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

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, Katydids 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 rales 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.

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 polictical 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 Mc-Master 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.

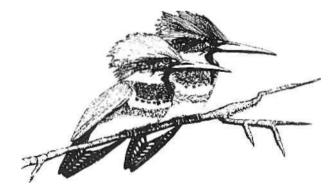
The Would Store by David Andrews

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.



Trumpeter 9:1 Winter 1992