

Photoweb Northwest I.26.2009

35 new images & texts

made in the winter

High Wallows—

by Cliff Crego

© 2009 picture-poems.com

*Distance, view Southeast over Snake River Canyon into Idaho,
snowshoeing into the Eagle Cap Wilderness | [buy this photo](#) |*



*Distance, view Southeast over Snake River Canyon into Idaho,
snowshoeing into the Eagle Cap Wilderness* | [buy this photo](#) |

MIRROR OF RELATIONSHIP

Every pattern is like a story.

Every story, like a path.

And every path is like a stream,
not of water, but of relationship.

As one moves through the land,
each step reveals something
new about ourselves,
about the land,
and about the much larger spirit
which envelopes both.

*Stonepine Overlook,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,
I.19.2009*



[Breaking Winter
Camp
1.15.2009](#)



[Winter
Camp](#)



[Two Ponderosas
above Pine Valley](#)



[TOPO—
Cornucopia Peak](#)

NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>



[S-
curve,
Winter
Track](#)



[Above
the
Clouds](#)



[Evening
Textures](#)



[Cornucopia
Group,
evening light](#)



Breaking Winter Camp, on the way to the Eagle Cap Wilderness | [buy this photo](#) |

Stable high-pressure weather and good, safe snow. What more can one ask! To get up to the wilderness from here is another two-day trek.



Winter Camp, view West to Sparta Butte | [buy this photo](#) |

Stable high-pressure weather and good, safe snow. What more can one ask!
To get up to the wilderness from here is another two-day trek.

On the road in the American Northwest.



Two Ponderosas above Pine Valley Inversion . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.



[Sparta Butte,
January](#)



[The Elkhorns,
across January
Inversion](#)



[January,
last light](#)



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek *online store***, click [here](#). Or view as **SLIDESHOW** . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com
(created: **VI18.2008**)



Sparta Butte . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.



The Elkhorns, across January Inversion . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.



January, last light . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.

DOUBLE BIND

Our troubled relationship with the Earth?

God wrote the music.

The Devil conducts.

Everyone must play in the symphony of Life.

The contract says, "*forever.*"

So we push our buttons,

and stroke our strings,

at his command.

Remember: Everyone must play.

The contract says, "*forever.*"

He reminds us, "*Poor child. There's no*

way in Hell you could live without the results."

And we believe him.

*Stonepine Overlook,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,
1.19.2009*



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2009 picture-poems.com
(created: 1.26.2009)



TOPO--Cornucopia Peak Area, Southside of Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images



Winter Track S-curve . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.

TOWN

A place to park the truck.

100 steps to the Post Office,

40 to the Café,

20 to the Bar.

A place of reduced speed,

where we drive slow enough to see if a neighbor

has a new girlfriend, or wave politely at all the old folks,

but fast enough not to worry about

all the broken windows,

or that children no longer play on the streets,

or even the high price

of bad land.

*Stonepine Overlook,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,
1.19.2009*



January, Above the Clouds . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.

BOOTMAKER

for Gary Johansen

Long after the dust and hubbub
of mechanical motion settle to the ground,
and cars and trucks and snowmachines
are out of fashion
or out of gas,
the humble bootmaker
will still be bent over
his worktable,
stitching together the soles
that allow us to do what
we do best: walk.
Without his art, how would
we climb up into the clear, lighter air,
just below heaven, above the clouds,
where we can see over the top of daily life's rancor?
I may think I climb solo, but no:
good beginnings are more than half the ascent,

and the beginning of each climb
is prepared and secured,
hammered and glued, by the bootmaker's craft.
I celebrate his work, which gives us these
coverings for tender feet in a harsh world
that are made to last.

*Stonepine Overlook,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,
1.19.2009*



January, Evening Textures . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.

Walking the World: *Look at the Mountain!*

Having physically touched and lifted countless rocks, my eyes sense effortlessly the mountain's rough, cold texture, its immensity, its great weight.

But this image, while certainly as real as it is beautiful, is still just an image, strangely ungrounded, distant. Looking through my glass, I notice how the sight of two climbers slowly crossing a steep snowfield instantly provides not only proportion, but also a feeling for absolute size—a kind of kindred presence, bringing that which is far away closer to home.

And yet, to actually cross the snowfield *oneself*—step by step, breath by breath—is in some profound sense truly to make the mountain your own. And that's the wonder of walking: it threads the world and oneself together into one, inseparable weave. I say the world is not just seen, but *made*—made with the soles of my feet.

NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweb>



Cornucopia Group, Early Evening Light . . . | [buy this photo](#) |
On the road in the American Northwest.

THE PASS

The pass is clearly
in view,

but the way --
how impossibly confused.



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2009 picture-poems.com
(created: 1.25.09)



*Winter Geometry, above an "inversion sea," Little Eagle Meadows,
Eagle Cap Wilderness . . . | [buy this photo](#) |*
On the road in the Northwest of America.

