

Free As

In the cool of the morning
With storm clouds brewing
The pheasant is crowing
Ruff grouse on the drums
It's spring in Montana
And the grass is popping
A chorus of birds
Strange mixture so pure
With the meadow lark leading
The robin competing
The others join in
As I write this poem
A squirrel and a magpie
Argue about something
It all seems to fit
As clouds paint the sky
Suddenly a roar with a tail
Jetliner sails
Where are they going
And what will they find
Then the wind through the trees
Sings to my soul
Brings me right back
To where I want to be
At the end of this dirt road
In our corner of the woods
With the redtail screaming
I'm free Yes I'm free

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