

## *Morning in Cades Cove*

*"I felt my lungs inflate with the onrush  
of scenery—air, mountains, trees, people.  
I thought, "This is what it is to be happy."*

*—Sylvia Plath*

Morning comes to Cades Cove  
Long before the tourist traffic  
Congests its meandering one-way road;  
Mists linger in a translucent veil,  
Hugging the ground with cool dampness  
As the sun's rays mark its first orange appearance  
Over aged peaks.  
The animals are relaxed,  
Content in the early hours of the day  
To go about their business:  
The doe daintily picking at grass  
While her fawn frolics nearby;  
The flock of turkeys near the treeline  
Scratching at bugs in last autumn's leaves;  
And the vixen trotting by in search of mice,  
Or perhaps a rabbit for her kits.  
On the air is the faintest hint of wood smoke  
From the campground several miles away,  
But mostly it's the herbally scents of trees and grass,  
And fresh morning dew,  
That welcome me and my camera.  
I take it all in with a deep breath,  
And a feeling of thanksgiving.

# *Garden Study*

*"My garden is my most beautiful masterpiece"*  
—Claude Monet

Bumblebees buzz among satin petals  
Of summer petunias,  
As hummingbirds hover  
Amidst nectar-sweet blossoms  
Of heady hue and perfume;  
And a ladybug,  
Strangely plain yet lovely,  
Gracefully explores green leaves  
Alongside a curious green inchworm  
In the shadows of butterflies wings.