

Poetry Series

Bud Taylor
- poems -

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Bud Taylor(December 17,1964)

My favorite summer job was at wilderness canoe co-leader in the Whiteshell Provincial Park on the Lake Mantario Trail. One morning after an early hike and paddle i was returning to the cabin and found my co-leader swimming near the dock with a family of loons cavorting round and making a ruckus. One broke off and flew to my nearing canoe danced for me on the waters, calling out a hallo

The most refreshing experience i had was upon the moraine path to Robson Glacier at the feet of Mount Robson. After an exhausting hike i looked up from the moraine strewn path to find a breeze lift from the cooling glacier flow over my weary body and carry my heart heaven ward

It was near there i found two hoary marmots on the meadows of Snowbird Pass greeting hikers on the way to the summit of the trail overlooking Robson Park

A Stray Horse

One day a stray horse
arrived in the Valley

Tired, beaten they arrived
trotting from gate to gate
a field to play in

The Wrangler built a horse barn
shelter for the fallen

In the barn the horse recovered
other horses to play with

Together they horse traded
bringing glory to our club

The Wrangler
remembered by the stray horse
a champion for all

Bud Taylor

A Typewriter Fancy

Once it were a typewriter fancy
cut copy paste make handy
now it boggles the mind
to keep Greenwich time
when the inbox chimes madding

Bud Taylor

Bill Murray Dareall

European front WW I make waste
two college mates to France make haste
ambulance drivers in jeopardy chase
leaders' post calamity did case

Mud in trenches cold like molasses in winter
marking time and tide diligent
an ultimate sacrifice all not special, yet privileged
for granted never taken, here and in the ever after

'I need to think and not much in that'
Paris book-bound revery go
vocation flung plans bullpen chat
raptor's aviary sky-tripped throw

A coal mine finding intention in day's successions
friend's from severity saved hard knocks school remains
'Have you been to India? ', Upanishads found
'But you won't find the answers in a book', salvation bound

'A better church in the Mountains'
stride the avian climb to sky kissed Abbey
'Welcome, you are welcome'
Larry Darrell no more corks

'I have packed your books, ' hut in the Mountains found yearning
from pages looked, took it on the shins
leaves of winter made warmth burning
Mountain range vast, compass view begins

Paris bound again, redemption found
climb the stairs and dance
chance the universe on playground astance
pulled to safe and loving arms Sophie rebounds□

Izzy looks back and can't let go
Grey's headaches away meditation bestow
friends together again and humour aglow
stop this train we're climbing aboard Tally ho

Monsieur Templeton, man of the World
now i'm leaving musn't forget my manners
good man blessings flow a soul searching will go
life of woven care and fortune share
'kind invitation decline, previous engagement Blessed Lord dare'

'Where will you go, Larry? '
homeward bound good fortune surrounds
family awaits, Larry Darrell victories a new day friends partake

Bud Taylor

Fair Whispers

A chorus of dawns and fallow begones
gentle tickles of cilia and echo ripples
now a tender tug of chords vocal and projecting
two soulful minds reason in kind
a glossy finish of concluding flourish reminds

Destiny find her a soul suitor blind
and bind to a truth in time true love finds
Ears of fair whispers and charming blissfuls

Bud Taylor

Faith

Forever embrace today
Act the world all a stage
Imagine God is near
Triumph of dignity*
Happy evidence actually real

Bud Taylor

Find Where The Chasm Narrows

Let me tell you of a stallion
There is power in his withers deep and strong
Light & fleet his croup that of a dancer
A sheath of black glossy and long
No other in the kingdom to match

Forever the staccato of his hooves were heard to cross the bridge to see his love

She pranced in the fields of the upper prairie
Magnificent to see her, slaves all
Built fast and light, no horse tougher
Her cheeks into smiles would break, all he ever could ask for
With grace she trotted from chore to chore

The music of her call, dancing with glee he came

One day the bridge gone, dismantled by giants

Many times he charged at the chasm, mad with fright
For a time he thought to throw himself in,
for this was a love worth dying for

Then a day came he faltered
his fore leg torn pawing at the chasm
Crippled a horse-whisperer found him

Into his ear she told him of the four laws

'There are only four questions of value in life'

'What is sacred? '

'What is the spirit made of? '

'What is worth dying for? '

and

'What is worth living for? '

'To these, each has but one answer'

In his stall the whisperer placed a poultice
Like Seabiscuit hope began to burn along its edges

