The Natural Environment
Found Along Tolland Trails
Water Lilies (Knofla Conservation Area), Seema Kohli
Rain Storm on the Blue Trail (Shenipsit Lake), Mark Jackson
Fallen Tree on the Blue Trail (Shenipsit Lake), Mark Jackson
Triple Lady Slipper (Luce Conservation Area), Linda Suess
Single Lady Slipper (Crandall Park), Linda Suess
Woodpecker Hotel (Luce Conservation Area), Bernard Hoffman
Mountain Laurel (Luce Conservation Area), Bernard Hoffman
Tranquil Bridge (Crandall Park), Brianne Jackopsic
A Bridge, But Not Too Far (Shafran Conservation Area), Steve Jones
Rushing Waters Along the Riverside (King Riverside Conservation Area), Steve Jones
Tree Tops (Crandall Park), Sarah Raymond
Glacial Erratic (Campbell’s Peaceful Valley), Graham Stinnett
The Scream (Crandall Park), Graham Stinnett
Watercolors of Fall (Crandall Park), Jane Simao
Path of Pines (Crandall Park), Stan Tetrault
Tranquil Snowy Beginning (Susan Drive path), Dawn Collins
Icy Dreams (Crandall Park), Dawn Collins
Fall at Crandall Park, Isaura Agostinho
Mysterious Trees (Nedweid Conservation Area), Seema Kohli
Queen Anne’s (Crandall Park), Fisher Thompson
Arms of the Sky (Crandall Park), Fisher Thompson
Queen Anne’s lace (Crandall Park), Stan Tetrault
People on Tolland Trails
Spring Surprise, Graham Stinnett
The Glade (Luce Conservation Area), Bernard Hoffman
Mindful (Luce Conservation Area), Bernard Hoffman
Highest Point (Parciak Conservation Area), Graham Stinnett
Fun Times (North River Road), Dawn Collins
Summer Fun (Crandall Park), Dawn Collins
In Awe of Awesomeness (Knofla Conservation Area),
Seema Kohli
Restful Tree (Becker Conservation Area), Seema Kohli
Trail Maintenance Day (Nedweid Conservation Area), Art Jones
Poetry
Renewal – Mark Jackson

suddenly
the winter’s wind
pushes snow
as time rescinds

standing
on the sleeping fishes
dreaming
unseen water wishes

twilight lives
it’s short dark light
as fireflies do
on summer nights

hidden now
in woods are waiting
animals
anticipating

the spring to come
when watcher’s walk
together
as they softly talk
to others
with them there (or not)
but none the less
they’re not forgot

and next year’s ferns
will unfurl
awakened
to a different world

and who will see
the brilliant glow
and walk the trail
to next year’s snow
life will return
and some will stay
and those that leave
glowed one day.

and who will see
the red and gold
where silent thoughts
seep from the soul
In early spring of 2020
The world suddenly stood still.
People stayed in their houses
With lots of time to kill.

So out on the trails the people went
Looking for something to do.
The signs of spring were everywhere
Giving the folks a new view.

April came with snow and rain.
On many days, quite cold.
Marsh marigolds and dandelions
Blossomed yellow gold.

Soon fiddleheads emerged
All closed and curled up tight.
The trees were late to leaf
But finally green and bright.

Great blue heron perused the marsh
Finding sticks for her nest.
Pileated woodpecker hammered away
Putting dead trees to the test.

Tracks decorated the riverbank.
Doe and fawn came to drink.
Raccoon washed his evening meal.
Skunk cabbage started to stink.

Frogs and peepers sang so loud
Hoping to find a mate.
Turtles and snakes basked in the sun.
Fish considered the bait.

Hidden high in leafy branches
Barred owl asked “Who cooks for you?”
Mosquitoes, ticks, deerflies, gnats,
Their population grew.

In the early spring of 2020
The world stood still
But spring came anyway!
The trees are all trail-signed
For us to follow the
Forest's mapped mind,
Brush just the rush of
A thought coming to be.

Dirt that’s loose enough
Can make any sneaker
A hiking boot; rough
Terrain can help any
Straggler find their path.

A row of pines greet you,
With waving branches; they’re
Oh-so-excited to meet you.
It is only in the sunrise,
As light fills the air,
Where their shadows begin to form.