

A photograph of a moth with a white body and wings, black markings, and a yellow-orange band, resting on a mossy rock. The moth is positioned in the center of the frame, with its wings spread. The background is a dense, green mossy rock. The text is overlaid on a white rectangular box in the lower right quadrant of the image.

When the words  
'moth' and 'moss'  
fail to call up  
'beauty'  
what else  
do we mislabel?





Christmas ferns  
greet Spring  
with fiddleheads  
like a new puppy.





grey day  
blue hills  
green waves  
red haze of maple flowers  
one warbler with a yellow spot—  
what a tiny bird to bear the flame of spring



A photograph of a snowshoe hare sitting in a field of melting snow and dry grass. The hare has white fur with some brown patches and large, upright ears. It is looking towards the left. In the background, there is a patch of snow. A white text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

As old snow slinks away  
leaving ground forlorn  
the scruffy snowshoe hare  
smiles “Don’t you see  
it’s time for spring?”





On May mornings neither  
too hot nor too cold  
the dainty star flower blooms  
reminding us to treasure  
the modest in our lives.

Already  
incredible  
caterpillar  
ponders  
its next  
incarnation.





Dreams  
carry us  
everywhere.



Fairy linens laid out to dry  
or  
funnel spiders give dinner a try

A photograph of several pink orchids with yellow centers, growing in a field of tall, green grass. The orchids are in various stages of bloom, and the grass is dense and vibrant green. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing text.

Meanwhile  
out in the silences  
orchids  
likely as lions.

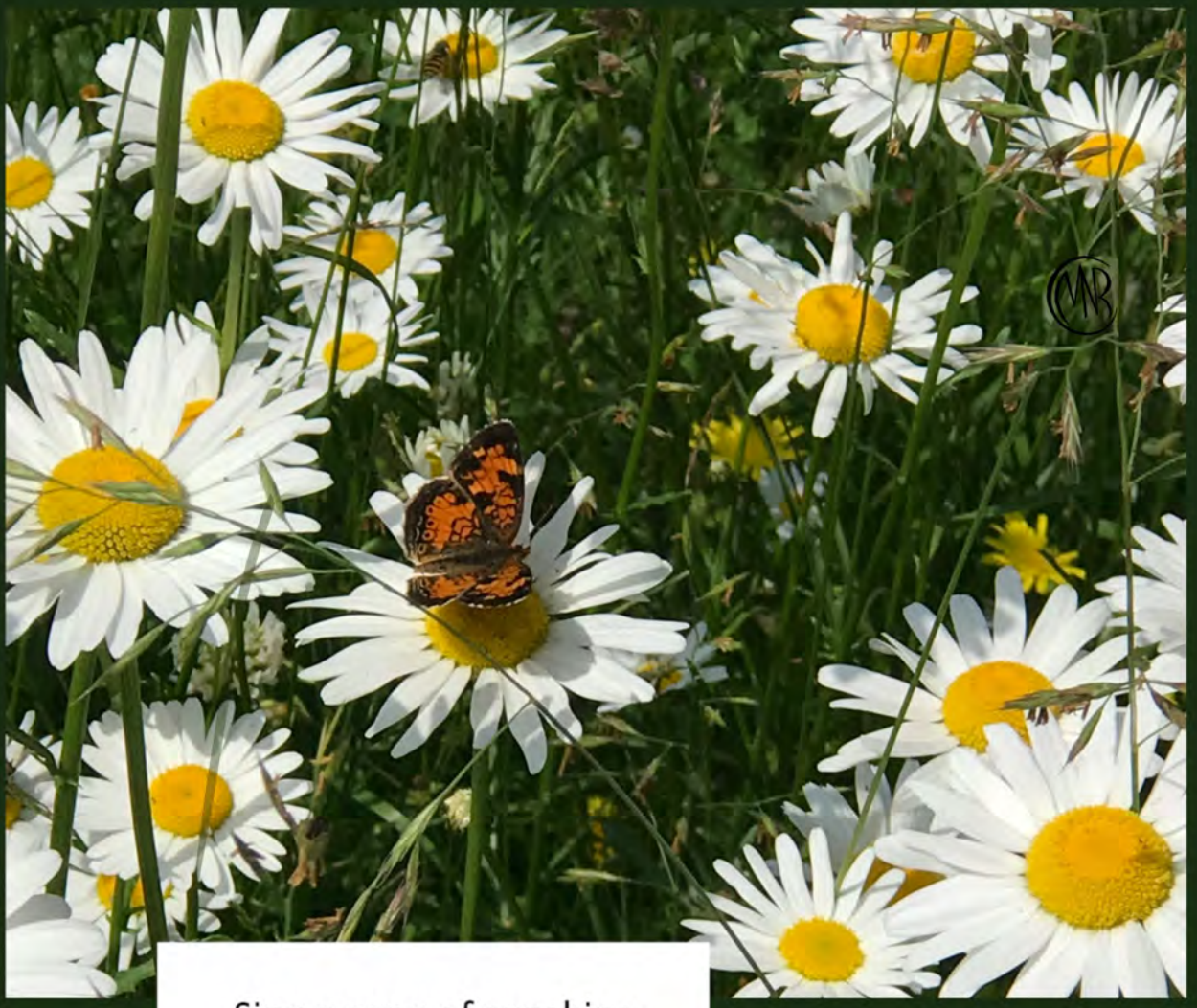


Clearest yellow under dusty sun  
is a roadside weed hauling me to a full stop  
where the small moth head down asleep  
in the wild Evening Primrose  
won't look back at me as I pry,  
its disregard humbling me for failure  
to understand what can be expected  
of the pure shining gift of being.



Small miracles





Sing a song of sunshine  
guaranteed fresh smiles.  
Pack 'em in mind's pocket  
for handing out free trials.