INAUGURATION

A timeless day,
just below heaven, above the clouds,
new snow from horizon to horizon.
It says to me:
Cars do not exist.
Money does not exist.
America does not exist.
Hand in hand, the first man and woman
look through my eyes down on
what seems like mile-thick glacier ice,
filling the valleys with motionless white water,
sweeping away all that has been.
So the world celebrates the first day
of its new beginning without fanfare,
without the confusion of false promise.
The trees are witness.
The air is witness.
The rivers are witness.

O suffering of the world.

What have I done today to end it?

It says to me:

Nations are not great.

Armies are not great.

Flags are not great.

See the bridgemaker, speaker of many tongues,

the planter of trees and freer of rivers,

It says to me:

A timeless day,

just below heaven, above the clouds,

Clear signs of a birdless sky.

*Stonepine Overlook,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,
1.20.2009*



[Before setting up
new basecamp . . .](#)



[Winter
Morning
Geometry](#)



[Spiral Planes
Fractal &
*The Devil Stands on
the other Side*](#)



[25 Decades of Tree-time &
*WHEN GROWTH IS
'FALSE COMPARE'*](#)

NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images
at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweeek>



[Winter
Engelmann
Spruce](#)



[Snow
Profile
at
2000
m.](#)



[Copia—
Southside](#)



[Stonepine
Snag](#)

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) | or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#) |

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2009 picture-poems.com
(created: 1.25.2009)



Before setting up new basecamp, evening tea . . . | [buy this photo](#) |

Stable high-pressure weather and good, safe snow. What more can one ask!

The caldera-like, large semicircular ridge of what I call the Cornucopia Group

which leads to *Copncopia Peak* (not visible in photo) is in the background.

On the road in the American Northwest.

DISTANCE

A view with

80 kilometers to the South,

50 to the West,

more than enough space methinks

to untie the mess of knots

I've made of myself again.

Back at the 'Office,' I tend to forget:—

eyes sore, pinching every penny,

fretting myself into a churning

chaos of tense twists and turns.

You there, friend:—be the one

who runs me out of town,

and locks the door.

Stonepine Overlook,

Eagle Cap Wilderness, 1.19.2009



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com
(created: [VI18.2008](#))



Winter Morning Geometry, southside of the Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

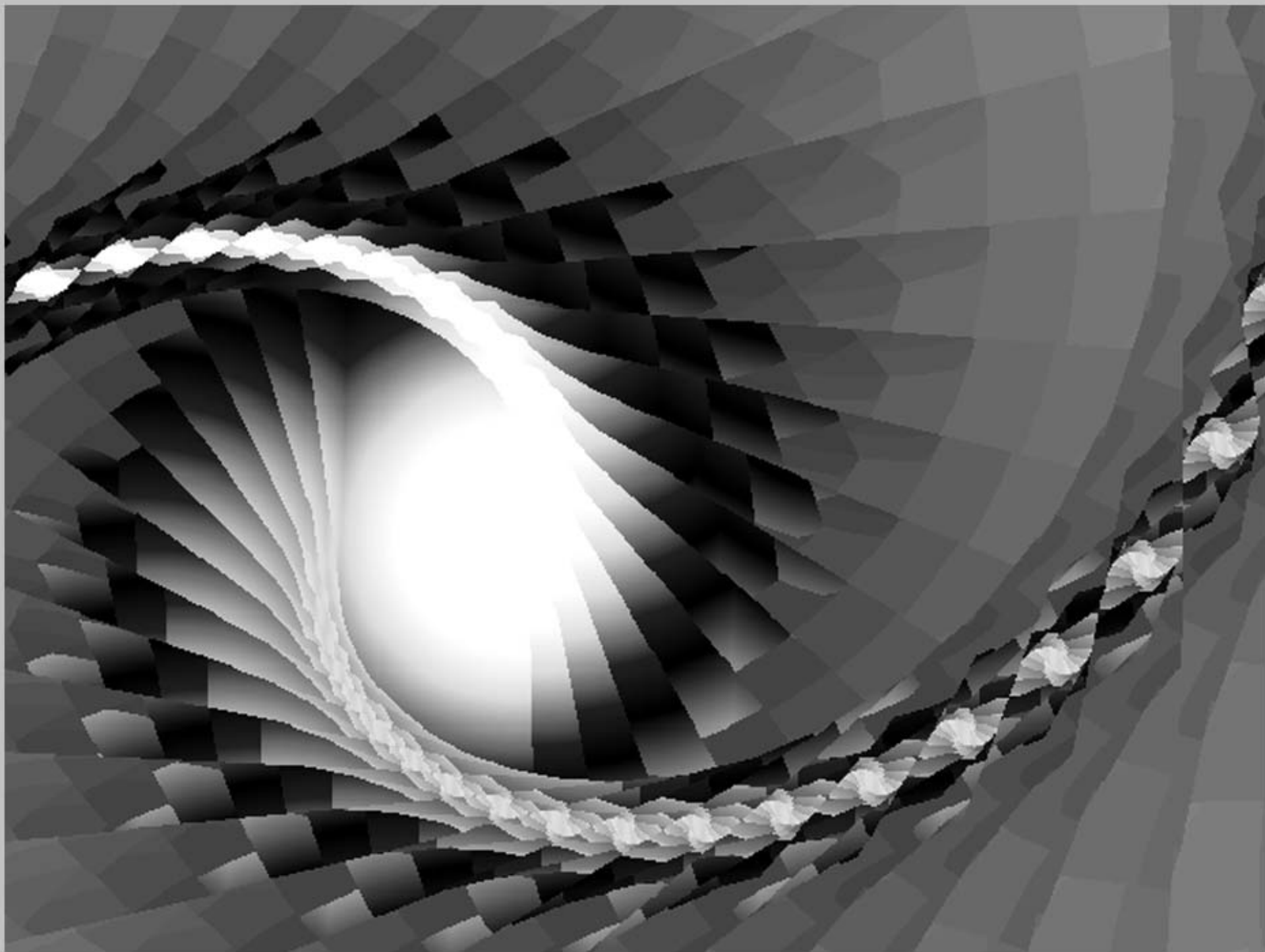
Once there is difference, there is complementarity.
Once there is complementarity, there is movement.
Art happens in the balance thereby created.

