“**Pathway Through the Woods**”

My dogs know the pathway through the woods

they voyage over several times a day

on the glowing ridge, above the slate-green creek

where my ancestors watched the shimmering waters.

They voyage over several times a day,

dig wet noses deep under flat winter leaves

where my ancestors watched the shimmering waters,

scratch down into rich soil; seek out morning news.

Dig wet noses deep under flat winter leaves

when wild geese gather to begin the mating season

scratch down into rich soil; seek out the morning news.

as the citrine bright sun plays shadow games with bare trees.

When wild geese gather to begin the mating season

they shout an alarm, break the stillness of April’s dawn

as a citrine bright sun plays shadow games with bare trees.

We leap over abandoned gray branches

They shout an alarm, break the stillness of April’s dawn

the dogs sniff the breeze for current information

we leap over abandoned gray branches

criss-cross over the ancient valley path.

The dogs sniff the breeze for current information

 gather gossip from crows flying through the woods

criss-cross over the ancient valley path.

Our morning journey changes with the seasons.

Gather gossip from crows flying through the woods

after the final snowfall has disappeared.

Our morning journey changes with the seasons

as we walk together in the luminous morning.

After the final snowfall has disappeared

on the glowing ridge, above the slate-green creek

as we walk together in the luminous morning,

my dogs know the pathway through the woods