

Fall

The aspen leaves and larch needles turn golden and fall  
Daylight hours shorten  
The air is brisk and scented with decaying leaves  
Juniper and rose bushes are filled with abundant berries  
For bears and for my tea

So much glory after exuberant summer growth  
And before winter rest

I walk mountain trails with friends,  
Taylor Lake through pine and spruce forest,  
Sunshine meadows with high alpine lakes  
Rummel lake with a bighorn sheep, motionless, watching us ascend  
Iceline trail surrounded by receding glaciers and moraine deposits,  
Floe Lake encountering three bears  
Wind Ridge and the valley below mighty Lougheed.

I am one with the changing season.  
The earth whispers, you belong.

Bibiana Cujec  
October 2025

