

Black Bear, Eastern Coyote and Moose Tracks

A thunder storm abruptly awakens me at 3:00 a.m. with bursts of lightning startling my half-awakened mind. It is an early day as I fail to return to sleep. At sunrise towering thunderheads in the east are aglow while a full moon sets in a hazy mist to the west.

Fresh animal tracks are imprinted in the mud. A story has been inscribed, but what does it reveal? A moose, coyote, and black bear recently tread here. A warm mound of bear scat has been deposited nearby. The bears rear tracks are 7 ½ inches long; an impressive calling card.

The bear tracks are a profound symbol of the spirit of the Maine wilderness; they are more mysteriously emotional than seeing the bear itself. I squint into the dense forest knowing the bear could be watching me. The bear is somewhere. My senses are alive and so is my imagination.

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