Sometimes we look for Art where there is intense activity, either on the performance stage or in the political arena. But how frequently we come away disappointed because of the lack of any movement of a significant kind. Despite the camouflage of all the noise and commotion, as well as the allure of the superficial sophistication which comes with complicatedness and unnecessary difficulty of every description, we feel somehow cheated because what is happening makes no real, that is, *relevant*—difference.



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as **SLIDESHOW** . . .

ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>



Spiral Planes Fractal . . .

On the road in the American Northwest.

Walking the World: *The Devil Stands on the Other Side*

*Intellect builds good roads,
but only intelligence
knows when not
to build them.*

I can already hear the intense, steady roar of the stream, swollen with all the rain of the past three days. For hours now, I've been climbing up through dense spruce forest. The trail is faint and little used, and there's a lot of windthrow about. It's remarkable how these difficulties transform the story-like movements of a well-made path into something more like an abstruse argument, full of many hard to follow twists and turns. As the rain begins to mix with mist and wet snow, I make a short descent to a large, open meadow which must have been cleared generations ago for pasture. Towards the back, with its rear wall built against a sheer granite rockface, there's an abandoned shepherd's hut. Made of stone, facing South, the hut's surrounded on either side by groves of larch trees. The delicate yellow of their needles reminds me that the nights will be getting colder now. And that it won't be long before I can expect heavy snow above timberline.

To me, places like this, especially when I've been out walking for weeks on end and I'm alone, seem filled with an almost surreal resonance of the past. It's as if all that once happened here continues invisibly to echo like sounds lost in space, and to reach out in a subtle way to touch and shape the present moment.

Why is there no one here? Not that long ago, they probably would have used the hut for five or six weeks during the summer months. They would have made cheese and kept perhaps about twenty or thirty milk cows. One can almost hear the voices of children playing, of the men rounding up the animals, see and smell the smoke of alder rising up out of the chimney.

I lean up against one of the old larches and walk my backpack slowly down to where I can ease it off and onto the ground."That's better", I say out loud to myself. Just to be free of all that weight for a moment! I take out a pocket knife I've had for years and go straight for some bread and cheese I have stashed in the top of my pack. Even though I can't see much past the crowns of the trees, the weather doesn't feel like it's going to get worse. Not much wind, and the barometer's slowly rising.

The meadow is here and there overgrown with weeds. There are patches of spiniest thistle, with its tough central stalk standing a good head or two above all the other plants, and leaves so well-equipped with thorns and sharp edges that even the hungriest of goats would not touch it. A sad form of natural selection, this. Much like how only the most corrupt of men is left standing tall in the fiercely competitive battlefields of politics fired not by ideas, but by money. To the side of the hut, there's an area about the size of two or three small suburban

backyards that's grown into an entire sea of coarse alpine rhubarb, always a sure sign of overgrazing. And of too much manure concentrated in too small a space. Maybe that's why they left.

The hut is clearly marked on the map. "Not much of a place to spend the night," I think to myself. There's also a bridge indicated about hundred and fifty meters southwest of here. That's the water I could hear before I came down to the meadow. I still have three or four hours before I need to set up a camp, but even so it doesn't look like I'll make it over the pass I had hoped for today. Arriving at the stream, I suddenly realize why the trail has fallen into disfavor. The bridge is washed out. Not during the storm of the past few days, but probably a couple of years ago. Raging full and wild, the stream is now a torrent. I ponder the situation for a while, filled with the intense, almost oppressive sound of the rushing water. It's funny. If one's alone, it sometimes takes quite a bit longer for a fairly obvious situation to sink in. I decide reluctantly that, with my heavy pack, it would be too risky to attempt a crossing, so there's nothing left to do but to turn around and go back the way I came. Walking down, a bit wet and weary, it occurs to me how we have come to take our ease of movement so for granted. Like most people, I grew up in a world where roads and bridges were already largely in place and as much a part of the landscape as streams, fields and forests. If this is all one has experienced, it can be extremely difficult to go back in time to get a sense of the land as it once was, and, in many cases, how it might naturally wish to become again. In this sense, perhaps one could say that this original wildness of a place—even that of a thin strip of weeds alongside of a busy highway—never really goes away. And perhaps more than anything else, it's the

movement of walking itself which brings us back into resonance with it. As we walk, we can't help but become more and more sensitive to the profusion of disharmonious structures which have over the years been built upon the land.