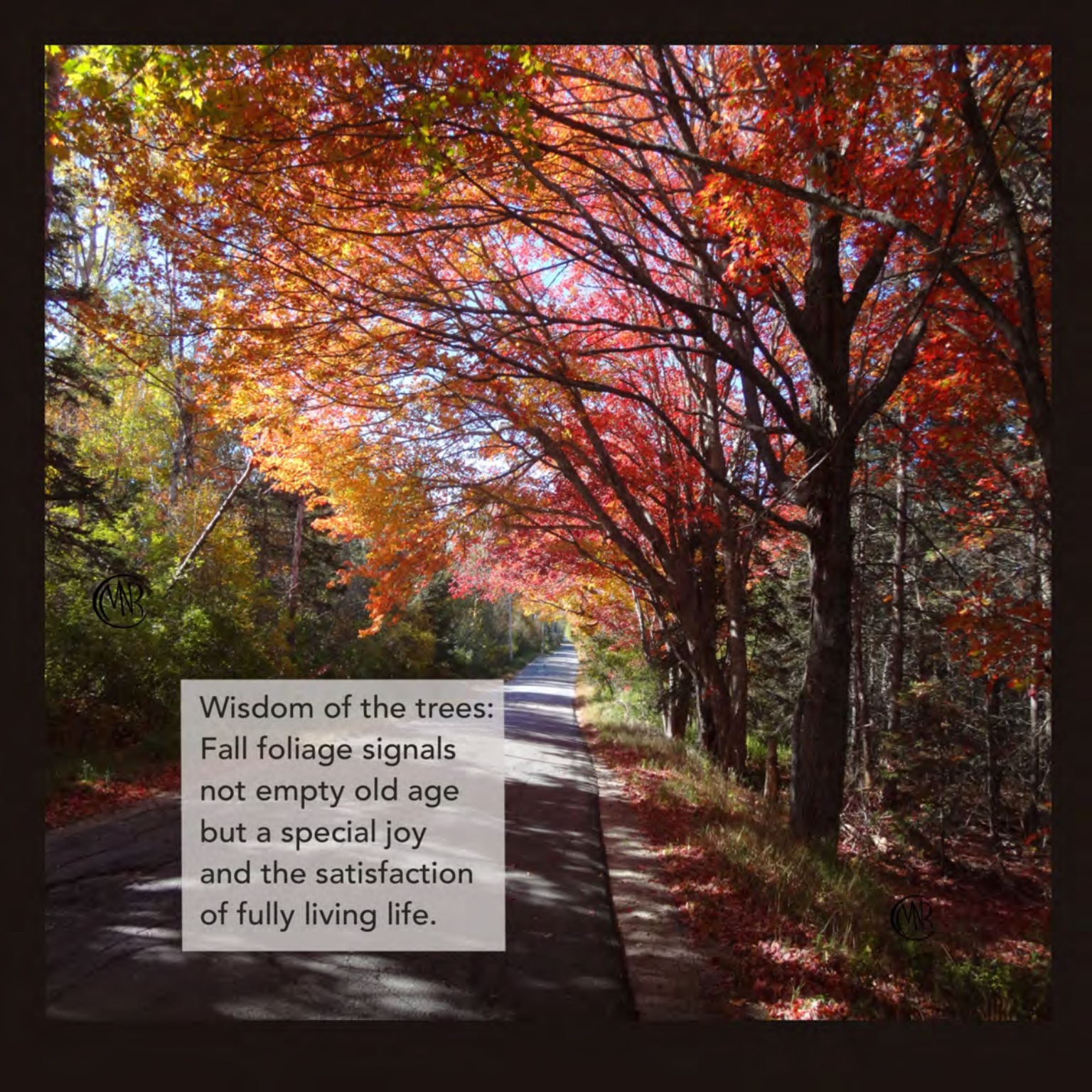


Every age  
has its own  
beauty.

A photograph of a field of yellow buttercup flowers and green grass. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, some fully open and some as buds. The grass is green and appears to be a mix of different species. The overall scene is bright and sunny.

Proud and brave enough  
to be a weed  
these glowing gems  
invite themselves  
and make a party.

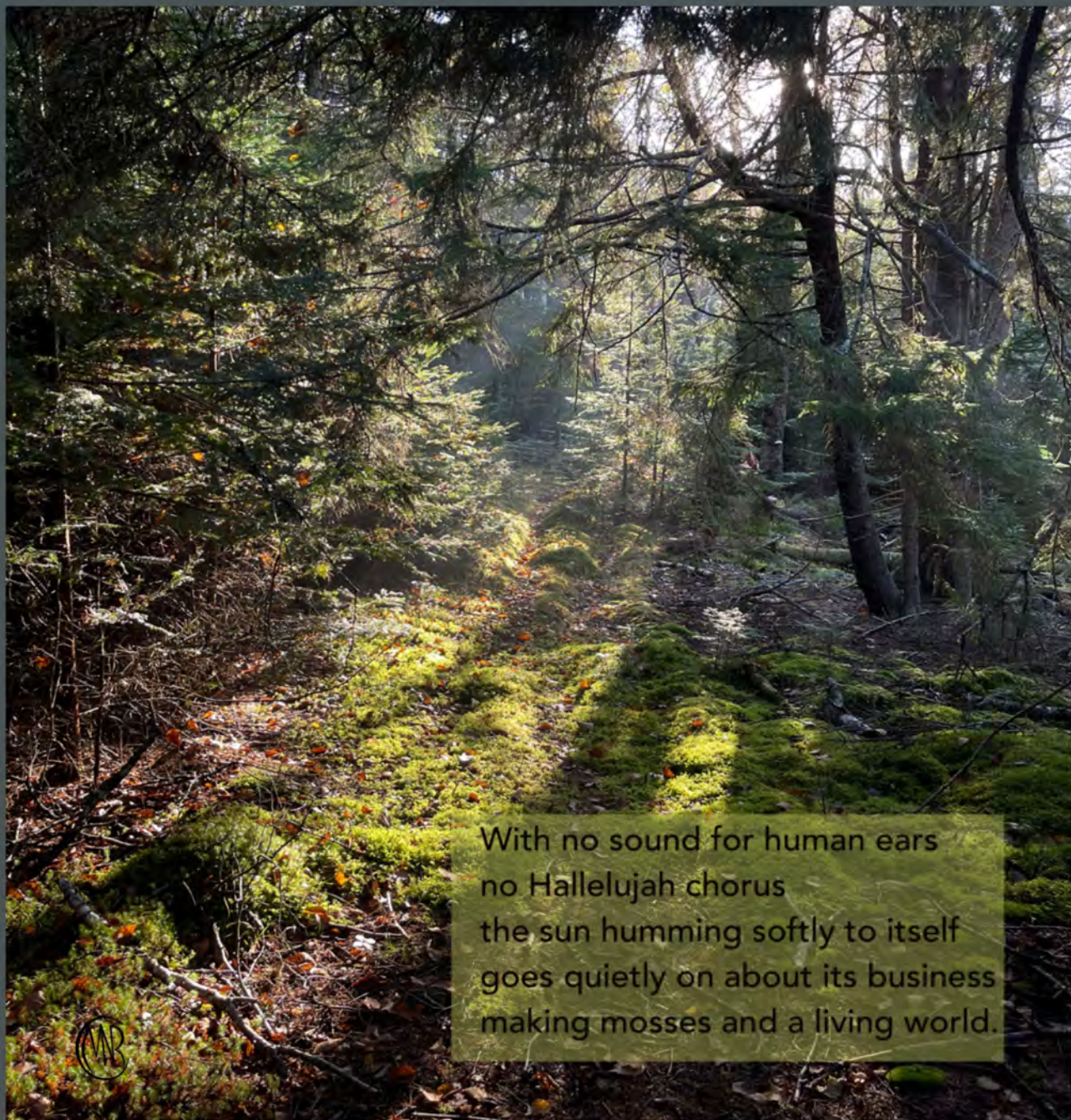




Wisdom of the trees:  
Fall foliage signals  
not empty old age  
but a special joy  
and the satisfaction  
of fully living life.



To every generation:  
its times of strife  
the glory of fulfillment  
and the satisfaction  
of passing on.

