

## RETURN TO TABLE MOUNTAIN

*Full Moon, Scorpio, Passover  
and My 38th Birthday*

Late spring rains  
soak the ground  
delaying spring planting.

The meadows stretch away  
with a wet sigh  
and grey coastal gloom

surrounds my memories  
with a detachment  
that makes them open.

Almost comforting –  
elementals of my being  
now adhering to place.

These are the meadows  
I cleared of piles of rotting wood  
with Joel and Colin.

There's the fence we stretched  
to encircle 2 acre garden –  
silhouettes of planting, weeding, harvesting.

Here's the round house I built  
with its mandala skylight  
etched in my vision.

Now, inside it again,  
I am loving Luna  
who lives in its dark forest embraces.

In 71/2 years so much love  
and so much pain, yet I lie here  
carressing and carressed.

In the forest I remember  
the trees I cut  
and the trees I planned to cut.

In the orchard the fruit trees I planted  
growing and bearing –  
100 lbs. of peaches

from the peach tree  
I nursed thru  
red leaf curl every year.

Every tree, every cluster  
of Cienofus and Manzanita  
hides a memory.

Last year I couldn't  
face the static  
the voices and visions.

Now in the children's  
movements and voices as they grow,  
children whose births I watched

some whose heads I caught  
as they tumbled into this world  
and whose umbilical cords I severed,

I hear the harmony with nature  
I yearned for, the vital  
penetration of sky and earth

into the flesh, knit there,  
patterns that will continue  
into a mystic future.

As the electronic world  
begins to seep into  
even this distant mountain,

there is no escape  
from its invisible sirenic touch,  
but there is a place to stand

and a way to struggle,  
as these nine and the dozens  
that have lived here and left

have struggled and changed themselves  
toward a cooperativeness  
without superstition and authority,

and struggled with the devourers –  
the lumber companies, county government,  
school boards and real estate interests

to be able to merge themselves,  
their need for the land  
with the need of the land for them

until they are their own government,  
their own school and their own religion  
and this land is protected

by this generation  
and the generation  
that is growing here

and these new blessings  
will go on longer  
than the old sins.