

Wild

Beneath my bare feet sticks break,
and mud seeps through my spread toes.
My lungs devour the crisp mountain air.

Here is home,
with the trees laughing
along the bank of dancing water.

From marsh to meadow,
I skimmer from moss covered rocks in the thicket;
Wind is pushing, pulling, - no chasing.

This sanctuary begins
with the deer dripping velvet,
and the trout impending ice.

The sun engulfs my skin,
begging fall to creep out of the shadows of summer.
Looking along the painted ridge,
a portrait to remember.