

An Ode to Quigley

I went for a ski out at Quigley, late in the day,
Where Nordic trails abound and are not far away
- A mile, maybe two - from my front door.
It's a five minute trip, or just a bit more.
It's quiet, it's serene and it is mine alone
Except for a few critters and an old bleached bone.

Coyotes and elk and deer. Cougars are few.
Once in a while an eagle drifts into view
Watched by some ravens and a hawk.
Who have seen more than I but will not talk
To me about those things.
They just soar along on their silent wings.

After an hour or two I am tired and I turn back
To the west when I see another skier in my track.
Yonder peaks are covered in white.
This is my favorite time of the ski, this distant sight.
We greet each other and ski on our way
Remembering this treasure in the ebbing light of day.

