



## ON THE MOVE

Earth on the move in waves,  
sweeping winds along each furrow.  
Mole and worm push up their mounds  
and other four-foot burrow.  
Sun sends tendrils out to air  
where grasses with their flowers bend,  
ruffle the greening rounds  
of winter's graves.  
Earth on the move.

Waves on the move in streams,  
trailing weed on every current.  
Dance of fly and twist of trout –  
the salmon leaps the torrent.  
Valleys turn into a cup  
to catch the wet in peat and pool,  
sluicing the winter out  
to make spring dream.  
Waves on the move.

Streams on the move in trees,  
raising sap that spills in flower.  
Sunlight lapped by bud and beak  
that dazzle with its power.  
Breezes through a crown of leaves  
and songs across the canopy  
echo the wind and speak  
the tongues of bees.  
Streams on the move.

Trees on the move in skies,  
forming clouds to feed the swallow.  
White and gold against a blue  
that's painted on tomorrow.  
Sun feeds flower and floating seed  
and slants its shadows on this play,  
filling each dawn with dew -  
each day's surprise.  
Trees on the move.