For now he would work to reclaim his limb
He would work till one day he could run again
Till he could make the journey to where the chasm narrows

The healer changed the poultice each day
And whispered to him, 'Of love worth living for'

Bud Taylor

Frank Cormack And The Forty Sticks Of Dynamite

Frank Cormack was a demolitions man
working coal seam number eight
in the boom town of Cumberland
on Vancouver Island in 1933

A gust of wind blew a curtain over a candle
started the King George Hotel on fire
The fire jumped across the street and headed for the bank
The employees stuffed the vault and escaped out the back

Frank he tied off forty sticks of dynamite
set the fuse and tossed it in
the bank blew sky high and suffocated that roaring blaze

He said later, 'If i would have done this 3 hours ago
I would have got 20 years.'

Bud Taylor

Hope

Heaven sent

Own solutions

Pursue victory

Engage higher porpoises

Bud Taylor

Imagination Abounds

Look up look around
Look at the deep green surrounds
Look at the sea dream on the beach
Look at the mountains birds soaring high out of reach
Look at the night sky celestial heavens teach

Look upon a mirror your hearts abiding
See my eyes a soul lively
See my sister sing to stars highly
See my brother hear a tread lightly
Feel our mother's wish children flying finely

Dreams of flight sailing through the night
Half dreamt peering through curtain bright
Waking unabashedly light
Wake to heroines setting thoughts right
Live in abundance no matter the plight

Bud Taylor

Lady Of The Longboard

My dearest Brother
I heard you were Unable to make plans for the holidays
Breezed into Ottawa to share a cup of coffee
Let us catch up at Tim's in the Market Square

In walked a girl
Her smile lit up the room
Glancing at you she asked
'Don't you believe in love

You said 'I believe i love my country, my Queen
But i have made many sacrifices and my head is bowed with care
She pulled up a chair and asked you to tell all
For two hours you spoke as people gathered to listen

I sat quietly, uttering not a word while my coffee grew cold

A tall bearded man dressed all in black entered
Stood against the wall listening
He approached our table and pointed at me for all to see
'I know your brother here he is a butterfly collector.'

ask
him to show my daughter Rachel
his killing jar

I stood 'It is true that i love the blue butterfly
One day i caught her with my net and
trapped her in my killing jar
I pressed her vessel to a picture of the Lady of the Longboard

He clutched his daughter's arm to leave
But she turned to ask 'Who is this lady?

She is Rell Sunn, the most graceful surfer ever
loved by surfers everywhere as the Heart of the Sea
She was taken from us before her time

Rachel shook free from her father's grip

'Father, go home, we are taking these brothers dancing
If i return home before midnight you are going to tell me
all about Rell Sunn

Bud Taylor

Liberty The Princess Of Freedom

There's a free in freedom
a dominate in dom
dominate implies ownership
terminates empowerment

Dominion demands tribute
like the tributaries of Berg Lake
Mount Robson its watershed
the waters of rejuvenation
Flora & Fauna its tribute

When you have realized your identity
when you take a stand in every understanding
when you cease as a convict in control

Control illusory
the only real control
self-control

After you butt the troll from each bridge in your journey
when your voice is clear strong
call to the heavens

From the spire in inspire
your Knight will deliver
the delicate flowers spirea

You will know the free in freedom
and free to speak
to be listened

Only then will you be free
to see the Phoebes
Kingfishers
□
And cast away
free from fear
freedom to dream
□ □

Bud Taylor

Lone Cricket Riveting

Here i find myself adrift and weathering
night sonata calling the tune riveting
it isn't a lark to sit in the dark
an etching echo lift my dreams resonating
unless listening to songs all the night long
'til revelry change the lighthouse watch

A friend will she be to set my soul free
light lens full brings us to a pleasant ville
two crickets attenuating the passing dark

Each in dreams, happy in schemes
ever tarry deserts a'bloom
Blue Fairy cuts the strings, puppets to youth in Providence boons
Lone cricket call the tune riveting
and carry a song delightly

Bud Taylor

Lost On The Desert

Lost on the 'Ocean of Fire'
Exhausted, tattered
The sun searing
It cannot compete, my thirst for you

The wind bitter, sand like shards of steel tearing
Clouds drape the untouchable sky
This vessel torn and bleeding

Can you hear the train whistle?
rumbling along the tracks
This work of a lifetime colors my world
Clouded and dark you cannot see
So close and so far...

