

FORESTS OF TIME:

An ecological eulogy

in ancient forests time runs deep
as space expands with countless seeds
& branches sway constantly
as memories keep
among rotting leaves

look at forests with discerning eyes
see where there hidden patterns lie

feel the breath of each tree
& remember
forests are cradles
of life – they fill the lungs
of so many beings!

as bulldozers work relentlessly
across the planet,
will they become our cement-
aries?



Tara: (shaking her head) What's the author trying to accomplish with this mutant spelling?

Noel: Don't you realize? All of us are mutants.

Gwen: Besides, such spelling is more interesting: additional shades of meaning can be conveyed.

Orapan: The relationship between structure and meaning is fascinating to explore, but to be frank why should we care? Aren't we already overloaded with information?

- T Newfields

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