This includes, of course, roads themselves. From the walker's point of view, every road has two sides; it makes it easier to get to places, which, because of the road itself and what it brings, are frequently less and less worth going to.

On a long trek like this, through spectacularly rugged mountains like the Alps, easily gaining or losing 1500 meters of altitude in a single day, crossing over ridges, passes and complex glacier fields, I have much occasion to meditate upon this theme of wildness. This is because I still need to drop down into villages, traffic and the noisy chaos of tourist towns every three or four days for provisions. I don't mind though. I find the rhythmic back and forth, with the extreme, razorsharp contrasts of Nature and Culture, both exciting and enlightening. How different things must have been in the not-that-distant past. In the European Alps, which before they were developed in many ways must have resembled the Northern Cascades of the Pacific Northwest, there were places where the Earth would have said resoundingly no, where a road or track would have naturally been brought to a halt by some insurmountable difficulty: a wall of solid granite which could not be by-passed, or a gorge too wide to bridge. One can imagine that some cultures would have perhaps been at peace with such natural limitations, but with this great outward bound movement which is so characteristic of Western culture, with its emphasis on mechanical measure and technol-

ogy, thought projected the possibility of boring a tunnel straight through the mountain, or bridging the gap. And generally, as soon as the means became available, this is precisely what was done, regardless of long-term consequences or possible negative side-effects. As I come back down to the bottom of the narrow valley where I camped the night before, the path leads out onto a concrete dam and across to the other side and another trail. This time with a bridge, I hope. The glacier run-off backed up in the small reservoir has that characteristically eerie, opaque, milky green color. This is but a small, secondary or tertiary dam. The water here is tapped off and led directly through the mountain on to a much larger dam via tunnels more than two and half meters high. What strikes me most about a dam like this, one of the many I've seen on this and other trips, is the utter lack of restraint which it represents. The dam is evidently built simply because it can be built. One need look no further than the dry riverbed opposite the dam to see for oneself the remarkably callous and destructive character of this metaphysics of no limits.

Remarkably, this problem of natural limits is not as recent as we might think. There's an ancient myth which is common both to the German and Italian-speaking areas of these mountains which tells of a possible passageway across a steep and treacherous gorge. One must remember that this was long ago when the lives of the people of mountain cultures were intimately intertwined with the movements of Nature generally, and that they were still very much in awe, not only of the Earth's beauty and abundance, but also of its at times utterly indifferent fierceness. With this in mind, here's how I've heard the story told:

Now, just at the point where a road would reach more friendly terrain and make for easy commerce between up- and lowland villages, there is a fearsome chasm. Here, the river roars so wildly that it dampens the sun with a thick cloud of icy mist on even the brightest of days. And here, one day at the beginning of Spring, the Devil appears. He offers to help the villagers build a bridge to the other side. But there is one condition which must be met. The first soul to cross the bridge must be his. The bridge is built and the villagers try to trick the devil by driving a she-goat across first. But the Devil will not be so easily fooled. He insists that the contract be met in full...

At the same time, it must be said that there is something truly marvelous about the knowledge, the technical ability and, I suppose, the audacity and determination, which enable a large-scale bridge or dam to be built. But may the gods save us from the culture that has this capability, but without any sense of right measure or real necessity, And, more especially, without any love of Earth in its heart. For surely, change always has a potential devil waiting for us on the other side. Seeing this is seeing the fact that, no less important than the power of the intellect which builds the bridge or the dam, is the clarity of intelligence which sees that it would be wrong or inappropriate to do so.

* * *

These are the thoughts which cross my mind as, high and dry and full of gratitude for those who built this simple bridge of but a single log, I pause and look down at the rushing water below me. This sound—somehow it enfolds a secret. Moving from the beginnings of time from high peak to distant sea, it is the sound which brings the cycle round.



