## INTO HIS TERRITORY

Next week I'll take Heidi, hunting gear & search for black bear in sierras. I learned to hunt with bow & arrow when growing up. This time I'll carry a beefed up handgun. Heidi, a doberman, is no bear dog. I'll take her to ward off spooks that cluster around me when I'm alone in wild country. I doubt a bear will allow us closer than vesterday's meal. which is ok. A deeper calling is luring me into his territory.

## BACK TO BEAR FLATS

September, in company of a lifelong friend, returned to Bear Flats after 48 years & searched until we found my Dad's old deer camp. Aspens were down, no ring of campfire rocks, but a spring tucked in clump of willows hadn't moved. We took each other's picture at the site & flooded with memories of family & friends lost I had a bittersweet cry.

## LESSONS

In a recent questionnaire I was asked to name my favorite poets. I wrote I no longer have favorites, which is true, but I'm indebted to a few. WCW taught me to trust my voice, the every day words I use. Bukowski taught me to trust my life. It's the raw material. Snyder taught me wilderness doesn't stop at forest edge. It continues in me.

—Phil Weidman N. Highlands, CA