

Forestry Song, Movement 17, 2nd draft

"...going down to Beulahland
outshine the Sun..."

Mississippi John Hurt

1.

And these trees so unfamiliar

Mountains judge me
Calcareous rock falls

I am neither free
nor am I wild

Our works watch us through each other's eyes

These but the other and ourselves

Not beauty is of thought, concrete

The one

unsuppliable word

cuts me from the powers

hides the uphill tree-side

and the gnomon is but girth over pi
measure sticks tapes calipers

I slash my breast with a burnt stick
at night

this is
timber, desirable
species possibly
branded am I
in the shortest amount of time

elusive river
physiognomy

coal, oil, gas
mother father
speak to me
that it remain

living in a time we did not
foresee

.
where might there be a forest
. Says Burke [a clear idea is a small idea]
.

Sub-lime:

.
tongue is tomb
.

._That hush'd the stormy main._
.
.
.

2.

I walk silent among my people

.
I do not go to them
I find my body
.

.
On the day of my departure
blood and bone drew near
.

.
breath draws deep in riparian spaces
toes sink into little gullies
crawdads
take water through my gills
.

.
On the third day up Salt River I rowed
.
riven from breast diameter
at the mouth of Cedar Creek
chanting all the while
with little toads
.

.
between the scrubby
erect cones, disposed,
many together
.

.
overtaking the meadow
can still see the lockdown
ancient on me
.

.
--a spritely pact
.

.
with those who clung bankwise
prehensile
(an ache in the rotor-cuff, small
shoulder tendons)
clumb down out of trees
.

.
small children, politicians, malcontents
.

unfortunates
.

primaries
primates

them that ardor of pelvis and
shoulder-bone

If it is hard with me it is hard
for I take the complex view

of watershed and forest's edge
and of living

there is leaf winter shard ice

in season cold is an acorn harvest

so bitter in its necessity
my ass is arctic, toes African

from a great flame have I traveled
only to
curl unto ice

wind descent

from the Great Lakes

crawls up
onto the ridgeback
gale toys are tent flaps

khaki surplus
and a splendid pot boils

tannics

3.

I've a thing for
leaves, wearing, on the fifth day
Smiling wild tasted me

so bitter

lick of a licorice stick
is medicine to

Reach out to lefthand, reach
and flick the helmet

steady, vascular
yielding

A thing for leaf is in my eyes --
lambent in the windfires

See now bright plays lightly
that this is tongue-pricked life
glories of the face
and of the limb
soft, radiant

.
in still fuses
by pinches of spot
where seedlings grow

.
might also root
an
amino
acid begun to wild

.
a great green spread

.
Get off me stand only by trailhead

.
There're no sidewalks in Beulahland I see,

.
But there are places green and foam-white

.
done