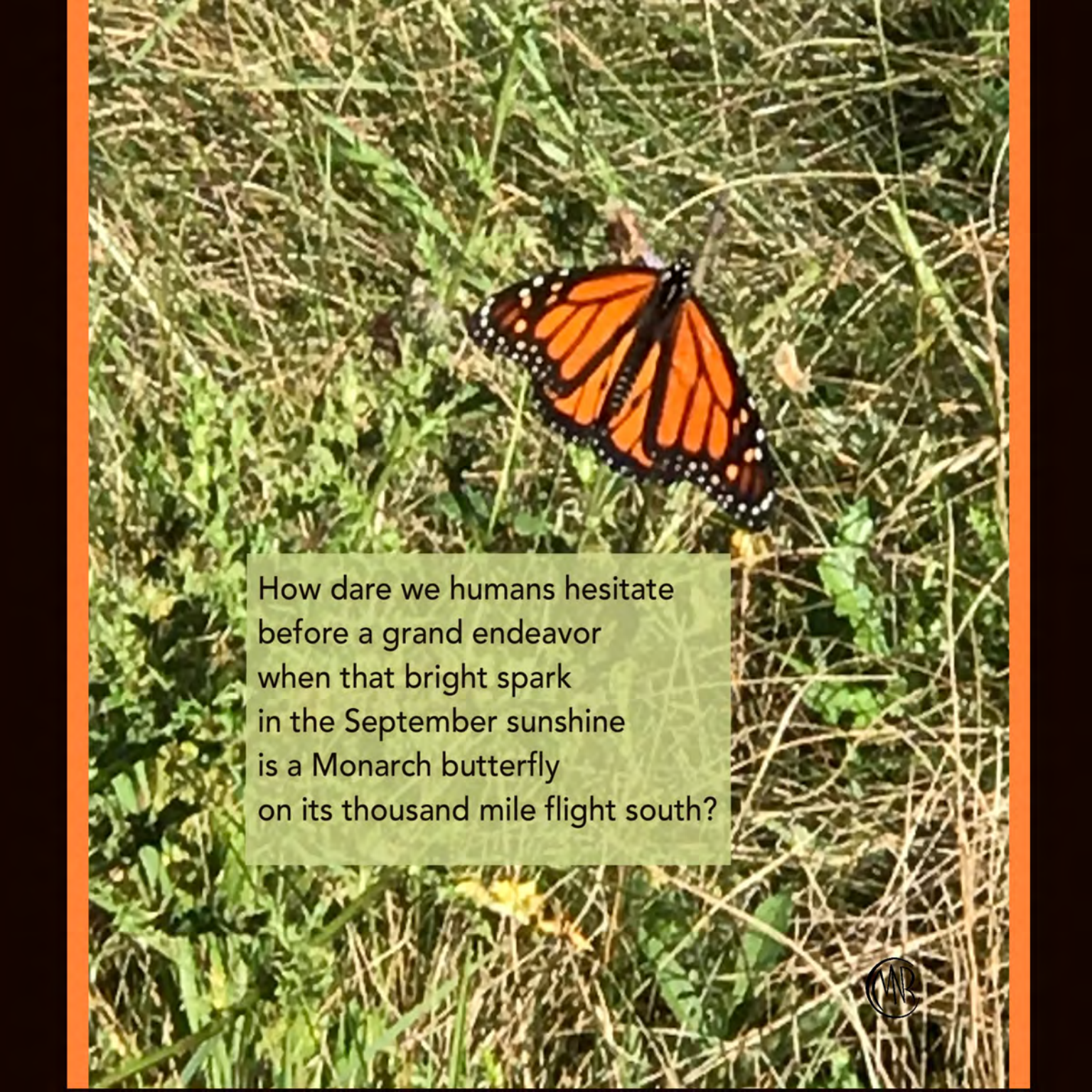


With no sound for human ears  
no Hallelujah chorus  
the sun humming softly to itself  
goes quietly on about its business  
making mosses and a living world.



Sandpipers don't  
sing like a choir  
but like a choir  
they understand  
that the harmony  
of coordinating  
is not conforming.



A monarch butterfly with vibrant orange wings and black veins is perched on a patch of green grass. The background is a dense field of similar grass, creating a natural, outdoor setting. The butterfly's wings are spread, showing the characteristic pattern of orange, black, and white spots along the edges.

How dare we humans hesitate  
before a grand endeavor  
when that bright spark  
in the September sunshine  
is a Monarch butterfly  
on its thousand mile flight south?



