

The Wind

As the tree blows in the cold winter breeze

A sparrow tweets to her young one, hungry and cold

He waits for his mothers return.

As the river flows the wind blows a bear waits

For his fish to jump out of the water for him to grab.

As the squirrel scavenges for bugs and nuts the winter breeze

Blows all the through the night

Colquitz Creek Haiku

I do like the creek

I want to go to the creek

I really like the sounds

