

The Beaver Pond

A still, cool pond lies amongst the cottonwood trees.

A dragonfly disturbs the reflection, causing a ripple in the surface.

The surrounding grasses sway in the gentle summer breeze.

A Swainson's thrush calls from the tiptop of a Ponderosa pine.

Here, here! See it, see it! the bird calls to the others hidden from sight.

A sudden swaying of the tree and the birds flush.

Loud gnawing ensues,

The tree falls,

A loud crash.

The beaver works to add the tree to his dam.

The rush of water slows.

A Chinook salmon leaps over the heap of logs,

Sailing past the beavers to return to its place of spawning.

Deer tread slowly in the sand, taking small sips from the water,

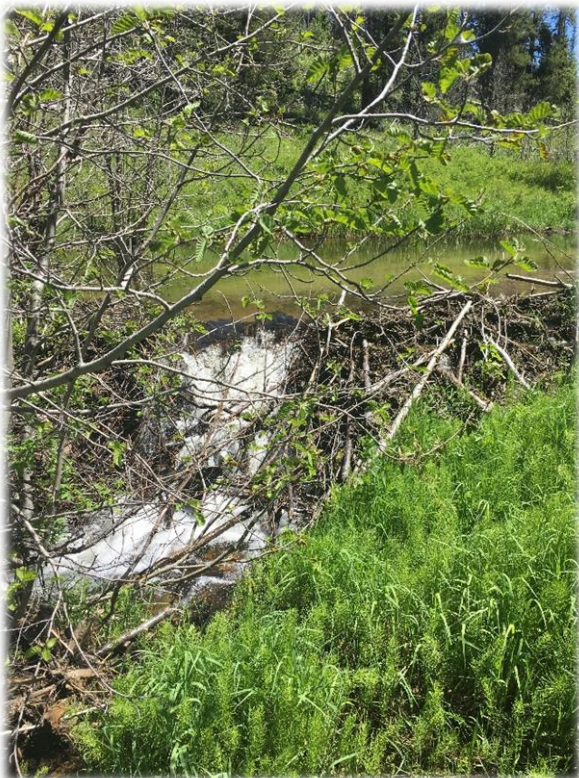
Their hooved footprints left behind.

With all of these creatures, it is easy to see

Life is thriving

At the beaver pond.

~ Elisabeth Bergman



The Conservationist

Look around you. What do you see?
A change in the weather, a rise in the sea?
Species extinction, rising gases,
Habitat loss and killing of masses?

Wildlands are few and far in between.
Soon there will be none left to be seen.
Roads have expanded, human presence
has too.
The only animals left will be those in the
zoo.

What future awaits this beautiful place
If it continues to be destroyed at this pace?
No elephants, wolves, bats, or snakes.
No wetlands, no wildlife, no rivers or lakes.

We need to do something, anything, now.
We need to promise, we have to vow
To take care this world, what little is left,
To restore it, preserve it; to not would be
theft.

So let us take action before it's too late,
Or a barren existence will soon be the fate
Of this beautiful planet in all of its glory.
If not, then this is the end of its story.

~ Elisabeth Bergman