Winter Engelmann Spruce . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

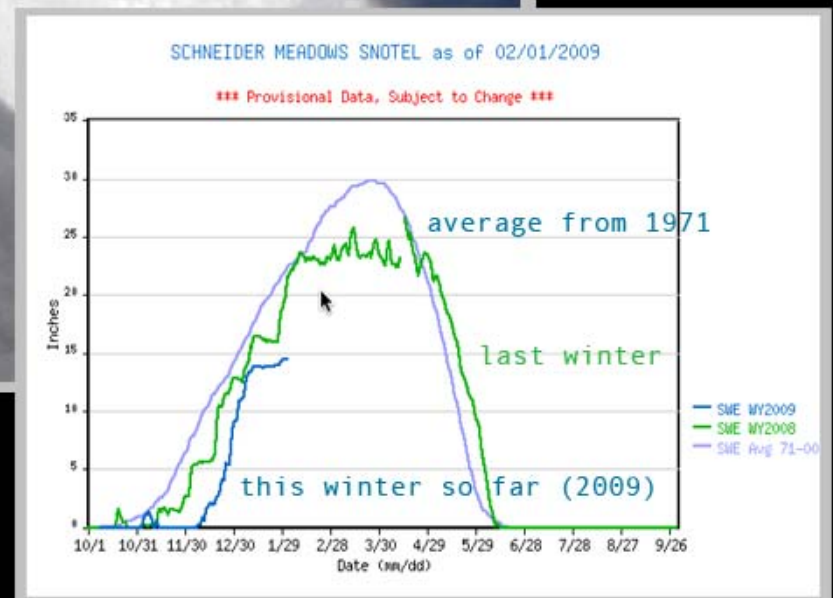
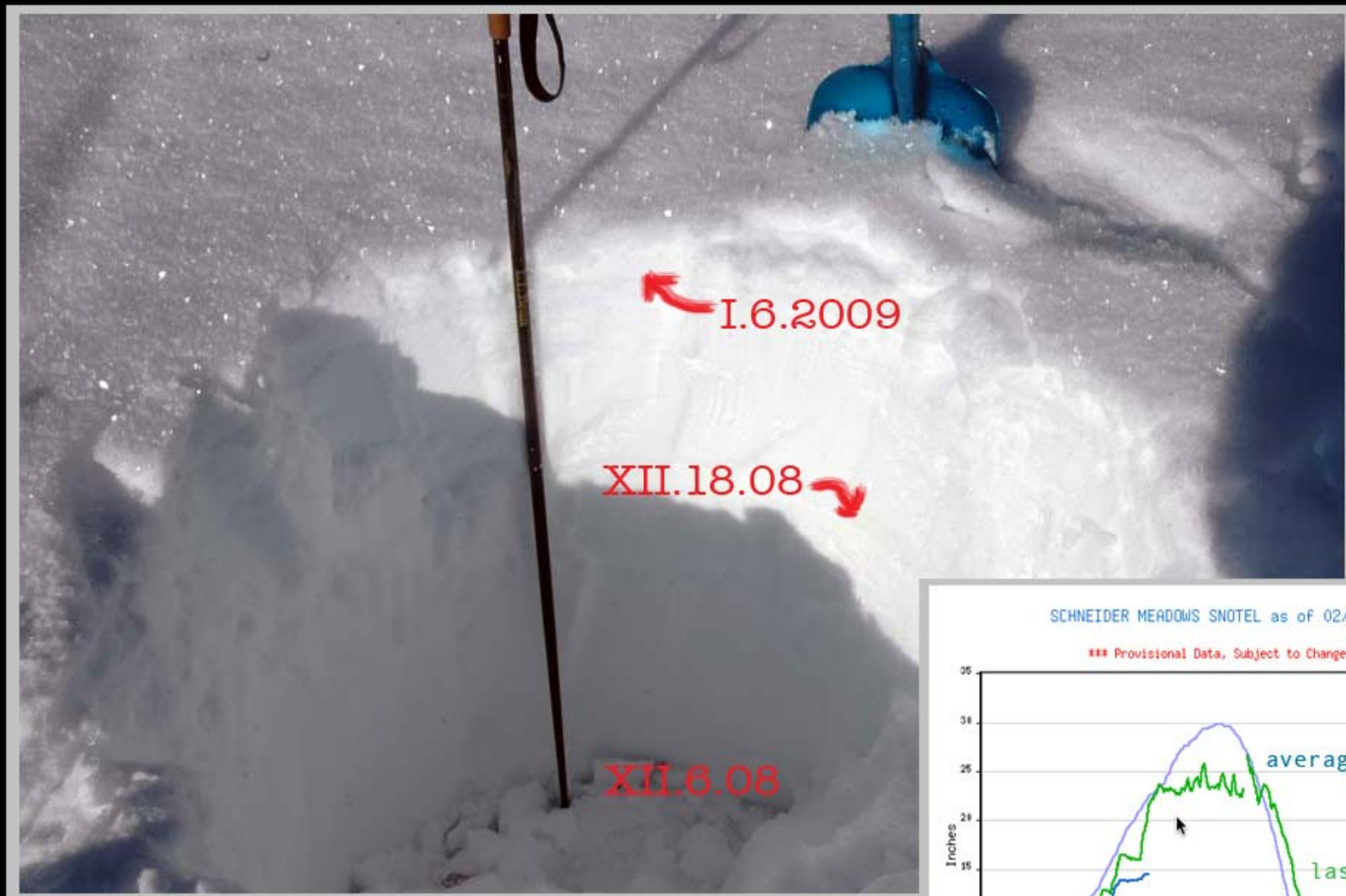


Snow Profile at 2000 m. . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Snow Profile at 2000 m. (snow depth ± 120 cm (± 4 feet)., about 25 cm. more than the next photo of a profile made 600 meters lower at 1400 m.) . . .

