Forestry Song, Movement 1

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\_A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees\_

William Blake

\_After man has cut & hewn\_

Julia E. Rogers

...As wind and water shift the scene favors liquid lapse of thought from present to past rivers the running rock sands flow

> & Mr. Bailey speaks of water above and sky below

aspect toe-slope rhododendron, seedy delight, cockleburr, Red River, red rover Kentucky foothill monkey-gorge, ape-race for Earth of slumbering liquid and ancient raven who knows

Lean in, listen, do not take him for fool, impair'd by city streets rush'd down a regional highway & cut-through as a motorist hurried into windfields by homes in turn

cut from these medullary rays prized by the craftsman while the TREE lay unfamiliar \_Mr. Bailey was a dandy of the butterfly order\_ who flit by for no purpose seeming ordain'd as caterpillar sips milkweed ( common, swamp, showy ) its veins flow with cardiac glycosides its most special starchy poison a silky milkweed coma floats like its parachute structure levitates After a swoop to ironweed, tastes Monarch, robin might avoid these bright stored emetic poisons Viceroy, lit on nearby willow, mimics these regal-oranges the milky juice contains \_asclepione, caoutchouc, fixed oil, tannin, glucose, an unisolated bitter principle\_ \_diuretic\_ the sap stream dissolves stones lessens congestions. dismissed \_sine cura\_ from the pharmacopoeia. bitter structure For sub-suburban purposes ...a mere pest... ..useless.. ...witless ...

... not fit for the utilities...

tendrils gone to the woodpile ripped from fenceposts, lawns -for lack of margins, banks brainpan --by the mower or gardener

Over the cane and turkey meadowlands kaa, caw above six to eight blurs of black metallic, purple luster green wing gloss, black bill

bristly feather tuft, shaggy throat kaa, the raven

> lofts on promontory though he sees not what she sees tolerates him kaaa, \_nonchalant she has fed at battlefields\_, kaa

she may ...assume new variance... attack intruders brutally

genus Corvidae, jays and crows her cousins at-large order Passeriformes

Tertiary thriver time-cousin to saber-tooths mastodons, ground sloths, giant condors whose caw, or wonk over the gorge wall makes of her a monkey-witness

LIMITING FACTORS: human development

prefers wilderness

In a gray world cheated of color

no coma no monarch the yellow-bright lessens, no tawny-orange flits No leaf thick palisade cell under surface tissue sponge for room to cohere by stomates No earth loam turner to feed cardinal red-wing no nest to melody holly no means to penetrate this squawking (raucous) See in him forest's solid vast inland shades, overland where raven shrine plays on a supple bough's wag; • Somewhere outside Slade sentinel toad or frog sentry gloats in the dank bloodroot by the creekside and beneath it humble naiades \_glochidia\_ filters detritus freshwater shellfish for whom Caesar invaded Britain (Tacitus?) white settlers clams fed to pigs

> now needed for pearl culture

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\_the rate of naiad destruction from channel-dredging, impoundments, urbanization of watersheds, and other factors is accelerating too rapidly for any mollusk-based industry to be

economically feasible\_

These are the terms of disgust, the dark and toadish girl does not try

For what lies between a turkey and a toad, exactly?

Whose great toad-mother soil golden lights of liquid rage at prospects of blood & black gold

where hills fall from sight

Froggy by the road.
 (:frog: /phrog/ 1. interj.)

In days when colliers first dug these hills hard as hurdle arms for broth & bituminous trammels 'twas I girdling for a new purchase

Now, in multiplicity Man the relentless hungerer

impounded, rapid cry of a river for blood

and what care I for the toadish folk, a fool sees not the TREE

TREE teaches its student a motive power semina motuum learn / don't learn with indifference

we swing

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what care we
                for the tender plants, stripped...
                 cannot stop wanting
                 nectar
        O toad, if you know it
                  ...warble...
                       ...roar...
                               ...glisten...
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             Ask yourself how you know it
.
     When birds sing on every tree
     the skylark will concert for thee
    Where the brook flown willow roots shake
           a bent specter on a farther shore
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    Where the cricket mandible twins all sound
    Where the raven works summer's chromatic walnuts
      we shall dance the rapt river wake; ree-bit
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     Where winter wolves bark amid snow-wastes,
           icicles; frozen particles of river
           carry a freeze of soils --
    Rocks and Giants march into the Full Sea of Time.
James A. Gardner
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