

Fall



Across the canyon from the Lion's Camp, I am watching bighorn sheep. It is their mating season. Males posture, circle, and butt heads. Groups of females stay close, feeding and watching.



bighorn ewe;
as she leads her band away,
her brown eyes



The fall rut is hard on male bighorn sheep. They spend much of their time enticing females and fighting other males and less time feeding. Some do not survive winter.



bighorn ram;
broken horn, scarred face,
asleep on a rock



I am in my warm pickup, drinking coffee and listening to music. As I drive past cattle in hay fields, I am lost in thought about today's hike in the canyon.



eagle on the road;
screams, talons grip a jackrabbit
as ravens circle





The Nature Trail circles close to Lamoille Creek. In October, the creek is merely a shallow flow between a series of pools. A gusty breeze frees clouds of yellow aspen leaves to drift down from nearby trees.



Lamoille Creek pool;
gold leaves circle above
black leaves



Heading back to the pickup with a full container of serviceberries, I feel smug. This is a good year, the roadside bushes are heavy with berries and the picking is easy.



summer flowers
fall berries
winter jam;
serviceberries



The animals of Lamoille Canyon stay high on the slopes as long as they can, only dropping into the canyon when forced down by snow.



autumn snow storm;
bighorn tracks enter the canyon
pickup tracks leave





An aspen grove is an especially quiet spot on a fall day, even as aspen leaves continually drop to the ground.



faint ticking sounds
falling leaves striking tree limbs;
hushed aspen grove



Fall is a good time to backpack into a high mountain lake for some last fishing, as long as I keep an eye on the weather.



waking in the tent;
loud rain has become
silent snow

