

SOUNDS AND WHISPERS

Morning came,

And wind whispered through the trees.
A bird sang and a rooster crowed.

Noon came,

And the roar of a train engine filled the valley.
Trucks rattled over gravelly roads
And men's voices called to each other.

Late afternoon came,

And a donkey brayed.
Dogs barked and a cat meowed.
Children's voices shouted playfully.

Evening came,

And bells clanked in the distance.
Music rose from the valley below
And wind whispered through the trees.

Written by Jean Easterly on May 10, 2006
while sitting on the balcony of the Mansion Tarahumara
near Mexico's Copper Canyon
in the Sierra Madre Mountains