



“Geronimo walked alone down the back trail from where they had come. He disappeared in the shadows, pausing to listen, walking again.

The confinement of the hole and his days at San Carlos had deadened his trail senses. When running through the live oaks and piñon of the Dragoons, he had begun to feel them again faintly; the return of their life thoughts... their rhythms. Entering the shinoak grove, he had felt the return stronger, more intense.

Now, seating himself beneath a desert hackberry in full foliage, he watched a deer bird picking the yellow berries and dreamily relaxed the thinking of his conscious mind. Eyes closed, he shut out the senses of sight and sound.

Here, there were a community of plants, traveling together. A million years ago they had set out from the south, conditioning themselves as they came north, lengthening their roots to gather more drink; sparsing their foliage to release less of their moisture and their breath; heightening their perceptions for survival.

They had kept precariously between the Mother Mountain and the hot, dry plain to balance their needs. Their life rhythms were harmonious; they required order to survive. Their perception of danger was finely honed, not sluggish. They were alert.

Softly Geronimo chanted. Not words, but tones that matched the rhythm of their harmony. The tones were soothing and beautiful, rising and falling without break or abruptness. The rhythm became stronger. A haunting odor came to his nostrils from the leaves of creosote bushes. The burro bushes moved their branches in unison to the chant. Slowly Geronimo felt the rhythm tightening. Were the danger moving from them, the rhythm would have lengthened, growing more languid. Now, faintly, breaks of excitement came, staccato; and he knew the soldiers had not stopped. They were coming.

He rose, touching the trees and bushes lightly, and trotted back the way he had come.
His warriors waited.”



– Watch for Me on the Mountain