

3-21

The dark sky slowly poured across the bare trees as the thick mud swallowed and feed.

Dancing and tapping the earth in beautiful rhythmic music.

Slow whispers of train songs echoed through the empty trails, threatening the peace.

There was no one there to see this scenery. Nobody to write to it or to critique it.

But the emptiness enhances the splendor. Nature thrives the most without us.

Yet the rusted and used tracks promised an intruder.

