

The River's Melody

Oh long and steady river, let us hear your song again;
That quiet hymn that started
before you met the blood-stained greed of men.

It is the song of your Creator,
who spoke and then you came.
Who placed your rocks deep down below
for your water to sustain;

And who brought you to the surface so you could join the symphony.
For every trickle grows the perch
and joins the birds' sweet melody.

Your song sings: "There is a God in heaven
And He is a mighty King,
Who rules my shores and fills my stores
so that from my flow
life can bud, move, live and spring!"

It's the song that points out to the searching heart
And sings to the weary soul
"My Creator gave me a purpose which sustains your life also.

I've been made to cleanse your water
from the sun to my rooted banks
to the tiny microbes that eat the filth,
and filters through sediments to my underground storage tanks.

Until I reach the lips of people, to whom this song I sing.
Go and listen for the God above, my Sculptor and my King.
For His Word is powerful and true
and gives more life than I can bring.
So when you listen to my daily song, stop... and turn to Him.
Read the Word that He has written, that made me long ago.
He'll right your song, that you got wrong,
if you confess... believe His Word made flesh...
follow... and... grow!"

Ellen Fulmer

The Desert is My Friend

The desert is my home. I talk to the mountains when I'm in it alone.

They listen to me and I listen some back. Sometimes I see faces appear in the cracks. They speak without words, no voice you can hear. They send a message I get it clear. They say hello how have you been?

The night air is getting cool it's that time again. A shooting star cuts through the sky, And the mountains seemed to open their eyes. They talk about water, plants the trees. So many things the desert sees. They ask me a question, the lights over there. They seem to get closer with each passing year.

They dammed the river and polluted the streams. People don't care that's how it seems. And the Brown cloud in the sky it bothers the trees some of them die? I think and try to explain my answer causes me pain. The dams are for the water supply. The cloud it's from the cars we drive. It's ugly I agree. It would be different if it was up to me. But it's part of a trap we're stuck in. You have to play if you wanna win.

I pick up garbage, Recycle cans what more can I do I do I'm just one man?

Rocks crashed from a cliff with a roar. The desert cried out you gotta do more. What is it worth if you destroy planet Earth? So I went to bed my cup was drank dry. I sat in my tent as the wind cried. Spent the rest of the night with a pen in my hand. Thinking about the water, sky and sand. Then wrote a poem to share with you. I hope it might change the things that we do. If it just makes one person think. Maybe it's well worth ink.

One last thought as I bring the poem to an end. It's more than a desert this deserts my friend.

Kirby Houben

Haiku for the Trees

Walking amongst trees
their songs invite me to hear
the voice of my heart

Judith Freilich

The Trip to the Sea

Contemplation on a drop of water making its way through God's water cycle.

After the sun danced across the tip of the frozen 'berg this morn,
His warm smile released me in a gentle thaw.
I dropped quietly onto the soil and seeped into the warm, brown cushion.

Other drops welcomed me to their basin below the earth.
As we grow in number, we move slowly.
I was squeezed steadily upward.

Suddenly, I found myself tumbling over rocks.
I picked up speed as I moved downriver.
My quiet voice becomes a roar as thousands join me and we pound our
way over the landscape out to the sea.

Maureen Rigo

A Trail Goes Forth

A trail goes forth,
Calling me to follow;
Sunlight warms my way.

I discover adventure
With a slithery snake,
I am happily surprised
By a tiny hummingbird,

Colorful creek rocks draw me to their beauty.

The whisper of the woods
Welcomes me, smooths rough edges from my day.

In these woods is where
I find my inner peace.

Flight Variations

On empty sunlit streets
calm holds the silence
where saguaro and mesquite
sing hymns of praise
beneath swathes
of cloudless blue.
A western red-tailed hawk

glides –
graceful as water.
Ghostly white
with sepia-tipped wings,
stripe thick on his shoulders.
He owns the heavens.
Follow the rings,

his ethereal flight –
one loop: seven
and seven more.
Fourteen, the hawk's number.
Messenger to the People of the Land,
he comes when it's time.
Watch–

not just whorls in wood, lichen
abundant on granite, the sand
scooped in a conch shell,
but forests, mountains,
ocean-plains. Worlds
unseen and seen:
the past-future flapping.

Merle Nudelman

TREES

You spoke of branches while I spoke of trees,

You spoke of purpose and I of heart.

And the wind blew.

It blew from the South with warmth in its folds,

Yet the branches remained unyielding.

It blew from the West with the knowledge it held,

but it was not heard.

It blew from the North with cold and snow,

Covering all with white.

But, when it blew from the East it brought light,

And the branches became one with the tree.

It bent toward the South wind.

It listened to the West.

Berries, tiny bursts of red, broke through the snow.

It rose up to greet the East head on,

And the tree grew and it grew and it lasted.

Lorna Sommer

Hassayampa River Preserve

Looking back, history went
Proceed forward to the present

We and they are yearning, soul wails
Need to mend the heart that ails

Examine the future, present, and past
All seeking the joy that will last

Sonoran mystery, right before your eyes
Mountains and animals in disguise

Resort then, an escape now
Relax, unfurl your tense brow

They were looking, saw a blur
We found paradise, we are sure

Coyotes, javelina, birds of prey
Enjoying the most of every day

Tomorrow is not a guarantee
Desert nature akin to galilee

Gasp in awe, look around
So much water to be found

Social influencer to pioneer
Relax, Nirvana is here

Full of wonder, this preserve
Appreciate fully without reserve

Years apart but yet the same

The Hassayampa River Preserve

Hosting at the HRP....

Waking to the sounds of the javelina checking our campsite out...

Oh, look! A bobcat out for a sunrise stroll....

Helping visitors getting their "nature" on is our goal...

Wow, a rattlesnake is passing under our truck!

Stupid cows! Trespassers, pooping everywhere!!

Blackbirds on the utility wires above our site doing their evening dance
before they retire for the night....

Finishing the day watching the wildlife play...

Tim Campbell