

# 2023 Photo & Poetry Contest

## Submissions

# People Photography on the Tolland Trails





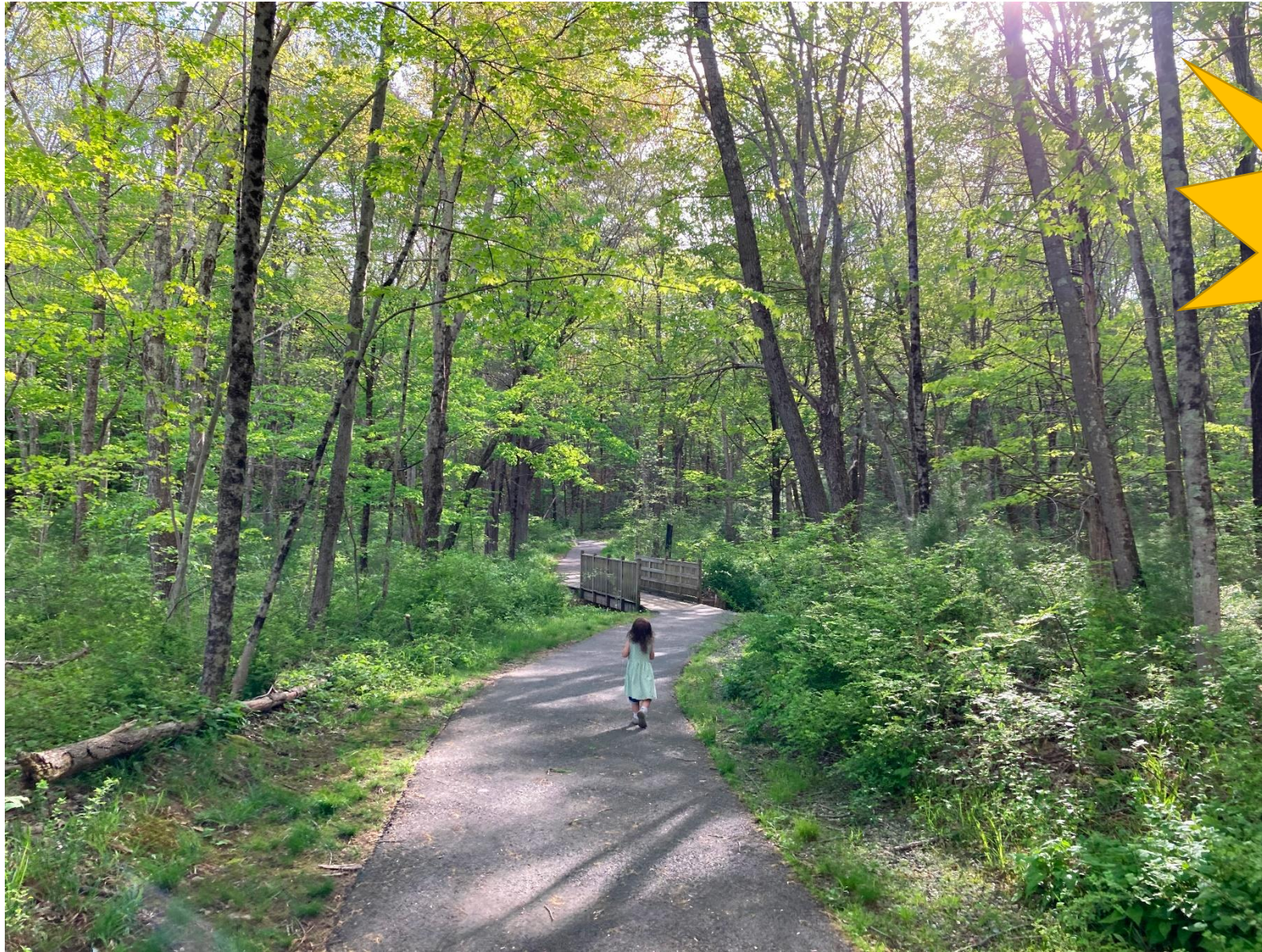
Entry #3 “Twins on the Trail” – Beth Schultz