On the road in the American Northwest.



Profile at 1400 m. (snow depth ± 95 cm ± 3 feet) The graph to the right shows *Snow Water Equivalent* curves for this winter up to Feb. 1, as well as last winter and the average SWE since 1971. Snow pack depth is since 1950 down as much as 50% on average in many places in the American Northwest. The traditional peak of the snow year is April 1. With climate change and earlier mountain springs,

Snow

this peak may now move back in time into March. Notice in the profile above, this winter's snow year started December the 6th.
On the road in the American Northwest.



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com
(created: [VI18.2008](#))



Snowmelt Patterns at 2400 m. Surface snowmelt patterns reveal an unusual period of January high temperatures: max. temps. from the

11th to the 18th of January in c.:

0, 5, 4, 8, 11, 10, 7, 6

On the road in the American Northwest.



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .

ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com

(created: **V118.2008**)



Snowmelt Patterns at 1400 m. The surface of the snow, frozen with surface hoarfrost during the early morning hours as pictured here, reveals an unusual period of January high temperatures: max. temps. from the 11th to the 16th of January in c.:

0, 5, 4, 8, 11, 10

On the road in the American Northwest.



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com

(created: **VI18.2008**)



Schneider Cabin I.19.2009. . . .

On the road in the American Northwest.



[Schneider Cabin,](#)
[II.19.08](#)



[Schneider Cabin,](#)
[X.15.07](#)



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com
(created: [VI18.2008](#))



Schneider Cabin, February aspect, the South Wallowas—
On the road in the Northwest of America.



*Alpine Hut (Chris Cabin), Little Eagle Meadows, South Wallowas,
Oregon . . . On the road in the Northwest of America.*



Copia, Southside . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



[Cornucopia Peak,](#)
[Northside](#)



[High](#)
[Windswepte](#)
[Southslope](#)



[Westridge,](#)
[from Schneider](#)



[Schneider /](#)
[Westridge](#)



[January](#)
[Eagle Valley](#)

NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images
at the **PhotoWeek *online store***, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweb>



Conucopia Peak, Northside . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



[Copia Peak,](#)
[North/South](#)
[Ridgeline](#)
[June, 27th, 2008](#)



[TOPO—](#)
[Cornucopia Peak](#)



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweek: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2008 picture-poems.com
(created: [VI18.2008](#))



Windswept South Slope at 8400 feet, Cobia, Southside . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Cornucopia Peak, North/South Ridgeline (8600 feet) View over Pine Valley & the community of Halfway . . .
On the road in the Northwest of America.



View from Schneider Cabin, Copia, Southside . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Westridge, seen above inversion, Copia, Southside . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Eagle Valley, Cold & Cloudy January. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Stonepine Snag (*Pinus albicaulus*) . . . On the road in the American Northwest.



[View to
Elkhorns](#)



[January
Inversion Sea II](#)



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . .
ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweb>

| back to [Picture/Poems: Central Display](#) | go to [P/P Photoweb: Archive](#) or go to [last week's](#) PhotoWeek pages |

| [Map](#) | [TOC: I-IV](#) | [TOC: V-VIII](#) | [Image Index](#) | [Index](#) | [Text Only](#) | [Download Page](#) | [Newsletter](#) | [About P/P](#) | [About Cliff Crego](#)

Photograph by Cliff Crego © 2009 picture-poems.com
(created: [II.2.2009](#))



View to Elkhorns . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

We shape the world and the world shapes us.

There are those inventions which impose structure on the mind, forcing us to think in unnatural ways as we might walk with one foot tied behind the back;

And there are those inventions which are already implicit in the workings of the mind at its very best, letting us create with all the ease of freely flowing water.

The humble *hyperlink*, tying together all the unique thoughts of the world without arbitrary limit or boundaries, brings home and makes explicit a key fact of the new era—that the mind of humanity is indeed somehow one.



NEW: To [view / purchase](#) different sized prints of this week's images at the **PhotoWeek online store**, click [here](#). Or view as [SLIDESHOW](#) . . . ALSO: browse previous weeks at <http://www.shutterfly.com/pro/cliffcards/photoweek>



January Inversion Sea II . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

Oracle—
a reader of signs

*The blackbird runs nervously in
quick staccato steps, yellow beak
thrust forward, then stops,
cocks its ear to the ground, then runs
hurriedly again.*

Old, old:—, she
sits next to the spring.
The water appears suddenly
at the surface of the earth like
a music which steps
into the world
but reluctantly, beginning
over and over

again, rehearsing
in a whisper the faint sounding
sibilants of an almost vanished
tongue. She listens, but
knows not from where the water comes.

