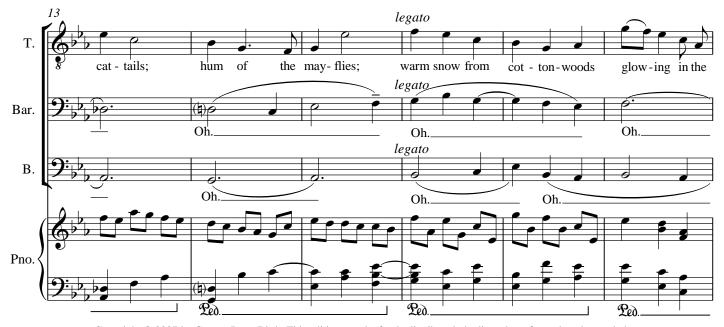
Peter Bird PETER BIRD







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Peter Bird, 2007

Rushes and cattails; hum of the mayflies; warm snow from cottonwoods glowing in sun. Balance on black logs; seek out the current; find out the green pools where rainbow trout run. Watch for the old moose; leave him his kingdom: slow-moving, silent, and powerful one.

Here is the trail again; follow it upward, walking in beauty, to find our way home.

On the moraine, in the forest of lodgepoles, circle the lake which the wind lashes bright. Mountains arising above and around it; cataracts sound when the breeze is just right. Call of the loon echoes eerily outward, seemingly everywhere; never in sight.

Running through rifts in the rock of the mountain, cascading clean over cliffs, sounding clear.
Rushing of water and wind in the aspen leaves:
All of the powers of nature are here.
Footprints and traces of fur in the shady grass; here is a haunt of the humble mule deer.

Up where the spruce trees are twisted and low, in between banks of the blue and white snow, meadows of flowers are watered by streams of crystalline water that quietly flow. Pika and marmot are watching and whistling. Clouds swirl around you, above and below.

Here is the trail again; follow it upward, walking in beauty, to find our way home.

Peter Bird

## Mountain streams

PETER BIRD











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