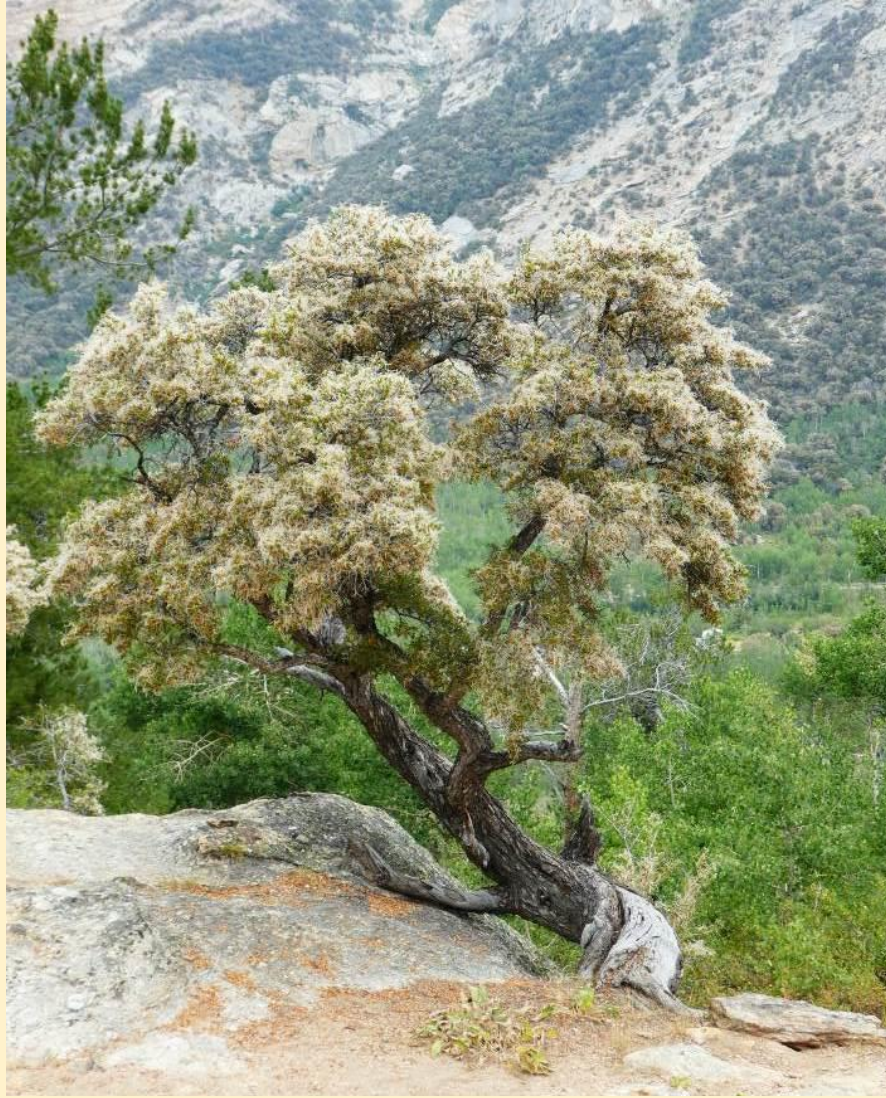


Summer



Below me comes the sound of passing traffic on the canyon road. I steady myself with a hand on the cool rock as I look up the cliff face. A raven soars past, its shadow on the rock keeping pace.



violet-green swallows;
swoop, twist, catch feather, drop it
brushing cliff face



After a family hike to Island Lake, it feels good to step onto pavement at Road's End. Kids run ahead to the pickup. We are all glad to shed gear and have a cold drink.



pickup tailgate;
holds boots, hats, backpacks, beer cans,
shades panting dog



The Right Fork Trail passes through thick bushes surrounding two small ponds. Insects are numerous and some insects are more welcome than others.



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h o r s e f l y ! !





Summer evenings spent camping at Thomas Creek Campground build family memories. Sitting around a campfire and eating S'mores is a tradition.



dad;
smelling your campfire
while sitting at mine



As I cross Liberty Pass, storm clouds build over Box Canyon. I hurry down the trail as clouds cover the sun. Pausing at Lamoille Lake, I dig my rain poncho out of my pack. When the rain starts, I sling the poncho over my head and keep going.



