

## Photography and verses by Barry Uhr, MD



### Yosemite

In solitude and grandeur,  
Bending from on high,  
Massive cliffs of granite  
Fade in sunset's sky.

Evening's hush and stillness,  
O'er valley's tousled floor,  
Bring shadows creeping steadily  
To close the golden door.

Those feelings last a moment  
In pure reality,  
And memory hast recorded  
For all eternity.

Surely there are more to come  
And others to observe,  
Yet none will be its equal,  
Our senses for to serve.

### Harbor

In a gentle harbor  
Glassy waters lie,  
Reflecting many images  
Beneath a velvet sky.

Beyond the jetty waves rejoice,  
Where freely they can shout,  
And dance in undulation  
Outside the low redoubt.

So gaze on, shackled dreamer,  
Into sea and sky and air,  
Stifle not your inner self  
But find your freedom there.

Sail on toward the setting sun,  
Grasp at mist and clouds.  
Dreams are born in such a place  
Where thoughts discard their shrouds.



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### Window

A verdant canopy of trees  
Envelops steep inclines  
To soften harden ridges  
Like gentle words in rhymes.

Glistening globes on pinnacles  
Accentuate the course  
Of a river's rambling currents  
Running from its source.

The sun illuminates a chair  
Inviting one to find  
The momentary solitude  
Through the window of my mind.



### Paths

Some paths are lighted  
And never even trod.  
Others worn by many steps  
Are barren, lifeless sod.

As both may reach a common goal,  
What difference twixt, you say?  
Inquires the wise and singular sage,  
Saw you the light along the way?