

wilderness restoration in process: stay on the path

do you notice the small ferns nestled
beneath charred birch,
fresh reeds that sway in
churning streams
once choked with toxins,
frog songs untethered at night
echoing against stars,
spreading canopy of mother firs and
a protecting brew of decay and life
hidden under fallen pine boughs?

the trailhead signage recounts story of
roots weakened by upstream indifference,
clearcut hills sliding into blandness,
nests empty of songs,
off road trails littered with cast off
joy rides and mud-caked impressions
scorched into earth.

place soft steps on the path,
soak in the landscape with your eyes,
open and close of butterfly wings,
rise and fall of air through the day,
trees conversing in their own tongue
what it is to love
after destruction,
then
(if i invite you)
soak me in with your eyes
lie gently on my earth
my lips butterflies
breaking through the canopy.

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