



What's on your horizon?

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“VIEW FROM MINER'S POINT”

The shadow of the clouds glide gently over the surrounding mountains, caressing the land as a hand tenderly glides over the curves of a woman's body. The delicate breeze almost seems to embrace then kiss each and every tree and shrub as it drifts its way from remembrance to vague dreams yet touched. The sensual dance of nature somehow touches a part of my soul that only my spirit has ever dared to brush against.

Looking high above me I see perfect ripples of wispy clouds stretching across the northern blue sky, surrealistically imitating the floating ripples of a stone tossed upon a glassy smooth pond. These clouds move as if they're the self-appointed escort to the slowly brewing thunder head beside them. Escort? Is there another word? I think not, because the rippled wisps are indeed escorting the storm right past me.

The silence is punctuated by a distant sound of a nail driven deep into another new mountain home. Odd, how sometimes the sound carries and sometimes not, leaving one to think the building crew uses one to three nails per day, yet within a few short months a peaked roof competes with the surrounding Ponderosa pines for the glory of the crystal luminaries night light anointing. Are the builders using soundless nails? Padded hammers maybe? No wonder the wildlife doesn't seem to mind our intrusive presence. Upon deeper reflection, I don't think the wildlife mind the building, at least so far. But it will be the newer human inhabitants who will be so destructive because they are moving in by the multitudes and are oblivious to the needs of the wildlife. It always turns out that way. It seems that we humans have forgotten how to live in harmony with nature because we've become consumed with conquering and subduing it.

Looking north by northeast I see Fisher's Peak. The peak is cloud shadow covered occasionally, and in the odd light of a stormy afternoon I see a flat spot at the base of the rocky peak. A renegade ray of sun has brightened that spot which makes Fisher's Peak look like Captain Nemo's submarine. However, Fisher's Peak's beacon shines over the great plains rather than 20,000 leagues beneath the sea, and its beacon has drawn settler's to the Raton Pass for over a hundred years.

The rebellious sun determinedly stretches out from beneath the ominous thunder head clutching for a stronghold upon the Raton Mesa which joins the Fisher's Peak to the New Mexico border. The light magnifies the glistening snowy rim of the mesa and I squint from the bright string of pearls reflecting across the canyons. It's snow that hasn't melted from our last spring storm and its pure radiant white is highlighted by the deep spring green it will water for days to come.

The volcano we affectionately call Mount Gini hovers over the south side of McBride canyon which connects Raton Mesa to Raton Pass. Today, under the strong piercing sunlight, the volcano has lost its phainopepla of shimmering snow diamonds, and is now covered with prairie grass topping the volcanic remnants of days gone by.

Crossing the Raton Pass, even today, can generate truck stopping spring and summer snows and pelting hail storms. I wonder how the settlers trailblazed the rugged, inhospitable Rocky Mountain passes. I suppose it was tenacity, combined with the 'do or die' spirit they brought with them. Many died, but many more didn't, and because of them and their incredible vision quest for a new land I'm here today to be able to rock in my rocking lawn chair and experience the wonder, the pure majestic beauty of my little part of the Colorado Rockies. But I do so with pure reverence and awe at my unobstructed view of nature's handiwork.

I see it all in sheer, omnipotent, contemplative leisure, the leisure my grandparents only dreamed of. Their vision, their dreams, and their hopes have given me an unsequestered reality that I struggle to define daily. But this Godly view surpasses my human words; this heavenly scenery surpasses my human understanding. Each breath is filled with both awe and serenity. My emotions and intellect short-circuits while striving for words to describe where and how I fit into this great scheme of blues, greens, oranges, reds, yellows, and on, and on, as the madness of the colour wheel spins wildly through the palate of my mind.

Then, as if all of this isn't enough for me to comprehend, a great Golden Eagle, with a wingspan of over eight feet, glides up to within twenty-five feet of me and my overlook. I am struck speechless. What does he expect me to do now? His presence is overpowering and I am literally brought to my humbled, etheric knees as though I can do nothing else. He glides nearer, watching me with his magnifying eyes. If he can see a mouse from hundreds of feet above the land, then what I feel are his piercing eyes as he covertly reaches inside of me, touching my soul and seeking my spirit. He wants a companion and is beckoning my spirit to soar away with him. My heart pounds. There isn't any reason why I cannot go, yet I fear his invite. What is it that keeps us from flying to the heights of nature's promise? What is it that keeps us unfulfilled yet keeps me starving for the sensualistic freedom of an Eagle's wing?

He slowly glides away from me, but I know the look. I know the feeling. I heard the promise. He will be back. Maybe by then I will have found my own spirit. Maybe by then I will have found my own wings. Maybe then I can look at this grand countryside from a whole new perspective. And just, maybe then I will be able to write about it as it justly deserves.

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