

## Sixth Summer

*I remember the green gloom and the deep moss  
Of the big woods, and the trees like towers of green  
With their trunks stretching up forever to meet the leaves;  
No sound but the far-off toot of the donkey engine  
For company and no fear of anything,  
Of the loneliness or of crawling things or of spotted slugs.*

*I remember the slick-leaved salal like metal,  
The prickling of Oregon grape on bare skin,  
And the tunnels of bracken sweeter than hay  
And perfect for a bird's nesting or a child's hiding.  
O the hot yellow of false dandelions  
In the sun and the straw-light heads of everlasting.*

*I remember the sour taste of sorrel,  
And one tongue-shaped, coarse-veined weed pursing the mouth  
Like alum; the fresh taste of peeled salmonberry shoots  
And the little flat buttons from some forgotten plant,  
Bland in the mouth but sweet for the soul's eating  
And never a griped bowel or blunted appetite.*

*I remember the hill top on a clear day  
And making a telescope of my curled fist  
And the circle of sky at the end full of breakers;  
And under the hill, some times, the smoke of small fires  
Marking a hobo camp and mixed with smells of bacon;  
But this was a thing for running from, not for watching.*

*I remember the distant whine of the head saw,  
And the red-rimmed dome of the black consumer  
Blotting the August sky; the lazy, log-lined Wishkah  
Looked, from my perch of green, like a river of matchsticks;  
I remember the sound and the shine on the water  
And the long long summer going on on forever.*

-- Edith Rigg

Seattle, Washington