

Forestry Song, Movement 15

· _oi kos_
 Homer

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For a hovel on
a slight ridge Clark
drills his little army
solicits Virginia funds
so that he might purchase

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... flags for Indians...

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... subsistence
for wounded soldiers...".

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In the lexicon for a * man * there might be

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· * book

· * earth

· * letter

· * tree

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· * megas, mikros

· * kosmos

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And the many-fathered cities have
fanfare to spare

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The settler jogs forest trails for bear's hunt
swims his horse in a hostile river
spreads his blanket in a hollow tree

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He lies dumb to bliss, bone in a book
lark on a long gone proposition
petitions the bunk above with prayer
Then quiet comes to the frontier cities
that lie astride the rivers
good men but few are angles aplenty
for the rifleman or a farmer's prosperity
with Cincinnati books under arm
Franklin glass in pocket
he recites Homer in the evening
by candlelight in spring he clears six acres

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· beech, oak, maple, mostly--

the flatland mix--

and an aspect of time is soil

good men are but few
and in every word he sees
something else untold
the unknown precedes the knowable
his books are but for rainy days

suspicious that
to set pen to page he must
miss setting plow to row

Error, it is said,
is proof of the sublime.

Along the Ohio the shouts come forth:

"What's your berth?"

"Mine's Harrod's Creek." Mastodon's playpen.

By Starry night telescope tasks his star of stars--
to study this aspect of Saturn can make do
good and but few...are we to whom so grounds ever
to Earth an experiment of magnetism

"Where you bound?
Why to the towheaded white man, fair-skinned?

Thinks himself ": noble,
 : altar?"

In a stolen world on cheated pay.

done

*Clark = George Rogers Clark