

## Frontier Mourning

Here is the meadow where  
wild wind whips weeds  
into a rush of sun-yellow  
blazes of dreams and light  
a hue of flight and freedom  
but man has reached to far  
false stewards have  
stripped bare precious bark  
brandishing the sedentary seeds  
of derelict custodians; abject  
vessels pressuring soul, water, soil  
to relinquish the green gifts  
of form and fragility-  
measured by murky, senseless strata  
the ocean moon melts  
and the meadow mourns  
a shore no longer charmed.