

Sounds of This Snowmass Summer

Upstairs porch, warm
night with calming crickets
and the soothing patter
of sprinkler drops on glad leaves.

The dogs sing with the coyotes
Weaving their voices high and low, sharing stories.

Do you wonder:
Where are the wuthering snipes
whose wings graced our summer dusks
so many years?

Across the smoky valley
the monastery's morning bells
faithfully ring
to revere and welcome
each new day.

Listen! Can you hear the chortling call of cranes
seeking the haven of willow-hidden ponds
in the broad basin of hay fields ready
for harvest?

And now, real rain after many weeks of drought..
Impossible and wondrous.
Coursing in rivulets down the metal roof.
Plinking pattering into the waiting buckets, basins, rain barrels.
Damping down the dust and ash
of the fire-torn earth.
Refreshing and reviving every living thing.
Renewing the hope we always hold
in our hearts.

Molly Child