

Summer Dirge

Living in the country among the fragrant fields,
a bouquet of wild color; reds, yellow, and violets.

Missing my old friends.

Where are they now?

Far, far, away.

Alive only in memories of laughter, wine, and song.

I hear the trickle of the spring creek.

It runs at the foot of the meadow gently flowing over rock.

Voices are mingled in the water.

Laments washing over the stones.

Gone, gone, they are gone.

Their voices are faint but never forgotten.

The black stallion suddenly bursts across the field.

The world rolls away beneath its feet in a great noise of wind.

Riderless, rippling, and strong.

A great heart signaling goodbyes.

Free, free, wild, and free.

It streaks by then vanishes in an instant.

A hummingbird lands next to me.

It's sings a morning song that is more like a lullaby.

Joy, love, and sadness.

Three blending as one.

Beneath the blue Montana sky.

We share the delightful sorrow together.