

WHO NEEDS EDEN?

We breathe the fog that crawls the beaver-run
And climbs until impaled by spears of pine;
It fled the sea and soon will flee the sun
To secret places where blue herons dine.
We watch the valley's for the twilight's rise,
And walk the blood-red hills against the wind
To meet the moon and wait there while it vies
With nimbus rings like cotton newly ginned.
The morning brings the rain that ^{bleeds the clay;} ~~dimples/sand/~~
It dabbles in the narsh and dimples sand.
A few miles down the highway's puddled gray
It rinses whitewash off the old fruit stand.
Our land is moody, restless like a child;
Kaleidoscopic wood designs grow wild.