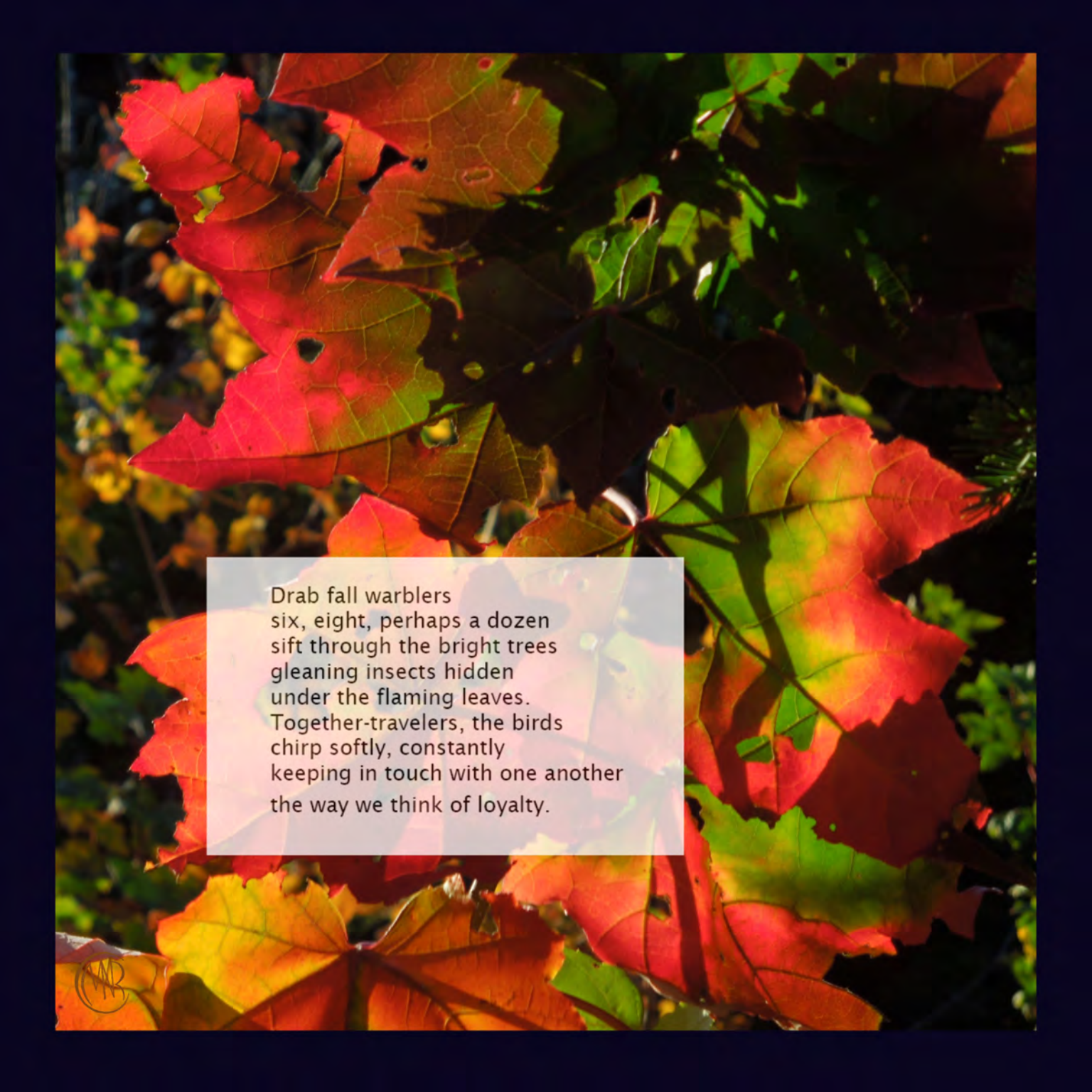


Mushroom among the mosses  
knows it's all about connection,  
the invisible network of hyphae  
that links its very being.

A photograph of a forest floor. In the foreground, several bright green ferns with delicate, feathery fronds are growing. To the left of the ferns, there are several small, orange-brown mushrooms with flat, circular caps. The ground is covered with a mix of green moss and brown, decaying leaves. In the background, more ferns and some darker, possibly wet, forest floor elements are visible. A semi-transparent brown box with a dark border is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image, containing text.

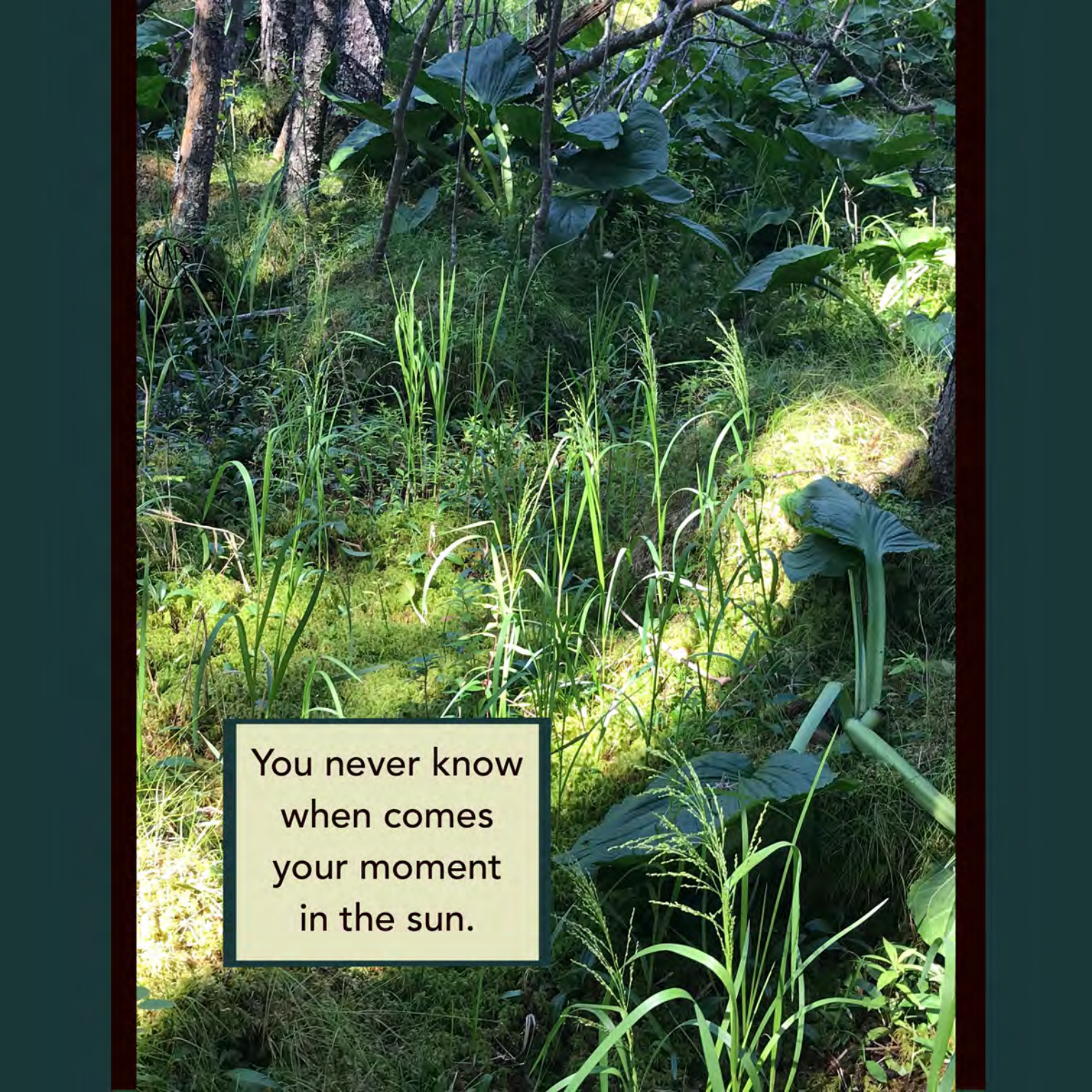
Calling these  
lower plants  
completely  
misses  
their point.



