

*Poems that explore man's  
striving in the center of  
nature's beauty and power.*

# **Lightning Strikes The Highest Tree**

by Robert Perry Peck

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The background of the cover is a photograph of a landscape at sunset or sunrise. The sky is a mix of dark blue, purple, and orange. A bright, jagged lightning bolt strikes down from the clouds, hitting a dark silhouette of a tree in the distance. The foreground is a lush green field filled with many small white daisies. In the background, there are rolling green hills under the colorful sky.

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Robert Perry Peck

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## **OUR RIVERS**

I stand in quiet, leaning into the voice of the river.  
A distant rush and tumble swirls to find me,  
such an imposter both here and gone.  
It waves me to follow, arriving and leaving  
in one constant motion, a hello and goodbye.

And now you join me, close with warm greetings.  
Our engaged spirits jest with our day's care.  
We speak of each loss or fortune, then go,  
not quite parting, refreshed and  
blended, richer now.

## PLACES

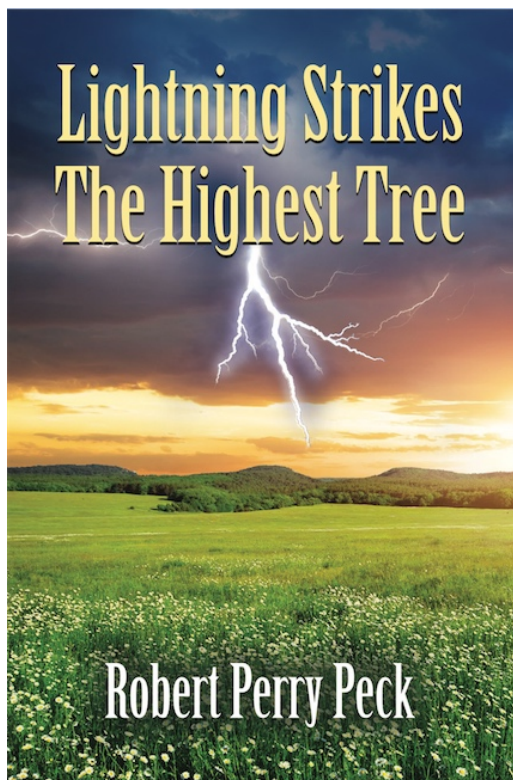
There must be places for endings,  
shady ways, with spots for resolutions.  
I found a quiet clearing where wind goes  
to slow its heart beat,

a glade between tall cedars  
that gently comb out stresses  
and lay them softly over needled comforters.

Rushing loud, work or play may explode  
and reach for peaceful landings, like  
molten steel spatters into its mold  
and slowly cools to claim its design.

A cannon roar must go somewhere as it fades  
into the quiet soft voice of the wounded.  
Tears find a purpose as they quench the mending heart,  
or join a receding wave in which to rest.

Among panting footsteps, our treadmill lives feel  
blessed to discover a finish line to cross—  
a tape to break, approval, applause.



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