Up the hill i push the locomotive
Again and again the summit nearly reaching
I strain, my back creaks, alone it seems i push
Here again the mountain before us
Now i begin to see the crowd waiting to board

These lips burning for 240 days
The memory of your kiss
Tears as diamonds caressing the dunes

Can you find these words
before another falls
lost to the sands of time

The soothing melody of your voice
A gift i cannot match
Lost in distant memories

Your merest whisper
on the desert i wait

Bud Taylor

My Quill Has An Edge Exciting

Hello, hello find you days fair
while we race days exacting
open this cell find my lady still cares
at sunrise holding hands double dare

Sharing weathered heights
a soulful melody playeth
upon harps and clarinet maketh
taking our turns at a symphony delightly

Now my quill has an edge exciting
rock the ships gently waves mighty
soon you will see a chaste melody
and make us a feast full of bounty

Bud Taylor

My Sweetheart's Sigh In A Midnight Sky

From the gabled glints of a sunset mint
another soothing stroll along lamplit streets
to a golden sunrise with celestial surprise
you and i rocking till dawn shakes the bleaks

For blissful whispers of songbird serenades
chasing away wayward winters snow on the mountain
wandering thru a pinetree landscape in a Spring shower
following moraine trail to Robson Glacier mounting an engaging escapade

Astride liveried horses the merry go round we strobe
trod the path narrow as a razor's edge
together viewing rainbows joyfully
Salvation, no other end

i would set forth a thousand times to fetch thee a starlit sky
casting all beneath your silk clad sandalled feet
four white chargers drawing us nearer and dearer
a wondrous window onto world's steppe, heart's endearment
all i ever wished my sweetheart's sigh in a midnight sky

Bud Taylor

No I In Time

There is no i, no me in time
just time for two or three
perhaps enough time for four

Bud Taylor

Oh To Fly, Oh To Fly

Perched on the cliff face
Looking at a brave, new world
I cry from the wilderness, hear it today
Hear it for a thousand years

The earth shakes and i catapult
onto a warming updraft
Circling, wheeling among the Winds of destiny
Beneathe, all the planet trembles at her footsteps

While thunderclouds colour the sky my claws flex
I swoop, i dive, the wind caresses my wings
The clouds part and for one second,
There a playmate, together we merrily chase the wind

Bud Taylor

One Sense Left

If my hearing did lose
no melody or chord on piano played
nor sonorous tone on clarinet heard
not one jot of scale or note
all flown with the wings of a dove

Oh garden rose in bloom the air
while butterfly blue to nectar bare
my mother's guests toast her fare

Aroma of spaghetti bubbling
dumplings among stew thumping
not cavern fare home sweet home

Capacity to feel and touch i lose
no warm embrace and comfort choose
when sunset on day fair
refreshing breeze over Robson glacier cool
on skin not dare

Light of day i pray
or night with mistress moon beauty blaze
poor boy chime wind or song
now the Beaufort range cast shadows long

Eclipse my dreams were it not
perceive it not breeze alee
mine own good compass steer the seas

For with just this one
I could make believe each and rest
imagination all will free

Bud Taylor

Peace

Patience

Eclipses

Anger

Changes

Everything

Bud Taylor

Praise The Trailblazers

Gramps & Nana have an apt for adapting
no challenge too high or troublesome tried
he at typewriter and engines exacting
she caring & painting memories refracting

Raise the sleepers Milky Way found seeking
hail the dreamers aces found sleeping
praise the trail-blazers stars found dreaming

Set forth trails a family prairie skies avast
hiking pine trees in summer showers what a blast
rocking river flowing unended from a glacier unmandated
meeting at shining seas futures embarked

Mark a trail the dreamers sailed
raise a dream the children smiled
praise the trail-blazers the edge of destiny blaze

Bud Taylor

Remember Yesterday It Was You And I

Remember Yesterday it was you and i

Yesterday setting out to sea
It was you and i

It was you and i only yesterday

Can't you feel, can't you believe
This moment when you and i
our hearts would soar for evermore

Yesterday it was you and i only yesterday

Remember Paris in the Spring of 1959
It was You and i on the merry go round
That was just yesterday

Remember Yesterday it was you and i

And today we have all afternoon
'And tomorrows are promised to' you and i

Bud Taylor

Ridership

'The good of the many
outweigh the good of the few'
or the issue of the one

The trade-off between auto and vessel
mining the carbon reservoir in transit
prime directive and work for plenty