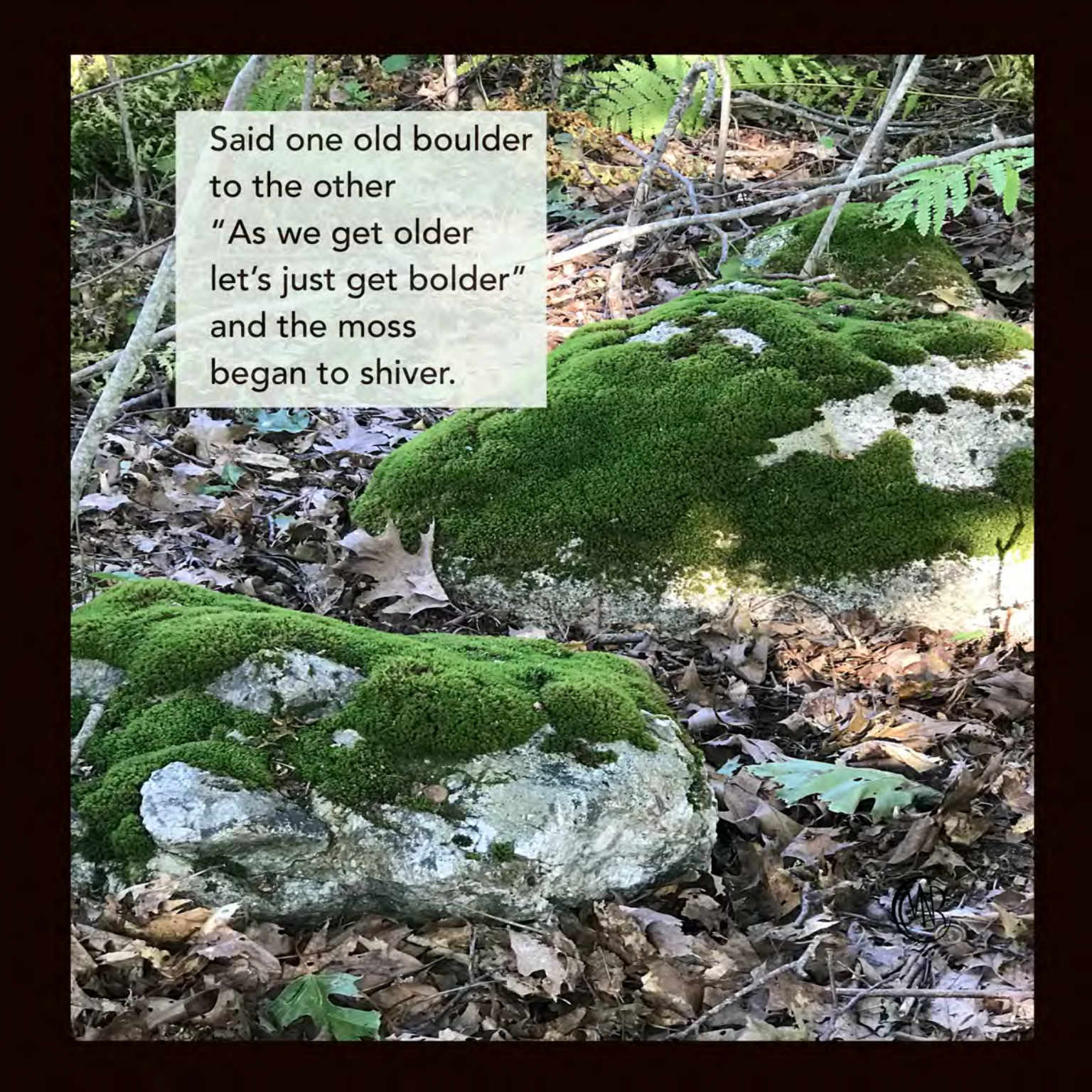


Drab fall warblers  
six, eight, perhaps a dozen  
sift through the bright trees  
gleaning insects hidden  
under the flaming leaves.  
Together-travelers, the birds  
chirp softly, constantly  
keeping in touch with one another  
the way we think of loyalty.



A photograph of a forest floor covered in moss and various plants. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating bright patches on the moss. Large green plants with broad leaves are visible in the background and foreground. A text box is overlaid on the lower left.

You never know  
when comes  
your moment  
in the sun.

A photograph of a forest floor featuring two large, light-colored boulders heavily covered in vibrant green moss. The ground is littered with dry, brown leaves and some green ferns. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the upper left portion of the image.

Said one old boulder  
to the other  
"As we get older  
let's just get bolder"  
and the moss  
began to shiver.

A close-up photograph of a forest floor. The ground is covered with a mix of green moss, brown twigs, and dried leaves. In the lower right, there is a bright yellow flower with many long, thin petals. To its left, there is a small green plant with three leaves. The background is filled with more moss and twigs.

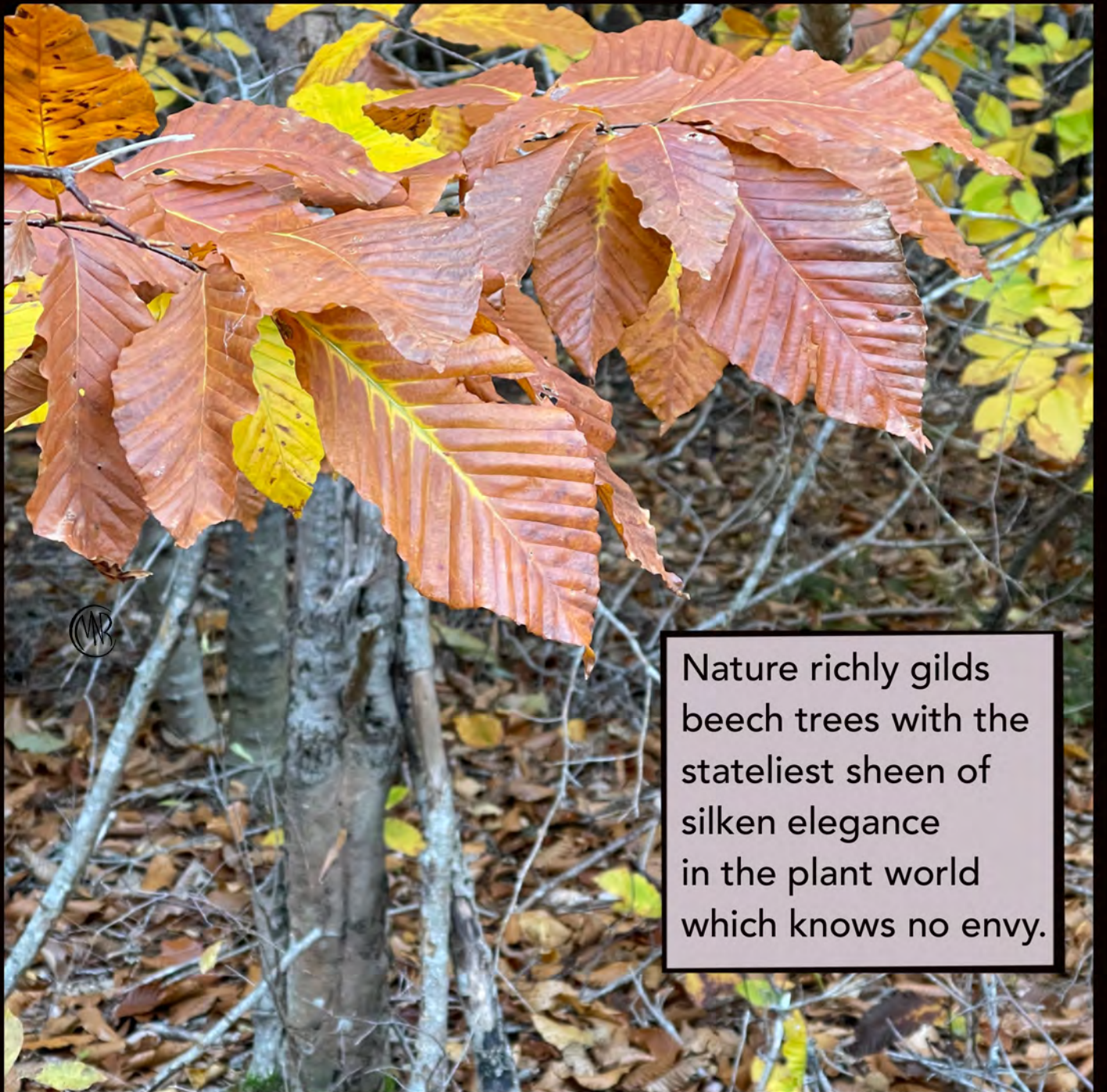
What if  
we paused  
to rethink  
our world?



