

## RAIN TRAILS BY COURTNEY OTT

Sometimes I just listen to the rain, smooth,  
cold, plummeting through the morning dark.  
Within these bare moments life makes truth  
the clean beauty that calms the jumbled heart.  
Sometimes I run along a rocky trail  
where the mountains arise to touch the clouds,  
connecting me to gods of epic tale.  
I burst with hope beyond the empty shrouds.  
Into the rain so smooth and cold before  
my eyes a lizard darts, that rugged sheen  
so fast, delicate, to raw to abhor.  
A mind so simple I love to have seen.  
Sometimes I think how beautiful we are,  
and when we walk the streets at night  
I equate our spirits to a burning star,  
existing in space our souls through eyes so bright.  
I think this life is more than just a fall,  
to death. That love does lie in reach of all.

## ALPINE MUSINGS BY COURTNEY OTT

A sapphire expanse tickles my mind  
as my dirt crusted toes rest  
on the rocky shore.  
My eyes grow clearer with the wild sun.

I am here.

Wandering souls and purposeful feet  
the melting snow roars and  
the skies are ever changing.

I go at nature's pace.

Light fades from warm to cold and  
I lay to rest at the mountain's feet.  
When I look to the stars its  
hard to ignore Love.

The patience of the moon  
settles in my bones  
I simply

Am.