The vision of the one
or the patent pool of the few
cradles the future of the many

Bud Taylor

Seagulls, The Yonder In Beyond

One blue, blue day
sky so vivid squint the eyes
row my skiff in heaving trys
turn a page find the sacred in sacrifice

Bonsai amongst cliffside woods
Mother watch high overhead in swoops and loops
deftly turn clouds and thunderbird did shook
roll slowing to stratosphere climb starbright shines

Dancing to an inner beat living a daring dreamt sleep
go just go, be just be, pleased Father sees
where Seagulls seek and fly
find the yonder in beyond farsight wizard eyes

Ideas and flight quick as sight
dedicated thought McCurdy and Bell's Silver Dart
heart's gumption sure flying to a distant shore
flying together blue sky streamline and soar

Practice makes perfect do transcend
Angel and i rockin' till dawn shakes the bleaks
Starlight Sister free like victory
Stalwart brother brave do be

Bud Taylor

Smile

Remember there's a mile in every smile
A well in every dwell

Smile before you rise
Smile before you sleep

At the rising of the sun
Smile

Before you count the flock
Smile

For no reason
Just Smile

For every reason
Smile

Seek a rose in the Wilderness
And Smile

Remember there's a mile in every smile
A well in every dwell

Smile before you rise
Smile before you dream

Smile when you think of me

Bud Taylor

Summer Showers And Dogwood Flowers

British Columbia symbol traditional a coastal pinnacle
day of splendid sunshine showers
35mm loop of a hollow in a small deciduous wood
80 feet taller Steller's Jay nightly bower

Sharing moments of plenty'd natural beauty
breathtaking hesitation advance a frame
Mother's call of botanist tall in perpetuity
set a path Thomas Nuttall 19th Century fame

Tarry a while moonbeam flowers
painters of nature an objet d'art
bracts—white leaves long & broad upon branch like stars
attention to detail artists and writers empower

All about the coast this tall treed majesty
an arbor found tapestry
serenely sight for birder's delight
Pacific Dogwood anchors a forest respite

Bud Taylor

The Air In Chair

Reaching great heights we board
on waxed wings we souls soar
returning to Earth finding solace in rebirth
building castles in heavens fair
at workbench crafting the air in chair

Bud Taylor

The Anger In Danger

Stilled the man in you
led a dark, cruel place
ware the boys danger

See the moon together
Butterfly slipped away
blind the boy

Lost the iced, snowy gravel road
five walked away
shaken the boy

Souls saving journey never retold
a dike of despair forever withhold
forgotten the boy

Omelas' basement raged
wind bent, torn the gale
deaf the boy, blind the boy
caged the boy

Angel's love broken toys
rusted springs, broken bellows
lost the fellows

Heartless, darkness, tears of the wing
fly butterfly fly
baited and fated the boy

The good of the many
fair thee all have care and content
lost the boy and girl

Found the anger in danger
fly butterfly fly
sacrificed the boy

Bud Taylor

The Ear In Heart

FEAR

'False Evidence Appearing Real'

HEAR

'Healthy Evidence Appearing Real'

TEAR

Timely Evidence Appearing Real

What can be more real, true or immediate than a tear?

HEART

Happy evidence actually real today

Bud Taylor

The Earn In Learn

3r's perched on Father's knee
whisk the eggs and milk mastering Moma's spelling bees
glance at papers inked upon a blaze
ride hansom to school excelling without delay

Fly thru the texts keen to Teacher's jests
where you find her always best
book smarts fine cuisine good friends heaven sent
work together mindfully Seven Habits thrice blessed

Lifelong learning wise to mindful meaning
Cherish a poet's parish carry totem spirit Marmot astonish
spread your wings and fly to far off distant skies
Meet on a beach with star-swept beats, learned to earning

Bud Taylor

The Enchantress In Alluring

Charming apothecary did meet
leading a super-team care in deeds
Lady fine and fair from far off grove
wayward Knight for remedy rowed

"I'm trapped." she whispered. Bars unseen perhaps?
There's a rap in trap, 'I say'
rap three times on the window pane
free in mind you will attain, and
Omelas' basement walk away

Stroll to woods park we strove
lovely hike spit of land daring dream't in tow
sharing an apple bench by the Sea
saved, a single glance the Enchantress in Alluring, be