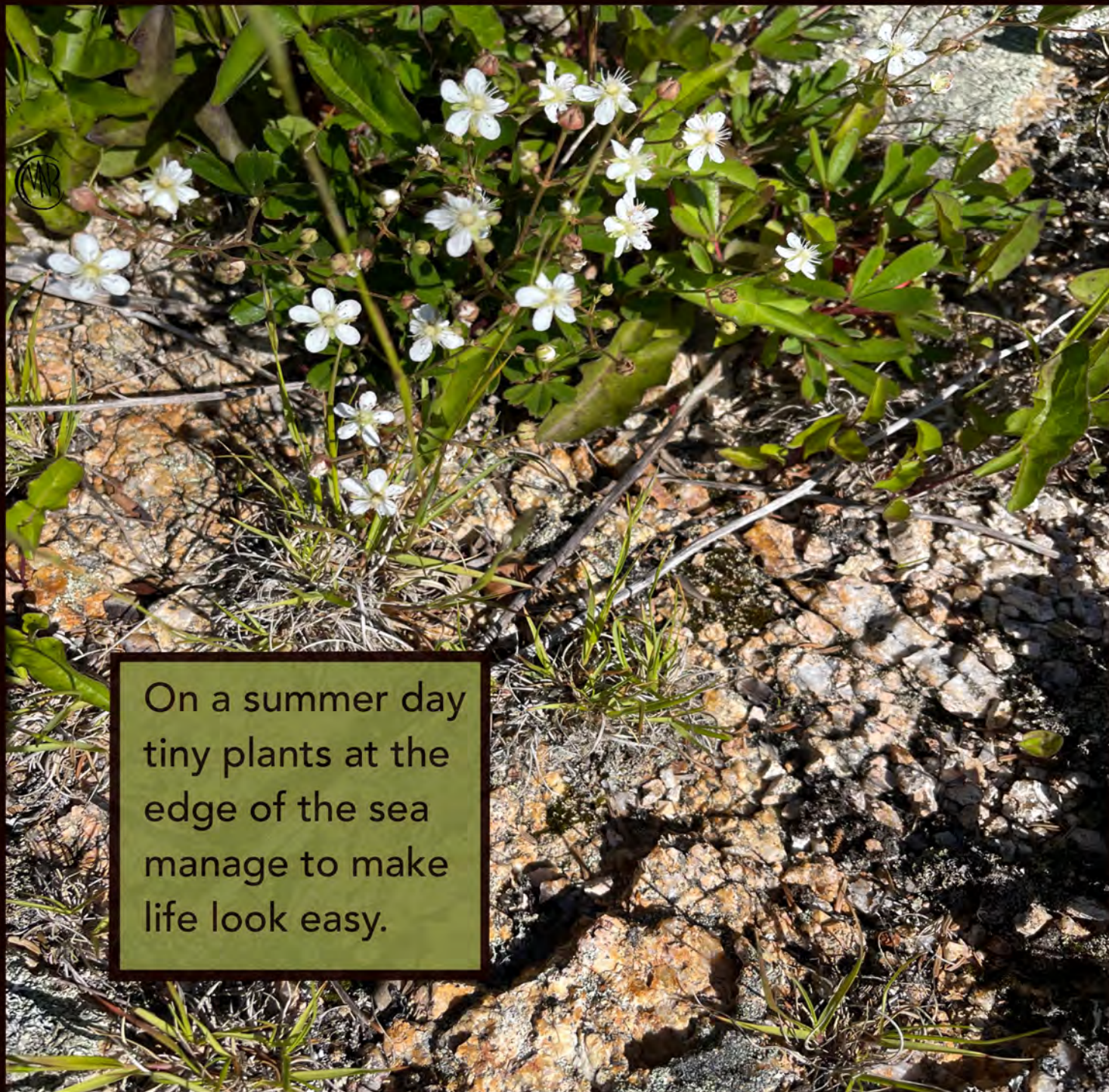
Between fall and winter  
comes windowpane weather  
when night chill turns  
pools of recent rain to  
glistening glass.



Look around, world.  
From the first frosty highlights  
to the crowning touch of snow  
savor the beautiful gifts  
of seasons and age.



Nature richly gilds  
beech trees with the  
stateliest sheen of  
silken elegance  
in the plant world  
which knows no envy.



On a summer day  
tiny plants at the  
edge of the sea  
manage to make  
life look easy.

Nature does not always look like you expect





Ferns freshly  
unfurled  
set their own  
standards.



