

Spring



Thomas Canyon Campground is not yet open for the season,
so I park outside the locked gate. I cross two snowbanks as I walk
around the back loop to reach the trailhead.



mud and snow on the trail;
boot prints, dog prints,
and two butt slides



Hiking the horse trail to Lamoille Lake, the sound of moving water surrounds me. I jump across small streams, splash through mud and slide through snowy patches. New vegetation is a deep green and spring flowers are blooming.



water drips
from ice
to moss
to rock
to buttercups



The rain stops as I begin my hike along the Talbot Creek Trail.
The clouds are breaking up and the emerging sun feels warm.
Water runs down the trail and collects in puddles.



sagebrush, rabbitbrush,
mule's ears and bitterbrush;
rainy day perfumes



The aspen trees along the Nature Trail are still bare, leaves have not yet emerged. A light spring rain is falling as I walk the trail, turning sideways to avoid brushing against wet brush.



rain drips
off raven's beak;
aspen buds swell





I am driving up the canyon, where running water darkens the rock
of upper cliffs. It is April and water flows from every side canyon.
The main creek is running full and noisy.



snow melts,
water drips,
streams,
cascades,
waterfalls;
canyon music



During March, nights freeze and days thaw.
Cliffs in the middle canyon constantly
dribble water from cliff face springs.



in morning sun,
cliff ice thaws, slips, falls;
echoing roar



The yellow warbler is a tiny bird. If I am lucky enough to see it,
it will be darting quickly among the high branches of aspen trees.
More often, I merely hear its sweet, rapid song.



yellow warbler
singing high above;
aspen soul





Marsh marigold is a low but showy wildflower. White petals surround yellow stamens. It grows high in the canyon and is one of the first flowers to bloom in the spring.



near melting snow,
standing in water and mud;
marsh marigold



April days may be snowy and cold but birds understand it is spring
and time to carry on with life.



downy woodpecker
drums on aspen trunk;
frost drifts away



At Road's End, the morning sun peaks over the east ridge,
barely touching the opposite ridge.



white-bark pines;
morning sun brightens one tree
at a time

