

A Loblolly Hymn

by Alison Yoder

I hear
a gentle hymn
being sung
right here-
Just listen

A breeze
swells in crescendo
then sighs;
long and low

Nuthatches trill
as seasoned mezzo-sopranos,
while three wading Cranes bellow from the prairie pond
like deep, soulful cellos

A Red-bellied Woodpecker
joins in on measure ten,
with syncopated drums
to accompany the solo of Miss Carolina Wren

A song
in nature's perfect key;
a hymn of praise
to the One Who created all things

Written on 6/5/2026 in response to a poetry hike at the Loblolly with Indiana Poet Laureate,
Shari Wagner and naturalist field-guide, Curt.