

Becoming 70

Spring:

Piles and piles of snow had come, interfering with everything human but long overdue and ending the drought.

In Peru, we paid homage to an ancient civilization, perched at the top of another world. Mortal bodies long gone, their spirits still alive thru breathtaking incarnations of rock folded in upon rock.

Summer:

Waiting at the highest viewpoint, I watched as our sun was totally enveloped by her tiny moon. Time stopped, magic happened and we were transformed.

Fires roared into our backyard. Everywhere choking smoke settled in as fear lingered close by and I grieved for the trees

Fall:

Our wise elder, Tash, left suddenly at 102. By her loved ones, she was ushered from this plane with a celebration fit for an empress – buried in a coffin crafted by her grandson.

Soon after, and inexplicably, my sweet, little, soft Sadie was gone too. They both rest now in Camp Sherman's loamy soil.

Winter:

Behind my home, Puma found it first: a dead, feathered form lying, face up, towards the sky.

After the forest creatures had their fill, I took her Raven wings and buried the dark body under an ancient pine tree.

