

POETRY

universe uni-verse

by bev thorns

Iran
away from the city, walk into the forest,
twitching in overload, chattering, uncentered....
my pack, heavy on my back, lives my movements
heart beat and foot fall... breath in... breath out
steady, beating, sweating, being
amplifying one rhythm tight at my hips
resounding the music... within....without
the primal song of nature, universal
uni-verse
(dahle sods wilderness, harvest moon, October 1990, for Terrie)

The Homecoming

by Allan Millet

I respect the Earth and all living things;
I respect myself.

The ground upon which I walk,
the dirt in which I plant,
the Earth into which I shall return,
is my home.

In returning, I understand that I never left;
it is my emancipation.
Upon seeing, I accept that I am clear light,
it is my salvation.
As I decay, I nurture my Earth, and aid in her preservation.

All things, at once, together and Forever.
Amen.

Eagle Cap Wilderness

by David Jones

In the high meadows
where great hollows in the rocks
give refuge to earth
fragile flowers grow
snow melt and mist fed
knowing their own time
sun and earth and water
coming together in a perfect moment

Winter Morning

by David Jones

In town an icy sun raises steam from night frost
Crossing Wright's point, primeval lava
Crystal fog fills still air, enshrouding
mountain and lake
Below the rimrock hot water bubbles
from the wheat colored earth
Along the stream only the tops of the grass
are frozen
Sitting in the water an ocean of frosted sagebrush
appears as a winter bound forest of oak
stretching into the clouds
Standing still I dry under the afternoon sun
Coyotes cry to each other from buttes across
the horizon.

Eco-Haiku

by Judith V. Waters

The river of mist
Waters the sleeping forest,
And flows to the sky.

Hidden from the sun,
Dayflowers and white lilies
Bloom on the mountain.

Blue sky with white clouds,
Pillows for the heads of wind,
Blowing, then resting.

The full moon rises,
Katydid and crickets sing
Deep in the forest.

Warm sun, pine needles,
Lazy summer afternoon,
Wonderful fragrance.

Asleep in the sun,
The rocks dream of becoming
Soil, life, soil, and rocks.

Deep in the canyon
The river flows through redrock.
Heat. Stillness. Wren song.

The Ways of Birds

by David Sparenberg

Ah, the abilities of birds!
Untroubled by the reptilian past.
Predatory, Migratory. Nesting.
Dominated by the flock, with simple
rules of territory and succession.
The shell, like ornamented armor
at origin; a skeleton
that floats...
Beyond it all,
those golden throats — the melodies!

A feather, more articulate
than footprint,
spindles from the treetops:
whistling, combed,
carved in the winds
of centuries. Airspecies
in a floating note.

Earth compatible, secure.
At-one with what plants do.
Sunprocesses, moisture, currents.
The frolicsome, summerdumb
insect life. — Ah!

the ways of birds!
Loquacious ecosophers. Skyweavers.
Seedthrowers.

The Would Store

by David Andrews

Walk into the store of wood I would
The ceiling gone and stood I could
Around the place I see the would
But wonder if the future could.

The years it takes the wood that stood
I watch the people that could and should
But life is gone- How could the would?
To save the wood that stood we should.

Change the wood we took to would
And change the stood to stand if could
Replant the wood in stores that stood
Amongst the would that nature could.

And now I see the store of wood
Empty of the would that could
I'm happy now the wood now stood
For we have done the could that should.

About the poets:

Bev Thorns lives in Maryland. She is involved in the environmental movement. She is a public speaker and lobbyist and has helped write environmental legislation.

Allan Millet lives in the Palouse of eastern Washington and the Panhandle of Idaho. He has a concern for the Earth and for Native Americans.

David Johns is an environmental activist in the Portland, Oregon area, who teaches political science at Portland State University.

Judith V. Waters is an itinerant philosopher naturalist who writes poems and essays on nature and metaphysical themes.

David Sparenberg's essays, stories and poetry have appeared in a variety of periodicals and journals. He has published 2 poetry books, **Words on Fire, Not Bodies** and **The Name is Shalom**. Both are available from him at 1713 - 14th Ave., Seattle, Wa. 98122.

David Andrews is a graduate student in Biomechanics at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. He is concerned about the eventual plight of the total ecosystem; a concern developed from the changing of our wilderness areas as seen from the perspective of an avid canoeist.

