Coming to Treeline

I remember the Range and bushwhacking as a girl up the side of Mount Haystack, scrabbling up trails through thick stands of fir, pushing past short, precise pine trees which politely snapped back into place, then swishing through the soft forests of balsam those tiny green dwarves waving their whiskbrooms of sweet incense into thin air,

and finally coming to treeline.

First, there is nothing but bracken, scrub pine, and Lapland sandwort, but then the skyscraper of gray granite, thrusting to the top.

At treeline, all complexity falls away and you can see clear to the blue line of beyond.

Past fifty, I come to a treeline of my own and sigh with relief.

Just maybe, I can find my bearings now.

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