

TOCHILIS-72 MONTANA

The first thing I saw  
 When I stepped out of camp  
 Was a vast, open plain  
 As far as the eye could see  
 The ground was hard and dry  
 With only a few scattered  
 Bushes and small trees  
 That looked like they had  
 Survived a long drought  
 The sky above was clear  
 And blue, with a few  
 Light clouds in the distance  
 I had heard that Montana  
 Was a beautiful state  
 But I had never seen it  
 Before. The view was  
 Truly something to see  
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