

Mist of the Hill Country

After the burst of bluebonnets
and before the summer swelter,
there is a melancholy mist.
Driving through the hill country
feels like the old country,
haunted by spirits of another age.

Glimmering shades of green
are fresh, sweet sixteen,
holding a wildflower bouquet
before the dance begins.

Bold stripes of Indian Paintbrushes,
contrasts of life then and now
I cannot capture on camera,
but take two for company.

Skeleton trees, their bare arms reaching,
call out to remember
what is easier to forget,
yet the loss would cost
a treasure for the soul.

Through rolling hills and winding road,
I think of times traveled with my father
and some with a friend in the Glen,
with and without the Rose.
And I feel the wild heart of Texas
beating in these hills,
inside this native
of a vast and varied land.

- Audrey Langran Tolle