

WHO NEEDS EDEN?

You
I 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.
I watch the valleys 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;
It dabbles in the marsh and dimples sand.
A few miles down the highway's puddled gray
It rinses whitewash off the old peach stand.
I wander this kaleidoscope, a child
Whose patterned green and wood designs grow wild.