Forestry Song, Movement 6 \_The Tertiary epoch disappeared beneath the scrutinous ax\_ Harshberger, 1904. In intercession the formal white cones burst to shape the moonlit aspects In vegan waves the gray bark bite. Longs the valley for leaf-thick sheddings to bright a larken soil; were it cleared first for orchard or train? In ache to add by shade of a gnarl, in limbs, lights out the wind owes. Just beyond the margin-dark birch whose lesser branchling trace is a pome or two to sing by --are single notes to melody a slope of ancestry. In ridgeback its thousand visages terrible all-at-once monkey-face onslaught ax-light focus to whittle crabapple speech In single shoots, bare cloth, summer canopy, the crowd closes on leaf so hard to overlap, base now bare no coverage to protect an outward extension --of the living cambium. On moist, well-drained sites these humus-thick, whose bough sweat softens seed, fluid plain rivers would enrich the greater redheart woods---air so heavy, fulsome, & wine-dark in them. James A. Gardner