

## The Oaks Late of Dayton Canyon

I dreamed I died and memory returned  
of voices known before and would again.  
Wisdom is their scrip and the things they learned  
came of stillness, growth and elegant pain.

I dreamed I was a rabbit 'long this way  
who heard, "There. Make a home in that hollow."  
I was owl, coyote, predator, prey,  
taught by oaks the things we're not born to know.

Native human educated to hear  
in the shade of the parliament of trees;  
Myth of instinct, they're born with minds wiped clear.  
History came from whispers in the breeze.

Conservation of wisdom is the law  
unbendable by 'dozer or chainsaw.

ES!M  
2/7/15