Cool, clear, constant
in its flow, the water is un-
touched by rain, snow or summer sun.

Watching, swaying back and forth, she
places her open hand above
a stream of minute
whirlpools, then looks down into the
swirling throat of the
largest, turning her
arm swiftly in a counter gyre,
murmuring something.

all but inaudible.
She leans forward and pinches off
a sprig of watercress, tasting
the stem's peppery
brassica, then swallowing the white

flowers
whole.

* * *

The men gather around in a
tight circle watching
the one, who, seated on the ground,
tosses the yarrow sticks. They all breathe in
with a gasp, their hands
raised into the air,
then pointing down, quickly, lifting
patterns up into

terse talk of
meaning. The man in their middle
slowly traces a form in the sand.

Out of the river,
a turtle rises and crawls to
land, head, neck fully extended
as if it had been from
shore since before the beginning of time.

* * *

The colorful display flashes
as the three men watch the
numbers turn all but instantly
into black figures. The clever talk
and laughter stop as
the message in bold
script steps down from top to bottom,
predicting opportunity, but

great risk...
they must move quickly.

Crack goes the shell, the
heat of the fire fracturing its
underside into myriad
storylines, waiting,
like a hand, to be deciphered and read.

Crash goes the code, the
cold of the night bifurcating
into myriad losses,
everywhere, losses,
like a terrible wind, taking all in its stead.

“All roads lead to the hidden center,”
begins the prophecy. “Very
auspicious. From there, proceed with
the greatest caution,
Follow in steps of 2s and 3s.”

...swallowing the white
flowers whole...

“The yarrow stems should be gathered
in late summer; it
grows frequently to the side of
roads, on poor soils, in large
patches, much space between
completely erect single
stems which are woody and almost square.
The white, sometimes pink,

flowers arrange themselves in tight
umbels in patterns measured in fours,
while the delicate leaves
of many tiny feathers
climb up around the
central axis as a crow calls,
in neat couplets of five

against of two. A powerful plant;
it should
be used with care—.”

The blackbird runs nervously in
quick staccato steps, yellow beak
thrust forward, then stops,
cocks its ear to the ground, then runs
hurriedly again,
a different direction;
it too is confused about the
days, singing now

with hard frozen snow
on the ground.

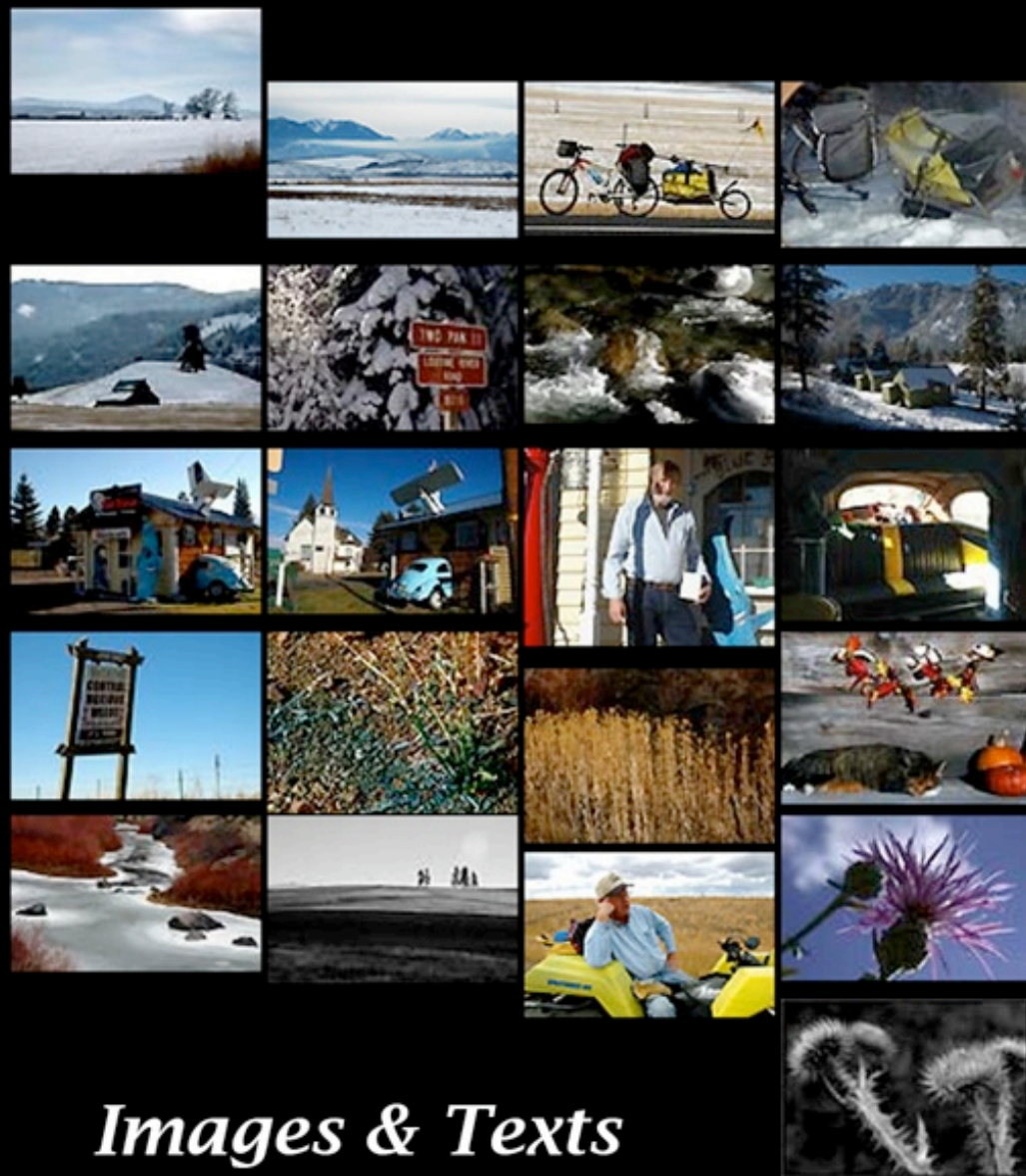
A fish, (was it a
small trout?) nibbles at the surface
of the quiet pool and is gone,
ripples ringing in the
clear spring water...How did it happen?

