Fugue for Old Growth

The forest is never silent. Each rock waits its turn. The river misleads: impatience is rare. In the valley, empty but for pine and fir slicing upward, fog dictates depth of vision.

Everywhere: ghosts of black-tailed deer. The valley is miles long, empty and never silent. The river deceives even the rockiest cedars. Every step, already gone, like fog, water,

a deceptive impatience in the long valley. The forest never mourns what falls. Walk the valley forever: there’s fog and rot, a limited vision, and all that’s seen is ghosts and deer somewhere else. Silence is a myth. Each dripping limb helps steer the river under every calmest rock. The valley, long and empty, never silent. Walk: forever

is a myth. What’s fallenrots alongside ghosts and fog. Empty is deceptive: the forest is never empty, and myths are patient in their mourning as tumbling mud from rocky roots

joins every rushing thing. Deer are shadows, ghosting in their foggy patience, deceptive in the slicing
pines. What’s fallen: is a myth.
Depth of vision in the valley

is a question that’s deceiving.
Long and empty, patience steers
its rushing miles along the forest’s
foggy rock. Everywhere: the steps
of ghosts, the forever myth

of vision, black-tailed deer.
Somewhere: the drop of rock,
the silent rush, the crash of rot.
The myths are long and empty.
The forest is never silent.