

From The Heart — With Reason
A SHORT RIDE FROM HOME

*On the backroads of Montana, picking flowers from my mind,
The birds are all singing and everything's just fine.
The storm clouds are scattering, Mother Nature is here.
It feels like the day is incredibly clear.
The ringnecks crowing, chasing the hens,
The hens aren't running, willing to bend.
The cows are calling, over nothing it seems,
The green grass growing, can almost be seen.
Driving my truck, it'll do thirty-five,
On the backroads of Montana, feeling really alive.
It's part of your pay, this feeling you see,
Sometimes the amount seems too much for me.
The river is up, with a rough looking sheen,
The feeling is there, let it flow like a dream.
The small wild paired up, strong emotions run there.
The order is old, Mother Nature tells where.
The does are heavy, don't make them run,
Come back in a month, watch the fawns having fun.
The bucks are shy now, growing their horns,
Montana grasslands, the big bucks are born.
The calves are running, kicking up their heels,
Good time for them now, long past veal.
The breeze is refreshing, just a little bit cool,
If I were somewhere else, I'd call me a fool.
Wash over my being, blow the bad stuff away,
I'm starting to have an incredible day.
On the backroads of Montana, the river way below.
The birds are all singing, as if they really know.
The power of peace, the tranquillity there.
It's worth every price, you can possibly bear.*

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