the dark may remind you of the bravery of the wild human being, calling to you through the darkness of our somewhat detached lives, asking for your attention.
Or you may simply indulge in the moment that makes your bones shake.

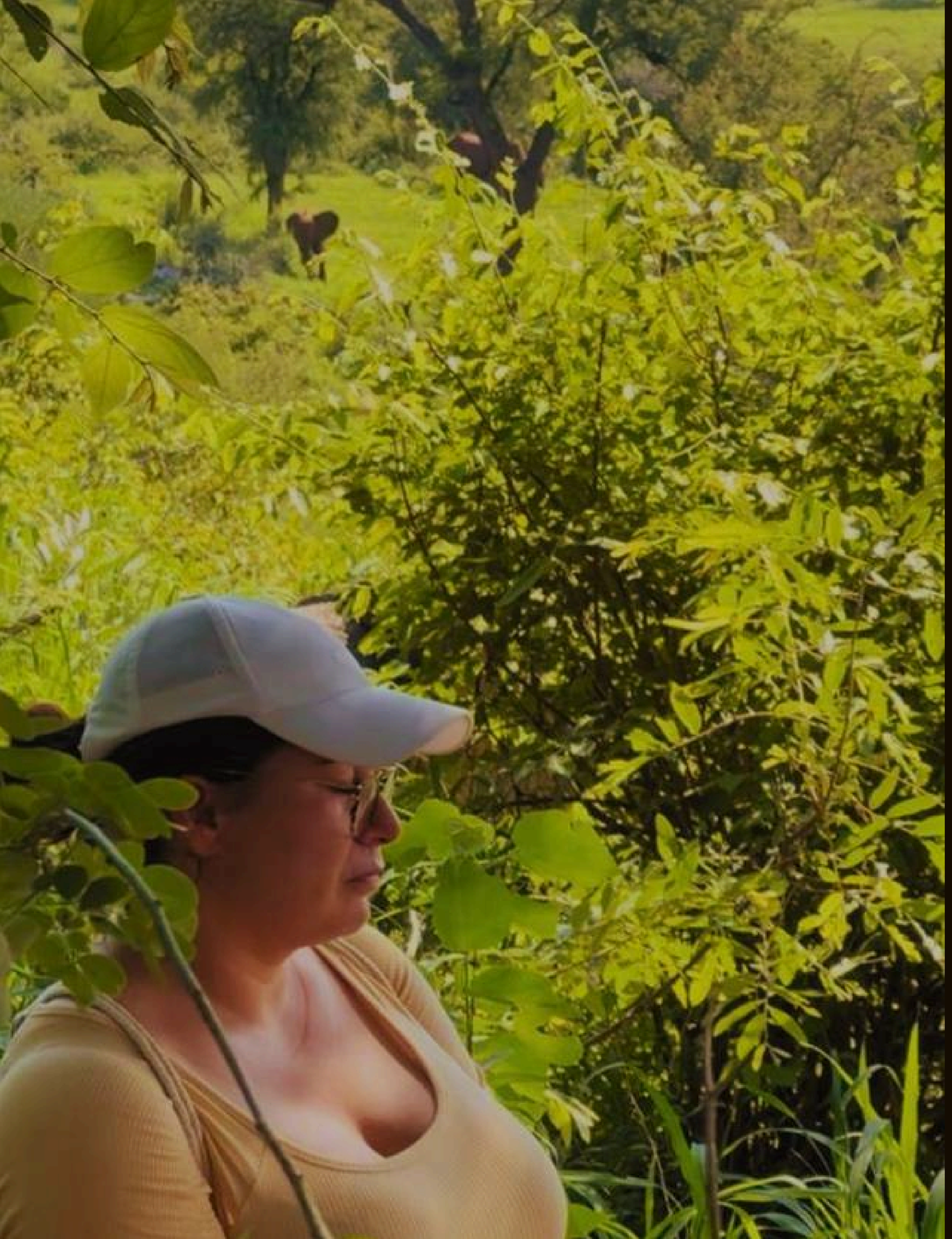
OBSERVING

Movement practices, meditation, journaling and time in nature are not about becoming someone new or retreating into some alternate reality. They are tools for bringing awareness to the here and now. Helping us observe and work with the body's defence systems when they have been activated and put into play for so long.

These systems and responses are totally natural in the living world, but they have a purpose and a time. Then they should settle once more, allowing living beings and systems to distribute energy toward other aspects of living this life. Part of this is slowing down enough to allow the body's natural systems to do what they do. When we step back into natural spaces, the body responds accordingly.

