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## 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 fallen rots 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

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piners. 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.