



...october 18, 2022...

**i remember schooldays
buried in a thousand rules
that shrunk me to a desk and chair
showing me that i was small –**

**i learned well the memories
of histories and sciences
that never once explained or knew
the heart of truth or consciousness –**

**when change came i cannot say
it came so gradually –
to grow through dandelions and bees
and squirrels and forest mysteries –**

**it took the shades of douglas firs
and the angel wings of birds –
then the breath of whirlwinds
that taught me how to see and believe –**

**where trees attract their insect worlds
with leaves and plants and nests within
schools are reduced to facts
in rooms that never see the sun.**