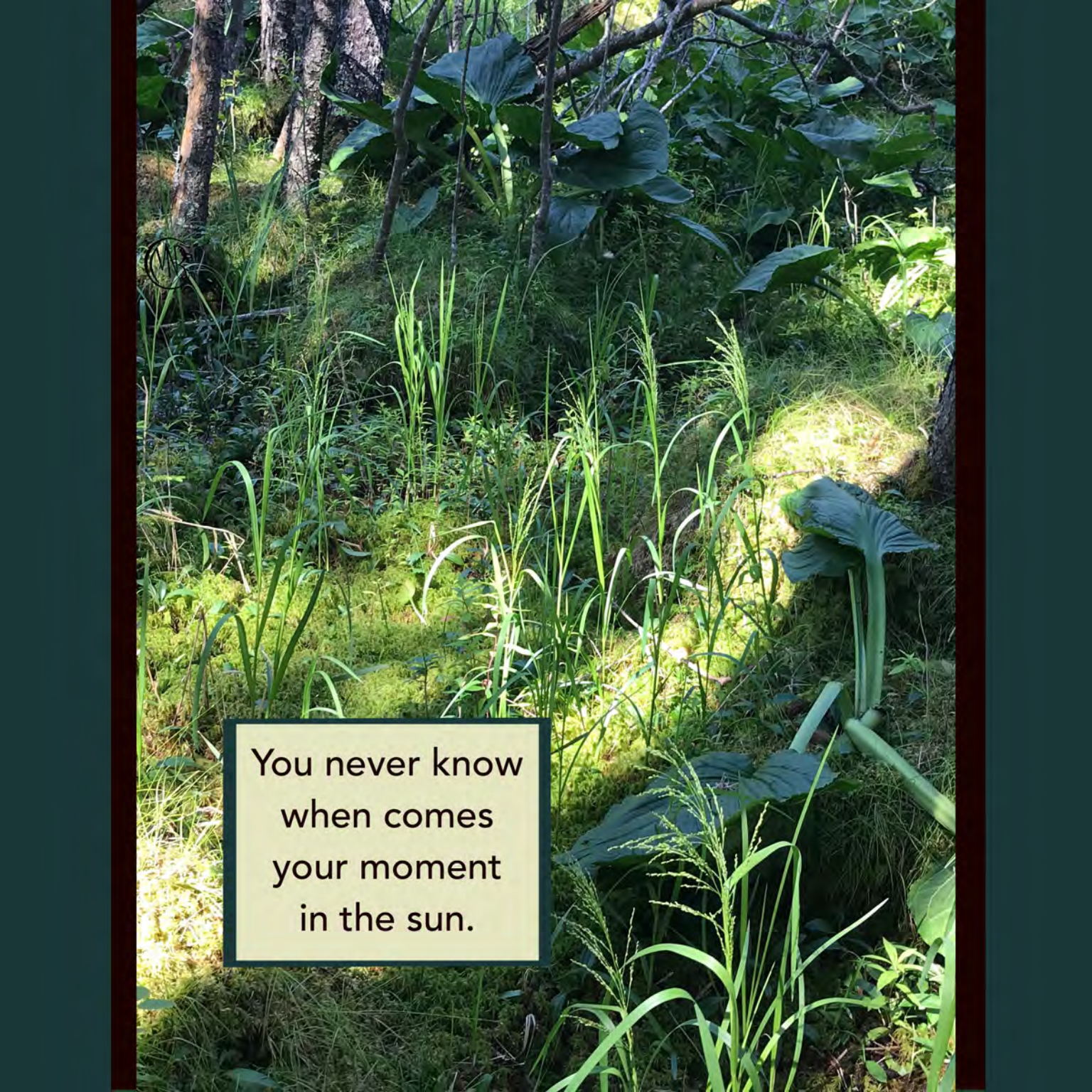


On the surface  
the forest pool  
has no choice  
what to hang on to  
and what to reflect  
from others.

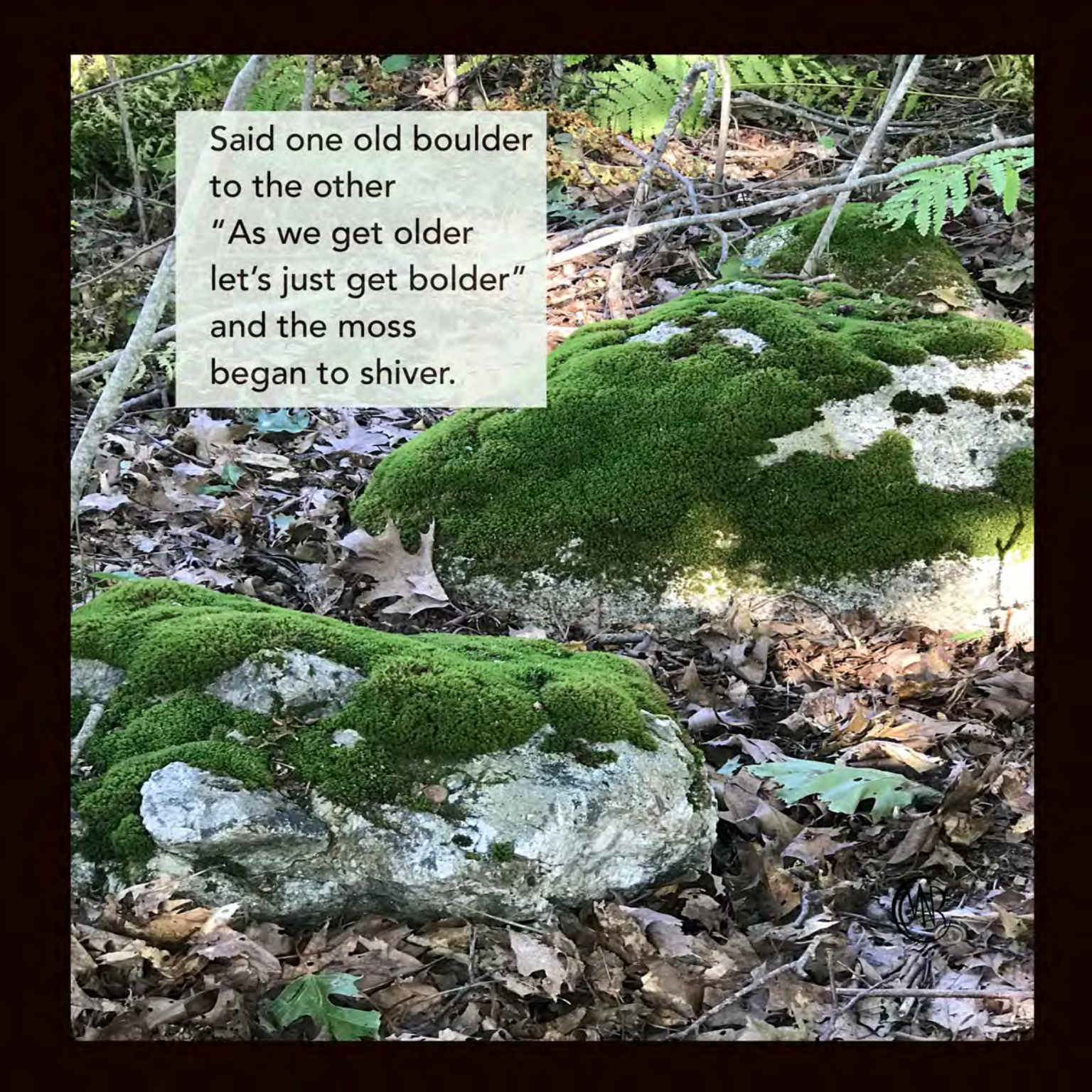


Golden autumn light  
bids all sweet dreams  
before tucking the forest  
in for its winter nap.



A photograph of a forest floor covered in moss and various green plants. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating bright patches on the moss. In the foreground, there are tall grasses and large, heart-shaped green leaves. A text box is overlaid on the lower left.

