

Summer Morning

a beautiful morning soft montana breeze
The woods alive sheltered and shaded by the trees
Ten birds a singing seven different songs
Shrill and the sweet rythem flowing right along
Young hawk crying lonely or needing food
The woods a song melody floating from its brood
Doves haunting call stirs a feeling way down deep
Wish I knew what it was some feeling I can't speak
Sound of breaking limbs young hawk flies by
Drops the clutched branch another landing to try
Ravens cigarette call wings wooshing the air
Squirrel and a robin argue with flair
Doe with her twins moves quietly on by
Spotted treasure so precious brings a tear to my eye
Blackbirds fighting over ladies untrue
Bluebirds flashing that rare shade of blue
Ruff grouse on a stump drumming along
July in Montana in tune with the song

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