

# River Run

It's one of those gloomy December days—31 degrees, overcast.



The Ukraine war is still on; inflation is rampant; covid is again on the rise My book is out, sales are slow. Thanksgiving is over, Christmas is weeks away. My brothers are both ill in distant states



I decide to go for a run on the Charles.

The light is no good for photos, I'm thinking, as I cross a nearly deserted Memorial Drive.





But then a tree I've passed by hundreds of times reaches out to me. It's decaying, but, I note, still strong.





I move closer; a new trunk seems to be growing inside it; young branches are reaching to the sky.

I pull my camera out of my pocket and take a few shots.



I amble along. Some trees look injured, dead; the bark is wearing off. I stop again, camera in hand.







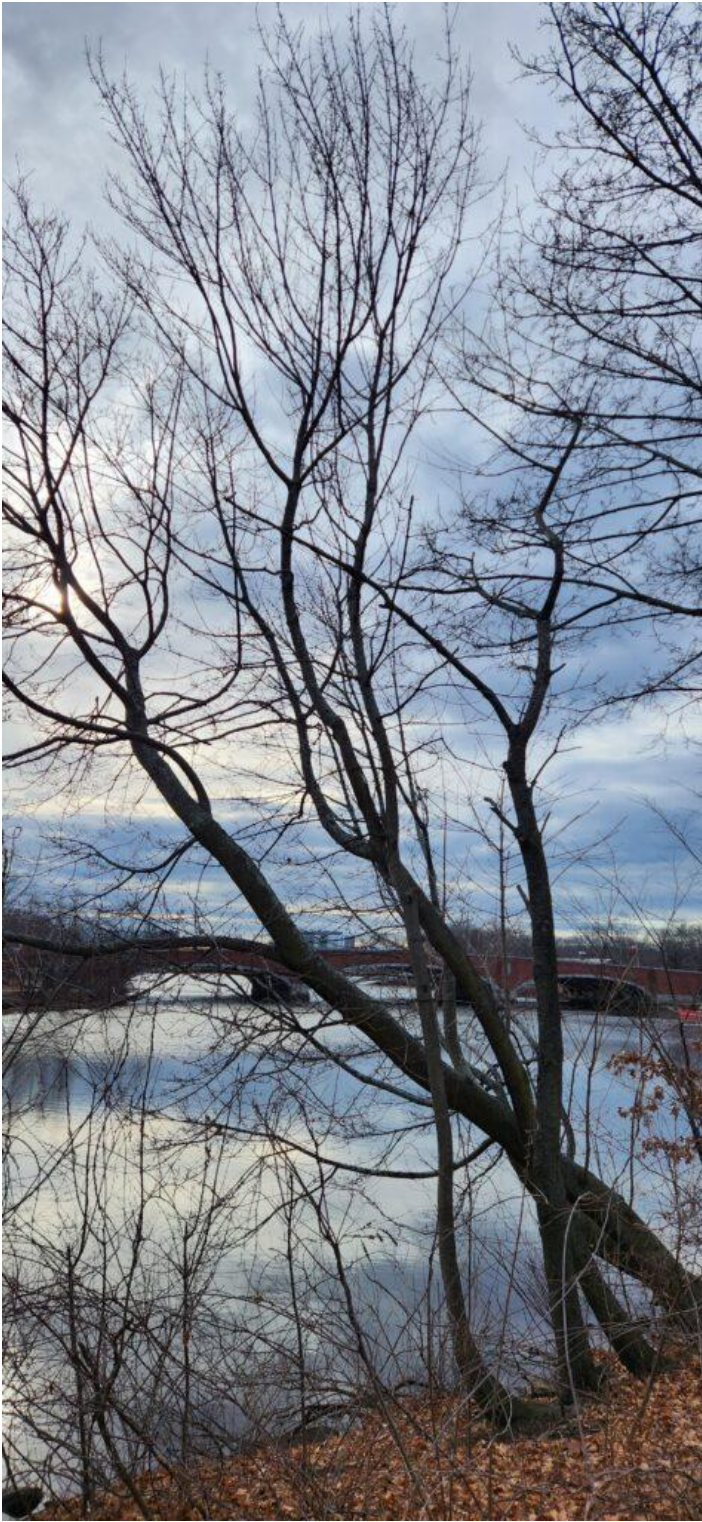
Close in: abstract beauty

Back to my run...stopping frequently.

Many of the trees have amazing shapes











I wonder why they are so gnarly.







One holds a nest of leaves.