Entry # 6 “Hiker in the Trees” – Miranda Simao

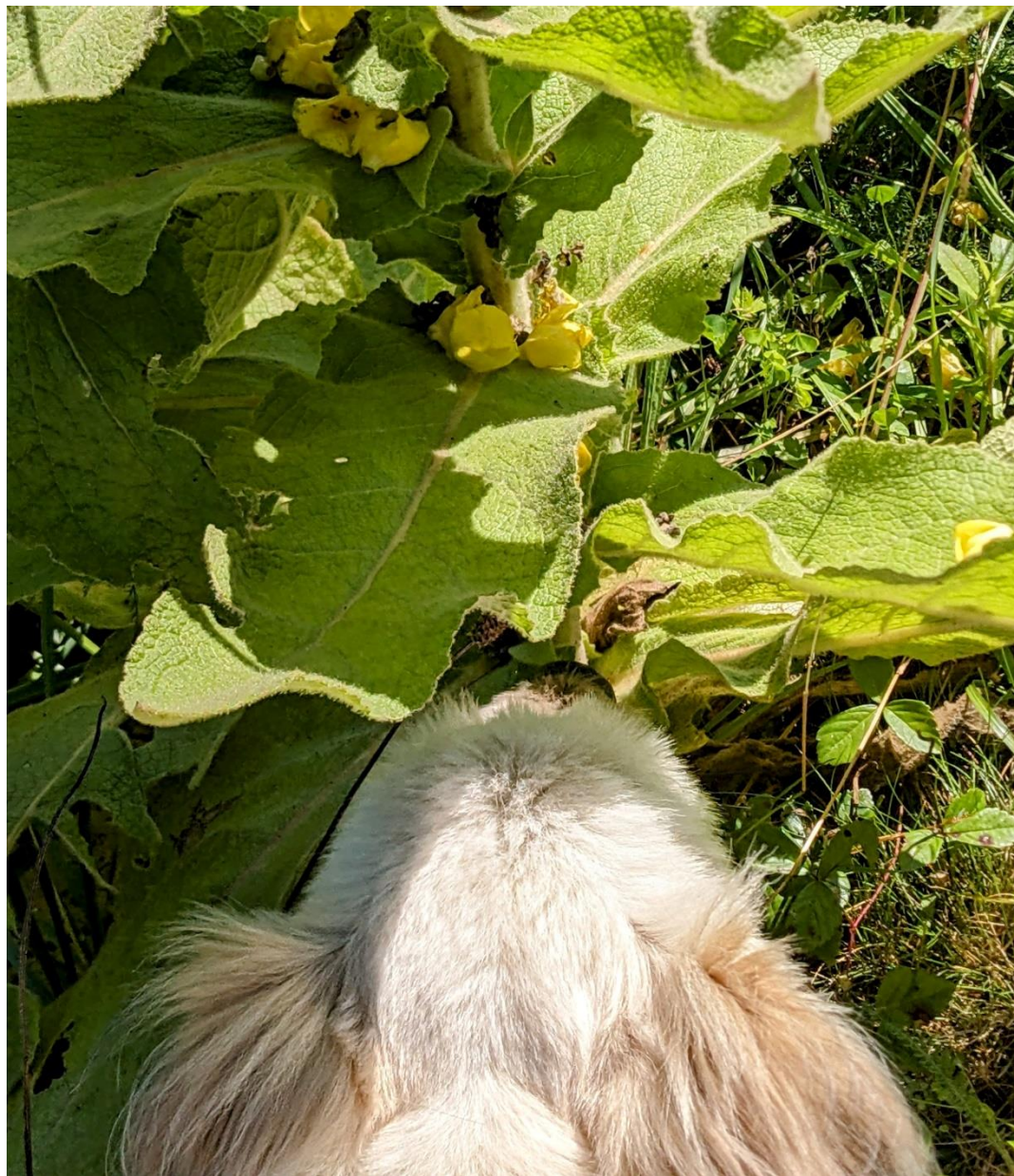




2023 Winner  
People on the  
Trails

Entry #7 “Get Lost” – Chris Percy





Entry #12 "Sniffing at Crandalls" – Debbie Becker

# Natural Landscape Photography on the Tolland Trails

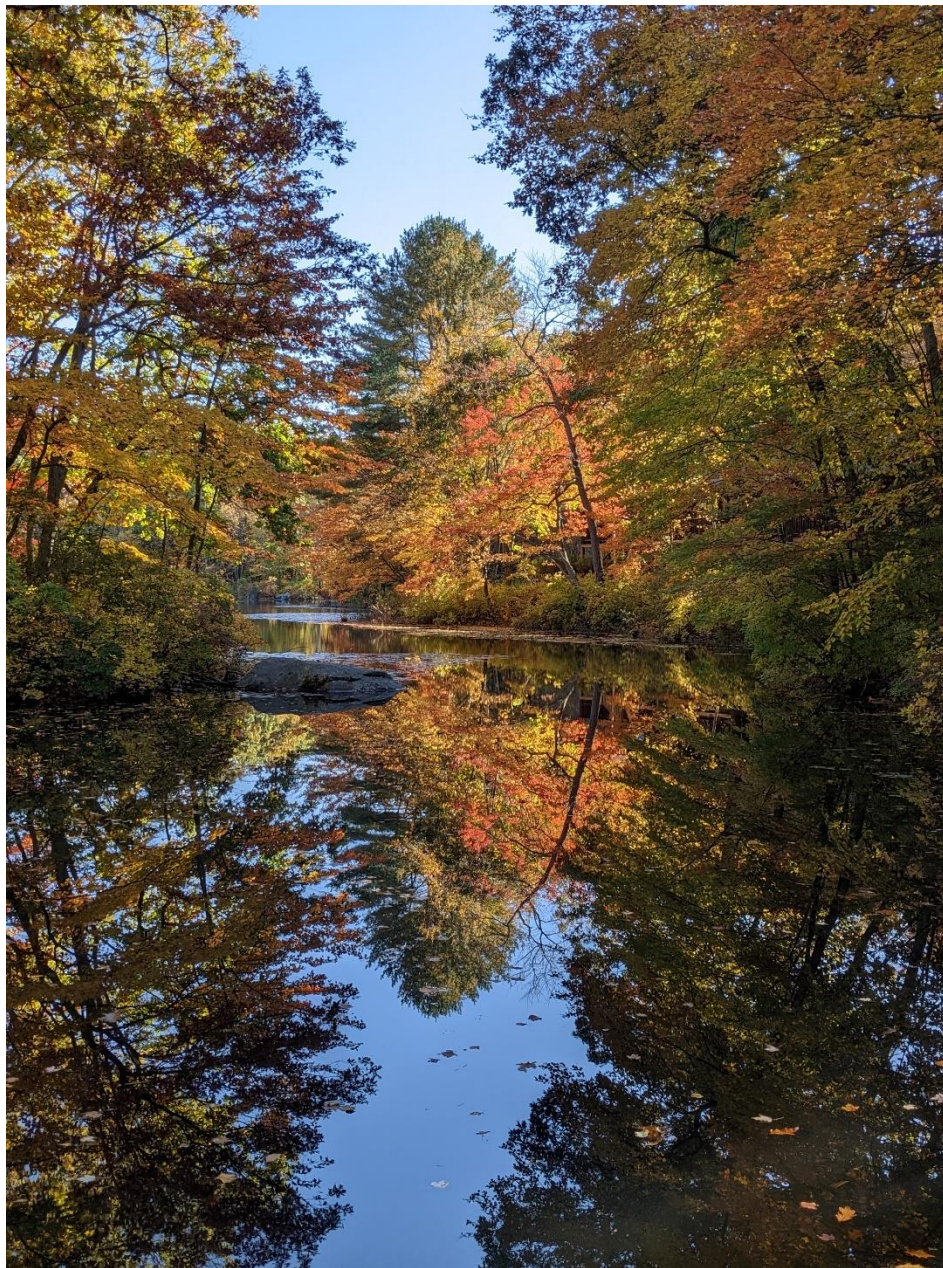


Entry #1 “Fungi” – Michele Vizina





Entry #1 “Mountain Laurel” – Michele Vezina



Entry #9 "Friends Gateway to Powell Pond" – Ronald Johnson





Entry #10 "Autumn Peaks in" – Marian Murphy





Entry #11 “Rocks of Time” – Marian Murphy





Entry #13 “Stopping by Crandalls’ Meadow” – Deborah Becker





Entry #14 “The Buzz” – Stan Tetrault





Entry #14 “Backlit Flower” – Stan Tetrault

# Poetry on Tolland Trails



Summer's Mysteries- Age 16  
By Lenah Hellerich

Eastern winds ebbing and flowing-  
whispering white stolen memories  
I once dreamt, ventured back when  
youth still wore my small shoes  
like a child in bright blue rain boots.

