

DAYS DEPARTURE

Crickets mark this days departure.
Symphony of creatures serenade, soothingly.
Light fades as brush grays.
Stillness of air carries sound
across black, South Texas Brush.
Yellow hues of buffle grass
strain to maintain it's color.
Night will be upon us.

GLISTENING DUSK

Flies dance at dusk, glistening.
Ceremony of light, very entertaining.
Day's end breeze shifts them,
as they jockey for position
Momma and baby javalina arrive
at feeder, a regular stop
on their rounds in brush.
I wait silently for buck.

QUIET TIME

Quiet time tends to amaze,
hearing air jet through nostrils.
I hear my pulse coursing
through veins, to universal rythm.
Plants and trees speak silently
as afternoon transforms to dusk.
Light is fading, grays replacing.
Great fortune to be here.

SUN FADES

Sun fades over brush country.
Warmth of day slowly changing
to cool breeze, gently transforming
my sweat to refreshing chill.
I wait for buck brousing.
I am now alone, quiet
on Las Islas, Texas ranch.
I may be lucky today.

TRANSITION

Day's light shifts to West,
casting shadows across the sendero.
Mesquite leaves glimmer near shadows.
South Texas brush country looks
different by the hour, shifting.
Cycle of life ebbs and flows
nocturnal critters prepare for night.
Silent owl repositions for hunt.