Another: a bird

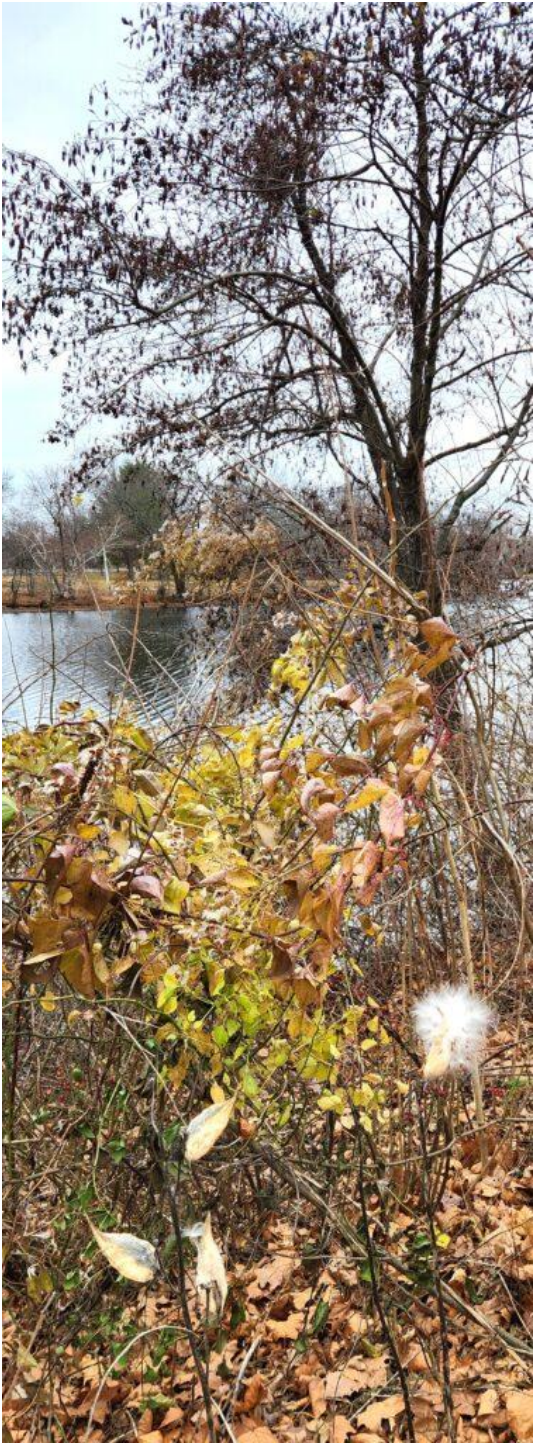


An empty nest





There are milkweed...







Rusted weeds...



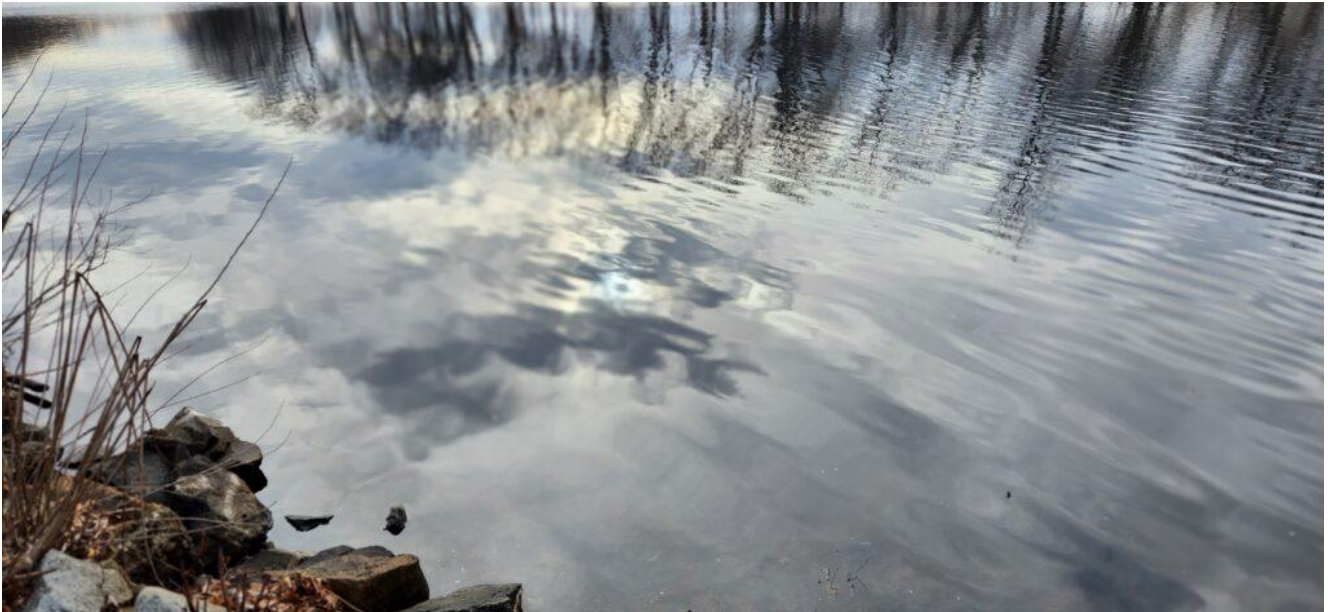
Bittersweet.





Reflections, shapes, colors in the water.





Later, when editing my photos, I discover a pair of ducks.



Black and white





More ducks;  
a willow





A human touch.



Heading back: more stunning formations.









I return to the river path the next day, and the next, reassured to find changed light, new growth, life and hope as I—and nature—progress, slowly, with starts and stops, toward spring.



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