

****O'ER LISTENING POINT [2-02]***

**O'er Listening Point they beckon,
Here haunting pipes enthrall.
Pray tell, perhaps you reckon to
...The Piper's far off call.**

**Winged on the winds that whisper,
Spurred past stampeding steeds.
Pitched bow before the Vesper,
He heark'd the Piper's heeds.**

**O'er Listening Point so beckoned,
Those haunting pipes - enthralled
Straight forth he reckoned,
To'rd where the Piper called.**

**Then breach the veil he wandered,
To enter eons' race.
Up to the pipes that thundered...
He touched the Piper's face.**

**O'er Listening Point they beckoned,
The pipes, our Maker's breath.
And in that final second...
He triumphed, over death.**

Ahh!

**To this day...they beckon!
O'er Listening Point they fall.
We need but pause to listen...
The Piper's far off call.**

*In honor of, and to the memory of Sigurd F. Olson-1899-1982. A distinguished America ecologist and interpreter of wilderness. He was one of the best-loved writers in his field. Sigurd wrote much about the "Pipes", with near reverence.