It's actually a lot closer than you are yet to realise.
Before you know it, you catch yourself.
Attention widens.
Breath deepens.
The senses sharpen.
We find more space.
You begin noticing.

The direction of the wind.
The direction of your mind.
Tracks crossing the path before you.
Moments of inspiration and insight.
The way choices you've made have brought you here,
that they have the power to shape your life's course.



The soundscape of an organic environment, ebbing and flowing between birdsong, bubbling rivers, rustling trees, deep breaths and distant echoes of life moving through the landscape, no longer feels like a backdrop.
It begins feeling alive, reminding you of your responsibility to participate within the very forces that shape life.

But just as we would not walk into a gym and immediately lift 100kg, awareness is also something cultivated gradually . We begin gently.

Learning...

To notice the breath.
To feel the body again.
To move consciously, engaging with every part of the human body and all its systems.
To sit still in the silence long enough to hear what stirs beneath the noise.
To remember what becomes possible when the land is invited to hold you and the elements take the lead.

PRACTICES IN THE WILDERNESS

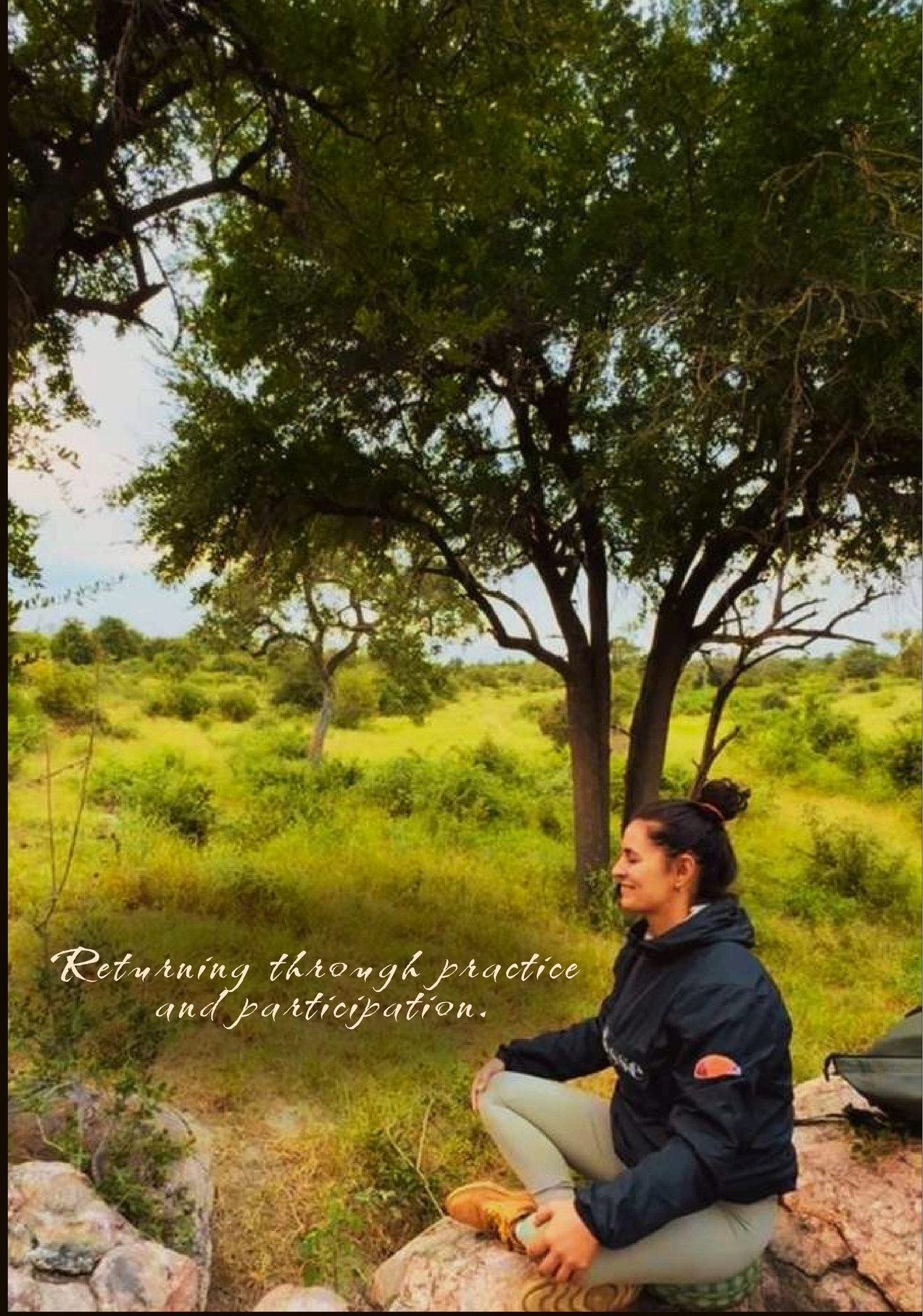
Movement becomes less about performance and more about exploring mobility, co-ordination, balance, posture, and our relationship with and awareness of the body itself.

