

*From The Heart—With Reason  
A Short Ride From Home II*

*On the backroads of Montana, picking flowers from my mind,  
The birds are all singing and everything's just fine.  
The rancher, he's farming, looking for done,  
The cousin, he's helping, money slim or none.  
The branding just over, a limp here and there,  
The stories all told, some remembered with flair.  
Twenty some bulls walking down the road,  
The man at the back, tall and slim as he rode.  
He stopped to "howdy," asking where I was headin'.  
"Just taking a ride, writing poetry in heaven".  
He smiled and nodded, for he understood,  
Spring was here and the feeling was good.*



*The doves together, two by two,  
The sky a pretty scattered blue.  
Drake and hen swimming like a dance,  
They'll stand together, taking their chance.  
Blackbirds in flocks, did they lose their mate?  
Meadow Lark singing on an old sagging gate.  
The redbtail circling, over grass that's sprung,  
A green rolling carpet, enriched by dung.  
Emerald colored hills, gently to the trees,  
The hawk checks them out, working the breeze.  
Now there's two, dancing in the air,  
The call one flings, tells of freedom so rare.  
I answer his call and he does talk to me,  
I feel the kinship, I'm trying for free.  
On the backroads of Montana, everything's just fine.  
The glory is hers, the pleasure is mine.*

*Terrence Michael Wall*