

On Granby



Cool morning
Slender boats, bags piled on shore
Business of loading, meeting new friends
Catching up with old friends
Light on water calling
Wooded shorelines in the distance

Gentle slap of bow on waves
Bodies awakening, warming, bending
Moving again in cadence called by paddles
Again on the water, again under sunbright sky

Bustle of unloading, setting up camp
Anticipation of windswept waves
Sky touching water,
Joined as one by boat and paddle
Blessed by the water
Anointed by the sky

Aspen's blaze on dark fir forest slopes
Sunlit shoreline, boats pulled on shore
Woodland ramble on carpet of gold
Bronze and copper coins
Blown from the trees, tumbled in air
Afloat on the lively water

Along the trail a mother moose
Her calf not far off, at rest
Her forebears were hunted by our kind
When the glaciers filled this valley
She could not have lingered then

Paddles in the water again
Leaning into wind and waves
Now the anticipation
Is of food and drink
And fireside conversation
Discovery of common joys
Experiences and ideas

And watching the full moon rise
Cast off and sailing free
Above the dark fir ridge behind us
No dark this night
Only a cooler, calmer light
Resting on the settled water
Serenity for our sleep

In the dawn, untroubled water
Paddling into blazing sunrise
At ease and wrapped again
In aspen blaze and backlit glory
Paddles dripping crystal fire

Turning back to camp
Again the wind and waves
Test of strength again
Blasts of wind making paddles
Stop in water as if in rock

Then striking camp, loading up
And facing wind again
One last pull
Then it's over for this trip
But not quite...
There's Rudy's Delicatessen.....

And the I-70 Parking Lot....
Tailpipes and tensions
Exchange wood and water, light and glory
For traps of glass and steel and concrete

Manmade reality strikes home

Ed Berg