

LETTERBOX CLUES

Come into our Park
And head through the gate,
Look to the mountains,
Uphill you'll make.

Not Sydney Opera,
But sails made of mesh
Will set you to walking,
You're off on your quest.

Into the heart
To find an old clock,
Then turn right around,
A dirt trail now you'll walk.

Pass the big green tree
And veer to the left,
You're heading downhill now
Past a pineapple with heft!

At a plant with true grit
The trail will now fork,
Pass a nocturnal queen
And velvet so soft.

See the birds that aren't flying,
Walk on up to the post,
You're about to discover
The trail with the most.

It's nature you want,
Wind around to your right,
A crested saguaro
Will be in your sights.

The loop will lasso you,
So on your left hand,
Keep walking and dropping,
Young saguaros! A whole stand.

Take a rest on our bench,
Jerome welcomes you,
Pass a sign to the wash,
To the right, hillside view.

Discover saguaros!
They're here just for you,
So cross over the bridge
Go left...whatever you do.

Follow the trail, read the signs,
You won't need a Krutch,
The Desert People are here
And can teach us so much.

At the top of the loop
Traffic noise is so near,
Since saguaros too are people,
Do you think they can hear?

Wind around, find some babies,
Their start is a seed,
So tiny and vulnerable
That protection they need.

What...an old leather boot?
No, a nest warm and dry.
And bat pollinators high in the night sky.

Climb a rise now and wonder;
How much farther to go?
It's New Year's in July,
And the word ku'ipad you'll know.

The end is in sight,
Don't despair or get mad,
Boiling fruit in the hot sun
Would be twice as bad.

Come sing down the rain,
And rejoice with us all,
In a minute you'll find it
And all shall be well.

The bolts fill the night sky,
On parched land drops will drum,
The rainbow's a promise
Of rains still to come.

So now turn around,
You've surely paid the price.
Your prize you will find;
You won't have to look twice!