

Forestry Song, Movement 2

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There is a hunger encamped  
that hangs to sally forth  
in Kentucky,  
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where the mesophytic complex  
continued a million years,  
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in Kentucky withstood  
geologic upheaval where elsewhere  
the forest mix was deposed,  
  
in Kentucky withstood  
resilient drying in places,  
submersion in still others.  
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Frontiers  
quarry hills cemeteries  
bright trails where gnarled apples shine above  
mobspeech and snowcrust melts in air,  
windowpanes tap tap above the planned garden.  
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In the old shrines  
the ancients walk amid blown-love.  
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. .  
Fierce is the white-wind sun on backyard's green  
a fix on anything the tree, the limb only now for coming.  
Just to get a fix on :treeware: /tree'weir/  
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. .  
machine-language-broken.  
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. .  
\_A second seed peaked through today.  
deep root'd Yellowwood threatened,  
As it grows in Circle 7 of Cave Hill  
I've a baby in a small pot\_  
. .  
done