

Sierra sun and moon

It's a day in sierra sun for us.
Mid-journey rest day,
Our highest camp. We
Gaze at sun, blue sky, surrounding peaks.
The wind soughs through the passes,
Nutcrackers call from erratic boulders:
Away. Away.

Last night when the moon came up
Fin Dome suddenly stood forward
A shock of white and black,
Ghostlike in the night.

David and I sleep out,
Under sheltering trees and sky,
Beside huge granite boulders.
Waking from time to time
To note the moons progress,
The changing appearance of the ghost above,
The sky revolving.

Below us the three Rae Lakes
Pour one into another,
Moonlit pearls on a string.

In the morning we study the lakes:
Shades of green streaked with black
Give way to expanses of deepest blue.
I like the soft meadows that share
The shoreline with more white boulders.
It is there the gentians are blooming
In the grass.

September 1998
Rae Lakes Basin
Kings Canyon NP
Sierra Nevada Range