Breathing invites regulation, steadiness and presence.

Journaling slows thought enough to recognise and observe patterns, emotions, behaviours and reflections that might otherwise remain buried beneath the pace of daily life. And then invites us to take an active role through choice.

Gathering around a fire carries something ancient within it. For much of human history, fire was where people rested, reflected, shared stories, learned and strengthened social bonds.The rhythm of firelight, and shared presence still seems to invite a different pace.
Simply sitting together beneath the skies the ancestors of our humanity once knew..

Not perfectly.
Not all at once.
But breath by breath.
Step by step.



THE EXPLORATION

I am only scratching the surface here in an attempt to share with you, as best as I am currently able, something that is terribly difficult to describe and perhaps best understood once your feet are here, on the soil. I am very aware that the concepts and philosophies I currently sit with may shift and change through the course of my life, just as rivers do, and the landscape of my understanding may take different forms as a result.

Perhaps that's important. More than anything, I remain a student.
This is simply a concept we create together.
An opportunity to choose to spend time immersed in environments human beings have evolved alongside.
It's strange when you think about it, that we would need such an arrangement to do something so fundamental.

Yet it's undeniable that time out here has a way of changing how we relate to the world within and around us. The body feels something after days spent in nature and out of habit.

Now, please. Make no mistake.

This is not a retreat.



I'll lean on the words of Ian Player from his book Shadow and Soul:

“There is a weariness caused by travel without purpose. Instead of pilgrimages there are escapes. Africa can reintroduce this pilgrimage and give a dimension to travel, linked to our new age of exploration, not only of our outer space but also the inner dimension of humanness. In the national parks and game reserves of Africa that ancient spirit, described by General Smuts as ‘older than the spirit of man’, still survives in the brooding Lowveld, in our remote mountain areas and wild coastlines. What we have here in these places is the most precious of worldly gifts, a sense of the spiritual connection between human beings and the land.”

Some moments feel expansive. Others uncomfortable. Without constant distraction, there is often more space to encounter the land and yourself honestly.

In the wild, we witness forms of intelligence that move far beyond any single organism.

You begin to realise the wild is not silent at all. But perhaps, for the first time in a while, you might be.

Life is alive with signals, responses and intelligences interacting constantly. You are now just quiet enough to sense it.
Perhaps human perception has always extended beyond the simplified five senses we so often speak of. At its core, rewilding is not about becoming. It is about unbecoming and re-engaing with relationship.

It is not a retreat or an escape from your life. It is a reset, a return and an active choice to be aware of your participate in something far older and larger than yourself.
You can't get back to being wild.
You always have been.
It's a shift in perspective.

There is a memory from our bones that echoes out to you of the Earth. A biological remembering carried through breath, sensation, instinct, and engagment.
Something in you still responds to birdsong at dawn, to firelight at night, to open horizons, cold water, distant thunder and the feeling of Earth beneath your feet.
What if even on a biological level there is no nature "out there" , what if simply its just the parts if ourselves we are yet to intergrate

