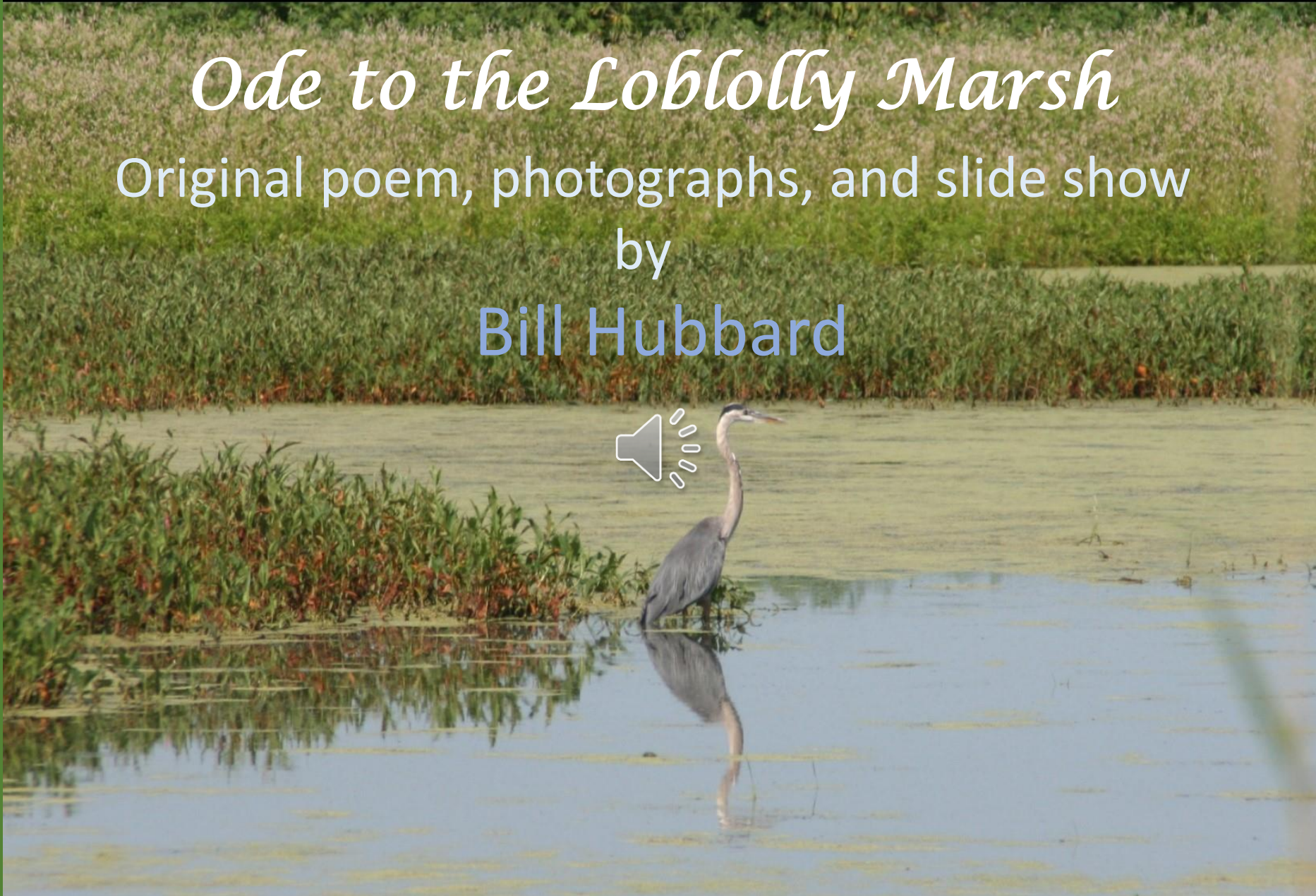


Ode to the Loblolly Marsh

Original poem, photographs, and slide show

by

Bill Hubbard





**The Marsh
is marvelous,
Too marvelous
for words.**



The grasses
Swaying
In the breeze
Put my heart
And
Soul at ease.



Each little bird
With its song of cheer
Brings to my heart
A message dear.



The eagle perched,
Or soaring in the sky,
Brings to my mind
The thought...
Oh, that it could be I!



Vultures, beautiful
In their ugliness,
Scavenge bodies
In acts
Of cleanliness.



The birds
And bees...



...The flowers and
The trees,
Amidst the constant
Strife,
Work in unison to
Spin the web of life.



The Monarch, Buckeye, Viceroy,
And Painted Lady,
Are spreading life
Where sunny or shady.



The worms
And bugs,



The beetles
And the flies,
Perform a thankless job
Upon which our
Life relies.



The wetlands
And the forests,



The prairies
And the hills...



And all
the creatures
Great and small,



Make you
Oh Lob...



A sacred place
For all !

Photos by
Bill Hubbard

A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sun is a bright, glowing orb in the upper center, partially obscured by dark, horizontal clouds. Its light reflects as a shimmering path down the center of the water. In the middle ground, two dark silhouettes of swans are visible on the water. The foreground is filled with dark, tangled reeds and grasses. The overall color palette is dominated by oranges, yellows, and dark blues.

The End

Photos by
Bill Hubbard