



(Image: Everywhere 5, Everywhere 5—North America)

Art of Arts—

I say to you:—Poetry is the new *ars artium*
of the new era. Nowhere
do new meaning, feeling,
rhythm, form, sound,
converge with such sparse means,
with such power to transform
our ways of being with each other,
our ways of being in the world.



(Image: Redbud Spring—native of North America)

In Praise of the Economy of Buds

Store up the light and quick energy
needed for next Spring during the slow
and easy months of high Summer;

Prepare for the worst of Winter by making
oneself small and motionless against the twig;

Forget about absolute size and sequence,
knowing that beauty resides in the measured,
rhythmic unfolding of the well-proportioned web.



(Image: WATER!—signature resource of the new era, North America)

Dangerous Crossings . . .

Once defined more by what it wastes
than what it creates, more by
what it destroys than what it builds,
a culture crosses a crucial divide
on its way down the road of its own demise,
which, as the ultimate act of self-deception,
it cannot help but call the only reasonable route—
to Freedom and Paradise.



(Image: Old Boots—few are the things more precious than a pair of perfectly fitting boots, the Alps)

Of Boots and Cars—

My friends who own cars
tell me they can be in the high
country in but half a day.

No car, I just have a pack and
a pair of old walking boots, but
I say, *I stay*—in the mountains.