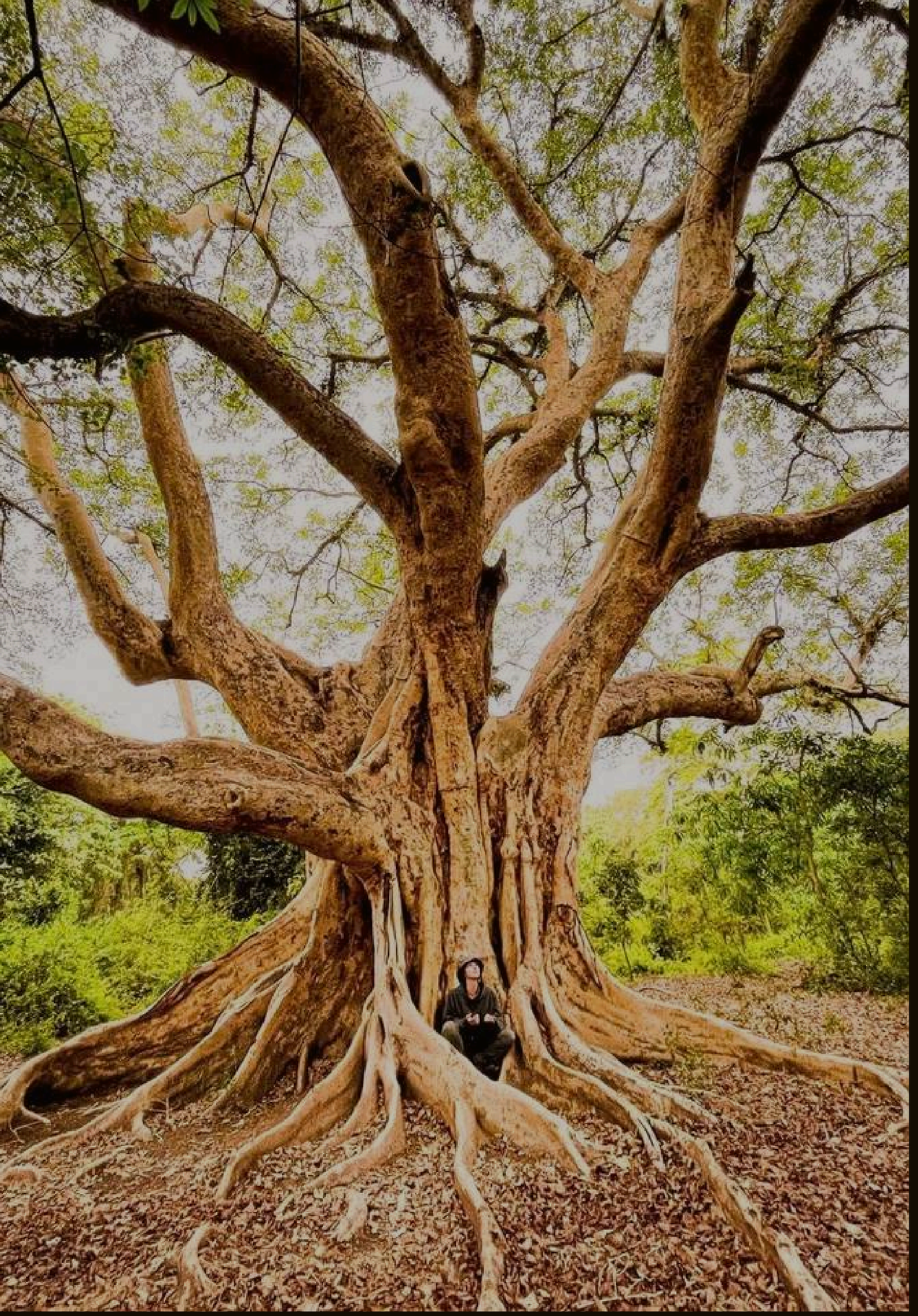
A Note on Fear:

Now, the idea of spending time out in the wild in any capacity, coming from our modern world, can be daunting.
The potential discomfort. The certain unknown.
So I want to share a little something on that feeling in your chest and belly... To be afraid is natural.

It's not cowardice and should never stop you.
In fact, that feeling is what once kept us alive in the bush, out on open oceans and on the rivers and lakes.
It's a healthy element of the communication.

This is not a space to gamble with our lives, but to walk with respect. For ourselves, and for the environments we move through. Knowing that all life is precious and one must respect it.





THE EARTH WAS BREATHING

Oh curious being
Constantly seeking
That which lives in your bones.

Eyes that see into me,
blue skies & green
I/eyes sit listen see
Mother Nature,
What have you sent to me?

“Spread your seed, the garden will grow what's meant to be”
“Floating in caged dreams”
“Let your heart flow freely”
Plentifully, one foot then the next.

Eyes up,
Breathe deeply
Eyes locked
King sees me

I'm in my mind again,
not an enemy nor a friend.
Just an energy to respect
Moving so freely
Mother Nature, free me

Something's moving...
Earth's bones crack
Snap!
Chaos all around.

There's silence in this sound,
Barriers crumble down,
Consumed by the very thing
They were built to keep out.

But who ever fought nature and won?
So I look to the sun;
There's peace in this war zone,
Losing all you've ever known.
Echoes softly call you home,
Sit down, let Mama hold you.

— Storm Porteous

Moments like these,
Ones that burst out of nothingness,
Confronted by a force so great
it knocks the air from your lungs.

As you remember this,
that you stopped breathing.
you become acutely aware...
you haven't been, for a while now.

Then once you do,
you breathe in,
taking in that moment
and you've placed yourself in the present.

Aware. Free. Unbound by nature.

inspired by a lion encounter followed by and evening of listening to elephants reshaping the landsapces around me