Dragging soggy prints against  
the morning dew sprinkled  
through the narrow throat  
of that trail I once touched.

Gently exhaling deep,  
humid swooning sighs  
in a contempt of hazy jealousy.

The fog uplifted into heaven's brilliance,  
left to the stained pink and blue  
skies, cotton candy tasted by the  
early rise of weary clouds.  
A breathless summer breeze  
caressing the musty evergreen  
tree's nimble arms,  
dancing in sync,  
waving, saying  
Hello.

A woven inflamed rubble stained  
path, no one around,  
haphazardly strewn gravel  
imprinted with a sense of purpose-  
cherished by tiny steps  
and then the next that followed  
lightly looking up to its God,  
aware the trees grasped thin power.

Leaves painted in the glimmering  
sun's shimmering golden dress,  
floating gracefully in the wispy,  
white, blaring streaks' souls.

My soles gently embrace each  
smooth, sanded rocky stoop  
to the peak of enchanting heights.

Sharply engraved lines crept, an  
artist's delicate inscription of hills  
cascading in the vast expanse like  
an icy churning waterfall. An orange  
dome cresting the waking horizon,  
boldly blinking back igniting shards  
of fiery passion  
Upwards.

Pastel shades of pink and white  
speckles fluttering about,  
carried bravely by the wind's  
tender touch. Mountain laurels  
blossoming a fragrance of  
melancholic beauty.

Knowing, whispering faintly,  
*I'll eventually have to go.*

## Autumn Walk At Tobiasson Forest

June L. Mita

Marvel at the yellow woods,  
Let me be near to your nature's heart.  
Inspired, we walk even higher  
Along an enchanted rock strewn path.  
Sol's warmth assured we hear  
A twittering bird's song.  
Soft air clings, breath of life,  
And freely we walk  
As God's voice drifts in to our quiet thoughts.

Passing of deer and time  
Have hewn this golden path.  
Oak roots rise in sublime  
Disarray along the unsteady ground.  
We are children again,  
Hands clasped with Autumn love.  
A chest filled with pieces of eight  
We congregate with the falling leaves  
That cling to our hair and crunch under our feet.

We leave behind the motors and rush  
And embrace our silent company  
In the midst of this golden afternoon,  
Free to any who seek to be  
Dancing with beeches and flitting chickadees.  
Riches in rings and artifacts,  
Luxuries and desires of the modern world  
Cannot compare to nature's gold.  
The purpling asters and goldenrod  
Dripping with bees and their nectar,  
Put hard gold coins to shame.



### A Simple Recipe For Trail Travel

Start with a step, any path will do  
Say Hello to yourself and mean it  
Add your willingness to BE ALL THAT IS  
Immersing yourself in the natural splendor  
See your body as the center of all that exists around you  
Let rise any thoughts or feelings but do not stir!  
Add a few more steps and a dash of self-kindness  
Taste and add your own seasonings of uniqueness,  
If bitter, remove self-pity and add self-forgiveness  
If sour, remove self-loathing and add self-love;  
(CAUTION: Tiny amounts sweeten the whole being)  
Walk further inward, kneading with outrageous humor  
If humor hard to find, substitute with a thought of Joy  
If Joy in short supply, add Gratefulness in larger quantity  
Blend until smooth; removing all lumps, releasing all bumps  
Top with a few breaths, add a few more steps  
Then pour all into nature's readiness to enjoy.

BAKE: In The Sun Of A New Day

submitted by Hollie Barnas



2023 Winner  
Poetry

## Trees

Sky on water is like a mirrored  
King unraveling silk. Shenipsit lake,  
Feather from time's wing.  
The night has  
Rooms for winds that sleep.  
Woodpecker hotel tree keeps it's  
Guests. Do prayers return  
To their source in which mouth do they rest.  
vacant rooms  
Invite remorse on a starless  
Night. Woodpeckers drill, are they  
Carpenters for a provisional  
Ark. Day's light  
Spilling eye. Walkers absorb  
Sights, mountain Laurel of  
Luce conservation area, knofla  
Water lilies, Willimantic river tempts  
Walkers to deliver prayers for  
It's conservation, chance of  
Birds passing over the  
Moons reflection on  
Waters being caught  
Like the dreams of a king  
In the mirror.  
Submitted by Barry Carter