Bud Taylor

The Gentle Rain In Train

Not lack a clickety-clack
while the gentle rains in a Northbound train
fall softly on the fields as gentlemen doff their caps
and the sun warm upturned faces the wind at their backs

Not lack a clickety-clack, a quest well met and never look back
remember a journey, criss-cross breadbasket and fallow fields
every summer's day gives bushels to autumn yields

No lack in a clickety-clack as your bride and thee make tracks
remember a day, a week, a lifetime spent in loving content
'A rose every Friday', a pen and paper every Mom-day spent
Clickety-clack make tracks

Bud Taylor

The Ink In Think

New beginnings spent
whittling pencils in English class bent
laying down copy of the 'road not taken'
doodling a tall-treed wood copy making

Casting long-held glances down paths pondered
working oodles of doodles into mind and meaning
each Monday spent from hearth to Mountain leaning
weeks long toil at work bench crafting

Seated again classes went, friends over hot coffee spent
pondering youthful minds soaring over doodles poring
How now these talents foster?
When fine paper awaits the ink in think boldly

Bud Taylor

The Longing In Belong

Yesterday i gave my feelings to the sea
sure that one day the sea would reside in me
my waves cascading on the beach
"All little waves part of the same sea"

Small white blossoms to tall stately trees
on a tricycle built of bees homeward powered
embrace beeing Mom and Dad tranquility seize
tribute shining in smiles fortunes flower

Grace divine star sought souls sublime
ace the sky in a primordial haze little grey cells ablaze
Spinnaker Wings architects sing in chorus sanctifine
seeking a flock awing alights adock
seagoing home agaze

Bud Taylor

The Magical Minstrels Of Lake Mantario

7 lakes and 6 portages did make
all in a day's paddle the up and over we'll take
waiting for us all on Shield's lake your yodel will call
a summer adventure for seekers all

One summer's day canoe guides did lead
our team in Grumman canoes wield
magical strokes of leaf shaped paddles
wail wail, 'see here I am' lit candles

A tremolo you make to herald the cloak of night
again pink glints the break of dawn
now your call laughs away shadows fall

My co-leader swims near the dock
a family of yours dancing round, what a lark!
away breaks a sentinel on beating wings bid me welcome
A magical day calls dipped in wine and vellum

On Canadian Shield with sky of dappled blue
in mottled etchings your calls make due
keep in touch and hoot in short, single notes
on Fall staging grounds you and I will boat
Great Northern Loon herald adventure's coat

Bud Taylor

The Or In Door

Oh dear Mademoiselle
which way do we turn
are we in or out
Let us dance up a storm
opening doors without keys
one more box step this dance floor we do leave

Bud Taylor

The Petals In A Glacial Flow

There's a river that flows from a glacier of old
and the story told of children bold
catching lov'd life on a cliff on the heights

Where the hawk nests and soars on high
upon warming updrafts to heavenly sky

Birds, ladybugs, dragonflies, and bumble bees
flit all about meadows scattering flowers among the trees

Boy tops the ridge to take in the valley rift remembered
reckless and blind to a bridge in time suspended
seasons capture their tears on the petals which flow unended

Bud Taylor

The Raft In Tom's Craft

Lashed and dashed into mother Earth's arms
twelve drifting trees a craft if you please
now we set about to fashion a tent
with poles and canvas as we float Delta sent

Not forgotten fishing gear and bait
four frying catfish will appetite abate
a pipefull Morgan cut tobacco
floating heavent sent a lovely day spent

Again Tom Sawyer's raft we dash
long summer's day treasured at last
upon sandbanks casting a line
with Mississippi current marking time

Fathoming a new rhyme, bells chime crossing State lines
St. Louis jazz bands away far off lands
Paddle riverboat Kings and Queens sailing a dream

Bud Taylor

The Ration In Consideration

Ration your seconds harvest your days
treasure your hours master your nights
talent your minutes energize hives of three
want learning the bittersweet victory

Ration your perspiration invest your mind save your dimes
harness your energy construct a dream from the wings of a bee
metre your shortfalls reef your sails to blustery blue sky
set a course by way of the stars wherever you fly

Ration the inner skeptic Neptune the practical peptic
sow trust and love even in the snow while cold winds blow
reap a Bounty Captain Bligh can't toast
live in abundance whatever you post

Ration your bastion saving for a rainy day fashion bestowed
give meanness the toe new life aglow
keen to be redeemed living a daring dreamt scheme
deliver the good news in green sea beams
consider the ration in consideration speak to uplifting libations at noon

