A Continued Beginning
Following Wendell Berry's "The Peace of Wild Things"

Superconductor of synapse, with your baton of recycled violin
tap your root into a palate of potential ambivalence
and see what emotions emerge in a semiotics:
that is the science of signs.
Or, in the impossible trope of pure blooming:
the poetry of signs. Yet, each exists the other within.

Point of Much Topographical Change: Near Healthy Forest Following Meadow

The Amur Maple branches seem formed by the freehand of nature.
Writing verses
below are we poets, working soft in the contemplative pastoral
of creative nurture.

In a stream's inevitable moving syntax of stones: a vernacular tug.
One imagines an avalanche, the distant mountain's indifferent shrug.
But on our slow prairie changes, we imagine behind us, agriculture's slug.

It seems we posit our human sophistication against simple forces
and things in nature--let indifference not be nature's "emotion."
Yet,
an imagined pastoral etymology suggests we define "forest" as: *for rest*

Gathering moss is no connotation—a sleepy blanket in pastoral…
If one feels grief, it's a teleology of our tears as the most
innocent form of pollution to demonstrate for a child's questions.

Nature poses its perfect forms and we might praise a shrub
from where it meets the soil—branches then awakening.

The bench is sleepy and not
a monument of signified with a patch of grass signifier—
it is so oddly balanced; Walt Whitman looking at Dickensian detail.

We make a walking em*path* from the distant Anthropocene and its dramatic
turning spinning sa*tire*, of us sitting still and "staring," feeling too little.

As a representation of nature, it would be just as meaningful
to give a person you love roots, rather than blooms of flowers:

More plain plants would
work as root-first bouquets:

If a root could write, it would say "worm" as a verb and noun, woven.

For our memories,
we must feel as deeply as possible / even if we seem to take on too much:
(not literally taking)
an endless changing root.

Charred Remains

An unfortunate monument:
signified once on signifire.

In the movie “Quest for Fire,”
we see early humans relying on nature to provide this element
we might ask questions about the presence of fire here—

As if fire were a thing of knowledge to excavate all surfaces…Fire

Would not solve the perilous inadequacy of a Blair Itch Project
of scratched surface. Is this some residual medievalism
of now othered nature or, simply like Canadians gathering around
modest fire (for warmth)? How humans extract is another ugly problem.

We have, surely now, a tendency to speak a language of smoke
and when does it clear?
Inside, our feelings are an inverted firefly in a jar.
We must know fire is a possibility: it can be used as a method
and be helpful to the processes of nature and, on the other hand, can be
like a poltergeist of simulacra autumn:
to ‘feel’ as flames are--insatiable--is a human problem.

While as an allegory it is too literally a hell—Eden overheating
in our enlightened world of a simple syllogistic path—
How is feeling for our planet’s peril ignored?
When we consider these burnt logs as what remains after our feelings...

In our thinking,
if we consider all our misinterpretations of our time
looking at flowers, those *rose red herrings*
--a subliminal sense of a phoenix--
we see they are both distracting birds to watch, as we should note:
real birds are flying south

Seen through branches blasted bare by the new blackening winds.

These poems were read along with poems by other poets at different points in our nature walk:

Excerpts from “Auguries of Innocence” by William Blake from “The Portable Blake.”

Selections from John Clare’s poetry from “Palgrave Advances in John Clare Studies.”

Wendell Berry’s poem “The Peace of Wild Things” from “100 Poems to Save the Earth.”