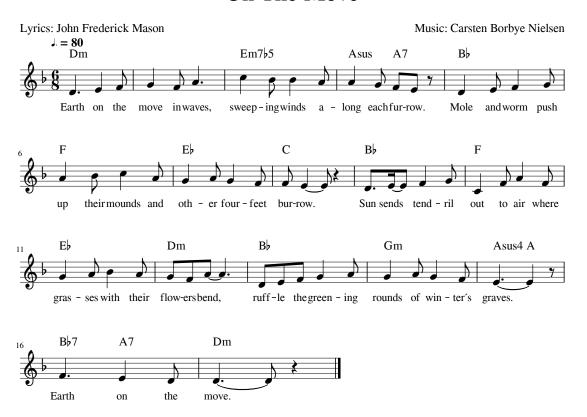
On The Move



ON THE MOVE

Earth on the move in waves, sweeping winds along each furrow. Mole and worm push up their mounds and other four-feet 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.