Bud Taylor

The Rest In Stress

Not showers but a heavy downpour
potholes and puddles dirt and plank floors
eke out a living in back-breaking
pulling stumps and digging coal, dancing thru double swing doors

Befuddled and muddled all in a tussle
lunch and supper fixings bustle
breaking fasts, pancake mixings hustle

Stumble, dark days passing
tossing and swapping the own in a frown
sun streaming thru clouds dreaming

Finding much to gain in bargains abounding
get to the gym no time wasting and basting
win, win or no deal Stephen Covey commands□
a hammock swing all that stress chasing

Bud Taylor

The Saviour's Seahorse

Not a race stay the chase
raise the day sunrise make hay
Sealife parade merrymaking make way
Neptune's Trident heavy seas quiet

Bud Taylor

The Shortboard Exercises: A Tribute To Rell Sunn

I saw your graceful stride alight
upon great waves lighthouse bright
Image cast upon a page
without doubt eternally brave

Till wave crest see your body lean
on longboard she ace the sea
Dare all break carbon hold
in atmosphere and truly bold

Place that bosu ball upside down
between two armrests safely bound
hop aboard left foot fore
tuck your chin and leave the floor

Now on deck you dance
The shortboard exercises with legs astance

Take a breath, bend your knees
free your mind upon the seas

Surf the shortboard
hands thrust high
just like rell grace divine

Bud Taylor

The Stand In Understand

Upon a bed of rock my brave Black Spruce
stands
Reaching to the sky the sunlight it
drinks

Of minerals & nutrients the soil it does
breathe
On dancing sunbeams a summer shower
sprinkles
Like integrity & hope beneath my
feet

The Eureka Clubhouse a place to learn, grow &
wonder
When dawn softly calls us to see the stand in
understand

Bud Taylor

The Wish In Wisdom I

Bright blue sky in mind
a stratosphere climb
world-wide a small rantomine

A little thought
the hunch in a lunch
a snippet of listenit

Cradle and nurture form and shape
good habits participate
high spirits elevate

Across my synapses
the arch of triumph
embark of passages

A tickle of a question
just a smidgin
castle on a cloud
a curious thing

And in a twinkling
I wish i may
I wish i might'

Bud Taylor

Thru White Capped Waves

On the wharf my craft awaits
sleek and light
thru white-capped waves a path it will carve

I take hold of the oar
flip it here and there
warming my body for the race

Onto the water it alights
awaiting my motive force
the bending of the knee & elbow
the pull of a taut shoulder

Some far off bell, a tower reverberates
Off i go bending to the water
This craft slicing thru the water beneath

There on the river bank a sister
lawn chair and parasol decked out
a young boy playing at her feet
a cheerful wave as i streamline by

Further along the rider's steed bending its thirst to slake
a cool sip from refreshing waters
her gaze cool like the ancient glacier of Mount Robson
as i pass the Weeping Willow
the trail along the river beckons

The river calling a merry gurgling
the dipping of the oar
my pace quickens

Bud Taylor

Trot The Sky

Follow the Milky Way dreams found elegant
escape the clouds softly on trees all about
sleigh bells tinkling merrily horse drawn runabout

Small exchange of gifts thrift and benevolence
friends and family chatter and sing
chorus and verse hark the bells ring

All the world making good cheer
grace in relations happy scheme year after year
all the colors Rainbow, vista tinged gears

Tenderness of delight we wrote just last night
may snow fall softly on a winter's dream
soul saving journeys, trot the sky in magnificence a'beam

Bud Taylor

Two Happy Marmots, One Red Sock

Friends three huddled a plan and boarded a tram
crowded and we flew cheeks merry in hues
tall trees mountain vistas, glaciers and lake basins
far and away safe harbour, rocky peaks we seek

Berg Lake Trail and Emperor Falls hike mightily
up a make-shift tent, cityscape less evident
first light lofty trail moraine bent
Westerly breeze a'wafting glacier, refreshing and heaven sent

One morning mist shrouded valley Stag called Striding
silvery breath majesty, a call the tune challenging
a'gaze from afar on magical boots and red woolen stockings
Cup's salvation found in Robson Glacier waters bound

Snowbird Pass ventured, two happy hoary Marmots led
let many seek a passage of mountainous hedge
with good fortune make your escape
two Whistlers on meadow range God's mysteries await

Bud Taylor