Miles Along the Umpqua by Dennis Baker

The road along Umpqua Travels long with autumn.

Here, waterfalls cascade Into slow memory Across rocks green with age.

Here, the road snakes Where giant boulders crashed Killing the dreams of Owalaci.

Here, man is not God And life breathes defiant In the sweet smell of myrtlewood.

Here, a hundred blue heron Dive for baby salmon; And wild geese Fly in mystery With a loud passion That eats the morning sky.

Here, horns of elk, Smothered in shadows. Stab heavy fog And startle the weary With tender sounds of beauty -An echo of miles.



Ecoforestru

Twila Jacobson & Mike Barnes Ecoforestry Institute

presentation on the responsible productive use of treats for those interested in public and private forest scooperest. The principles and clears of ecolorestry is expectally stewart to extentive its supplying inumpora

Control Beach Chamber of Commerce Building Westweeting Area M.

Free & open to the public

A plane left a contrail like graffitti on what was a Maxfield Parrish sunset.

And I wonder why I came here,

was it because of the sunsets,

At the end of the landmass

I wonder what you're doing do you feel me miss you

not stood up to live. Thoreau

and all around behind me sit rows of empty houses.

and do I plan to die here amoung the empty houses?

as I try to fall asleep in one of the empty houses.

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have

with beauty all around me in this town of empty houses.

May 2, 1994

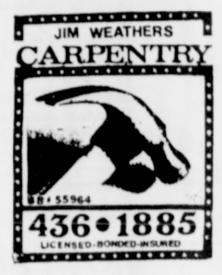


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\$9.75

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On the Speech of Trees

By Elizabeth Bolton

On this blazing august day, the logging truck Towers beside my car, loaded with logs. On the cut ends of trees, the beads of sap Like sweat on an anxious brow, sparkle in the sunlight.

Trees speak among themselves their fears and pain: The odors of their emotions warn other trees. Then do these corpses shriek of the means of their deaths To every forest that this truck must pass?

And was it an accident when the tree we cut Spun on its stump in the windless calm, and leaped To crush the foot of my son before it fell? The Old Ones would have told us what to do:

There must be prayers and ritual. The tree Should have been told of our need for fire wood, Should have had our reverent apology For cutting short its life to ease our own.

That night after dank I spoke to the fallen tree. I don't know if it helped. The foot healed well.

UPPER LEFT EDGE JUNE 1994