

Forestry Song, Movement 13

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Lightness of body
stoops on the ridgeback
where understory rhododendrons
hang tight to the slope.

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 Tin cup, cigarette butt,
 burlap tent,
wild strawberry repeats;
the unknown increases with the known.

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Nothing to know 'cept this fern mossy "_ell_"

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 water flows, long rapids chute
 make me not a hiss but
 a glom, glimmer, glue, gale,
 it's late, my galew licks salt,

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.
 Love this place, link
 that lets forest into city and city
 melt into the watershed

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 The small streams are mighty

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 Stand clear of water

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 Cast a plumbline--
 for water wells --

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 A wide spread preserves this land

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 in its woodlands, wetlands

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.
 in its darklands.

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 _To preserve only the scenic
 places is to invite their destruction_

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James A. Gardner