

that funny moon! I see it peering just
beyond that tall old redwood. ~~It~~
surrounded by blue, needle pine, it looks
on seemingly unconcerned. Below its
bow are signs of joys and by want
& desire.

A fallen tree stretches out into
the Bass Lake, a water way for
speed boat, skis and summer.
And the tall water grass should
seize its graceful bows & courtesies,
no not until night when all
lean its massive warm curves.

And then beyond supplying water,
dancing that pool, & my throne of
wood a summery bird sighs up
his breakfast and upon indulging
he ventures on to some place where else
I do not know in search of one more
 morsel of his heart's delight.

I Back to camp I must tread -
in respect of those that are people -
I leave my heart upon this very spot.
Lif. grant me the respect I must show these
humans - for they are also they beings. Patricia