



In response to Regina Bos

Riverside Forest

I want to dive into this luminous landscape, immerse myself in its watery hues. I see portals into other worlds, perhaps sandy openings into the secret spaces of my dreams. Or places of my past.

I'm flooded with memories of ancient trees draped in dark-leaved vines; of giant ferns sheltering tender moss; and a certain hidden-humming of life, abundant and joyous. Rivers, waterfalls, spring water for the taking from a length of old pipe stuck into rock at the side of Horse Cove road.

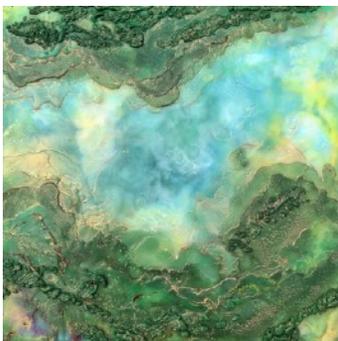
I fell in love with planet earth on the deeply forested mountains of southern Appalachia. I walked barefoot on pine needle trails, swam naked in rivers, and to the sky, sang out my love of life from outcrops of mica-flecked rock. It was considered rain-forest in those long ago days, Highlands, North Carolina. I hear it now suffers from drought. I, too, am suffering from drought.

Too long have I been in this high desert, its own clear beauty abundant. But I yearn to bathe my thirsty skin and parched soul in a softer, blue-green world of river and forest.

I love this painting. It makes me cry.

Regina Ress

Roaming Writers



Regina Bos, *Riverside Forest*, encaustic wax, pigments, oil, 10 x 10 inches