Dollar Lakes storm;
wind whips the willows,
rain batters the water



Sometimes mule deer are visible along the Lamoille Lake Stock Trail.
Often, the thick brush makes it difficult to see them.



first a foot stomp,
then an ear flick,
then doe eyes





July is a great time to camp at Liberty Lake, when its high elevation provides cooler temperatures. But it also means summer thunderstorms.



lightning, thunder, rain;
from my warm sleeping bag
in my dry tent



I sit on a log on the side of Right Fork Canyon. Old aspen trees provide welcome shade. Quaking aspens are named for their quivering leaves. They also provided canvases for Basque shepherders who carved images and messages into the thin, white bark.



aspen bark;
shadows of leaves tremble, dance
across carved nude

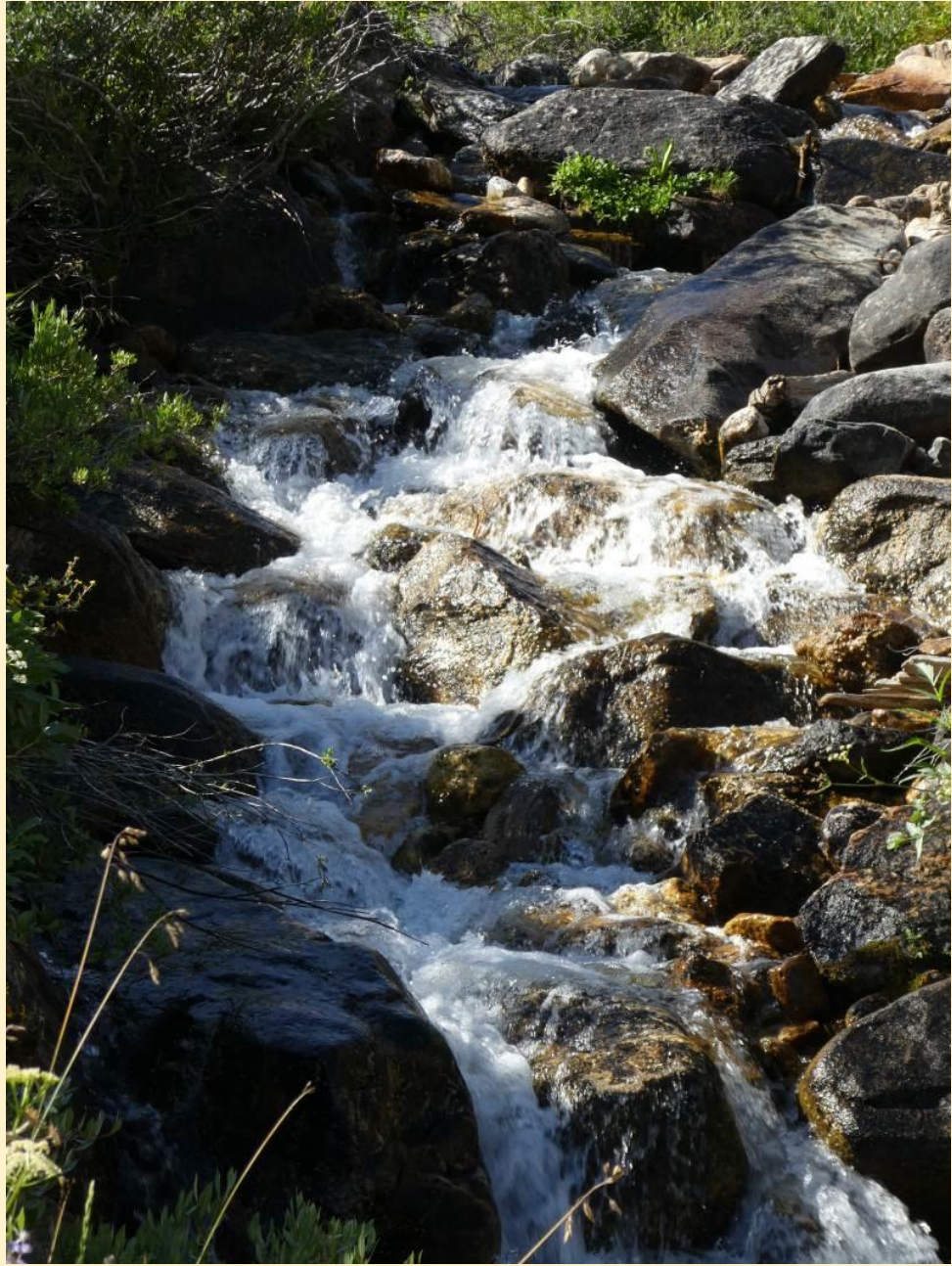


Camped above Island Lake, rain drives us into the tent at dusk. Later comes the curse of any camping, the need to get up at night.



out of my tent,
shivering past wet bushes;
oh, but the stars





Spotting a Himalayan snowcock is not easy. I am on a steep slope far above Island Lake. It is 5 am and the sun is barely touching the ridges.



snowcock leaps, sets wings;
drops out of dawn sunlight
into night gloom



Upper Thomas Creek Canyon is a great hike, but I have lingered a bit too long on a July afternoon. The sun is bright at this high elevation, and hot. I am sweating into my floppy hiking hat.



enjoying brief shade;
the only cloud
in the sky



Walking the Island Lake trail, I can hear falling water above and below me.
I can even differentiate two different pitches to be the sound.



falling water;
striking rock upslope
moss downslope

