

My cousin knows a prison clergyman in NC and he wrote this poem:

Dawn at the Klamath,
a twelve point elk struts among deer mossed stumps
as the Yurok's golden bear guards the new bridge
already under repair.

After practicing my chaplain ID smile
in the rearview mirror,
I receive the nod of the flagmen
and renew my drive to prison.

In a few miles, the forest,
and the mountains too,
will give way to thousands
of cement blocks,
and light, not the yellow sun streaming through
redwoods and firs, will blink
florescent as the state budget allows.

Its the most natural thing in the world, poetically,
politically, to ignore caged humans in these parts
and laud wild animals,
but quit the ignition, and listen at the gate;
all creation groans
for the re-birth of our sons doing time.

Lend an ear to the wilderness crying
from a housing unit
never meant to be called home.

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Where there's a Will there's a Way with Words