

The Elusive Monarch

By Carol Foht

It sees me and wonders.
It hears me push through the tall grasses
My movements making sounds like swishing silk.
It feels a change; it knows it's not alone.
It understands nothing of me.
Who watches and why?
It moves – A nervous flutter.
It needs only to be left alone.
It flies—as if responding to a flirtatious pursuit.
Curiosity wins over flight. It doesn't go far.
It wants to take its place...
To keep its place given by Mother Nature.
It eats of the sweet-sour milkweed.
And it rests as in a contemplative trance.
Its dreams are wrapped in hopes
to continue to be.

Carol Foht and her husband Burny moved to Cache Valley from Dubuque, Iowa in 2014 to be near their daughter Holly Conger and her family. Carol worked for John Deere for 34 and after retiring from Deere, where she worked as a Realtor for ten years. Her husband is a retired electrician.

Strangers on the Street
by Carol Foht

Each day is a gift we
should count as a blessing.
If we stop the rushing
we might observe what we're missing?

Our lives are geared to live a fast pace.
We barely take time to see face-to-face.

Would a glance with a smile be that hard to share?
Just to let someone know...we see them there!

A man in a hurry pushes on by...leather shoes,
a suit and a tie, a perfect business dress.
His surroundings don't matter.
His world is focused on building success.

A couple huddles closely together;
voices whispering low.
With thoughts and secrets
they don't want strangers to know.

A young boy--red eyes swollen;
a face lacking expression
Heavy thoughts weigh him down.
Today he fights his depression.

A group of girls pass; giggling and sharing their stories of boys.
It's good to hear such a cheerful noise.
Their age holds innocence and good times for sharing.
With a spring in their steps; there's no time for caring.

Wrapped in a tattered old coat and ragged old clothes.
Walks a man defeated with the weight of a war he fought years ago.
Faded words on a misshapen hat that sits cocked on straggly hair.
"If you enjoy your freedom thank a veteran" is the message he wears.
Passersby, look away as if not to see.
Who do they notice most and try hardest not ... is it him or me?

An old couple hold hands, moving slower each today.
Do they wish for moments they let slip away?
Has time pushed passed them like strangers out on the street?
Do they look back on moments ignored; lost in a heartbeat.

If we stop the rushing
we might observe what we're missing.