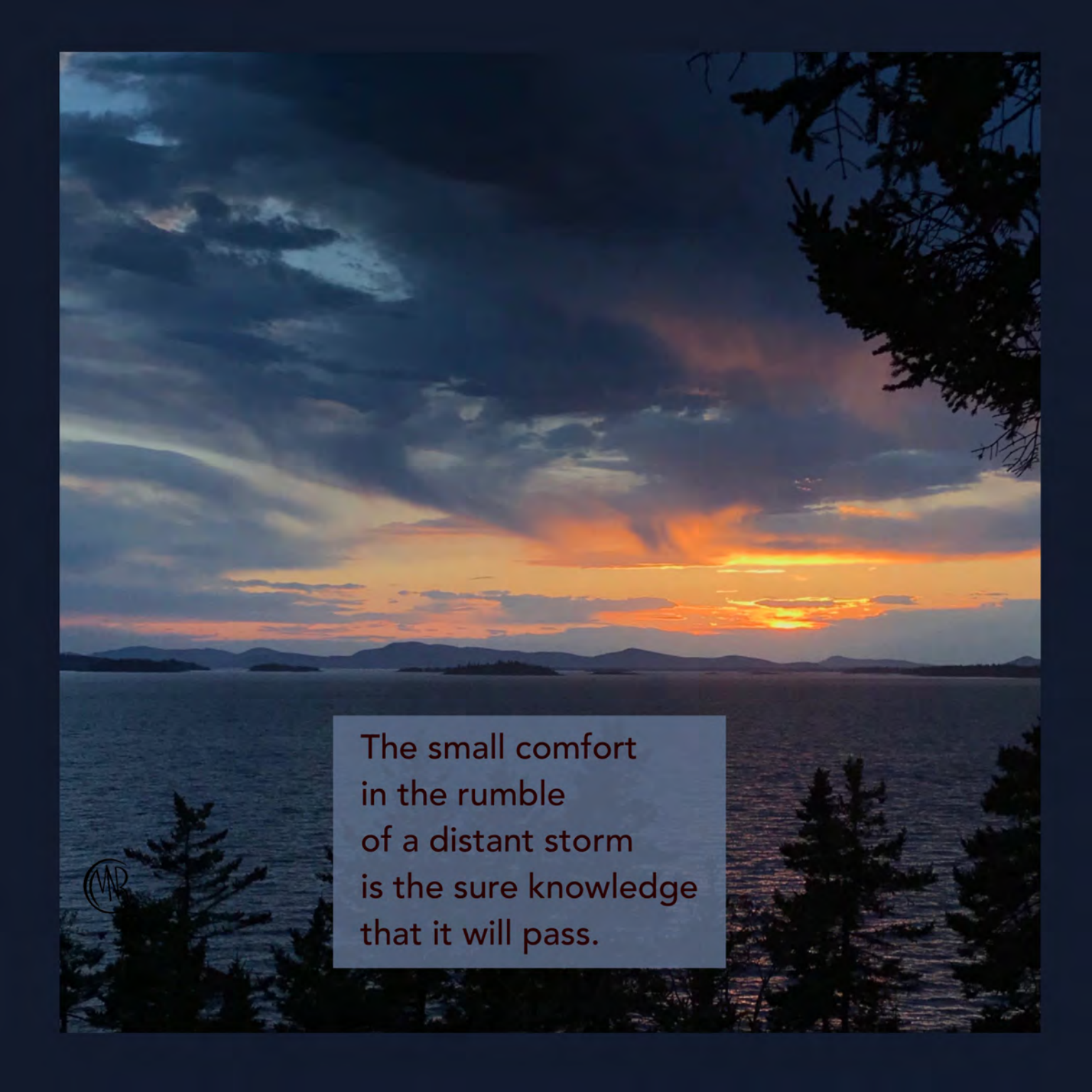
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to the other  
"As we get older  
let's just get bolder"  
and the moss  
began to shiver.



Even the tiny stream  
in the winter woodland  
does its part weaving  
the world together  
by ripples and reflection.



The small comfort  
in the rumble  
of a distant storm  
is the sure knowledge  
that it will pass.





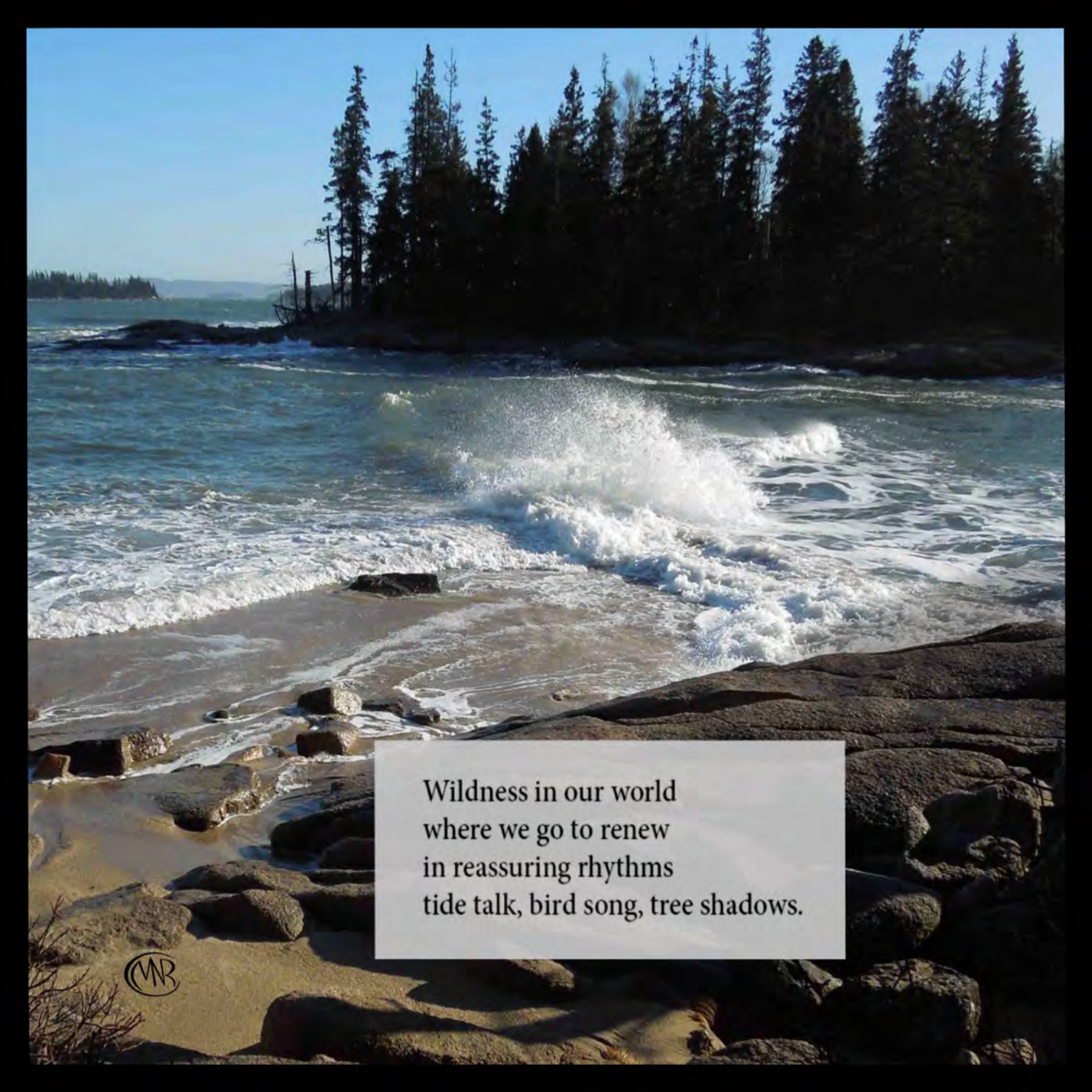
You can't always  
touch  
what is so special  
in life.





We speak of boulders weathering  
and we humans weather storms.  
It's well worth remembering  
strength comes in many forms.





Wildness in our world  
where we go to renew  
in reassuring rhythms  
tide talk, bird song, tree shadows.



A photograph of a field of blue flowers, likely gentians, growing in a grassy area with a rocky background. The flowers are small, five-petaled, and have yellow centers. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

It's a wonder  
that flowers come  
in any other color  
after they figured out  
blue.



Perhaps only an old man  
or aged woman can  
truly appreciate the  
morning bright spring green  
of buds on winter dark twigs  
celebrating continuing promise  
with the wisdom of old wood.