Crack goes the shell;
Crash goes the code;
the cold of the night,
a myriad storylines, waiting,
like a wind, taking all in its stead.

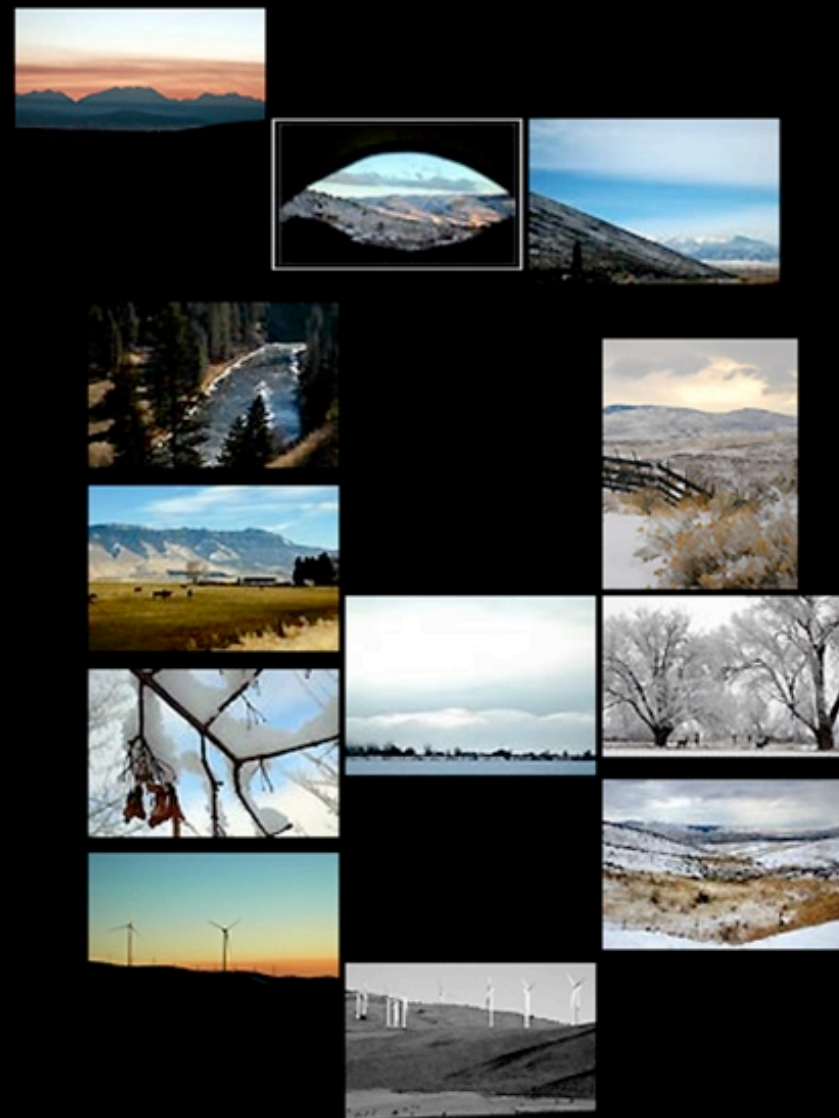
How did it happen?
She looks and sees...
She looks and sees...
Before, after,
now.

It took the
whole world
by surprise.

PhotoWeek Northwest



*Images & Texts
by Cliff Crego*



picture-poems.com

Browse selected images from
this edition of
Photoweb Northwest
at
the **PicturePoems online store**

Thanks for viewing!

You can contact

Cliff Crego at

crego@picture-poems.com