

## NATURE'S BEAUTY

Beyond the still shade of a few pine trees  
Around are flung bright blooms amid the grass  
Over rolling hills, sinking into leas  
Where quiet streams and brooks that babble flow  
To lakes, on breeze-less days, as smooth as glass;  
Or on through a thousand forested vales  
And trickling back into the monstrous seas,  
Against opposing waves, clawing the beach,  
Thundering, flashing the sun's brilliant glow,  
While against a mountain a high wind wails,  
Joining the music that the songbirds teach  
To squirrels, bears and deer on wooded trails.

— *David L. Hatton, 1965*