

*Snap Shots*



The river ran unruffled under the shady bank.—  
—Tagore.





The wind is gray, the hills are numb  
with cold. —

— Leone Rice Gelle



I like the sort of road  
which never knows  
from one hill to the next  
which way it goes —

—Keith Thomas.





It is full summer now, the heart of June. —  
— Oscar Wilde