

Man in the Landscape (for Paul Shepard)

At Houghton Point I once thought
to walk through the woods without changing them,
impossible, but to try,
to reduce the flattery to a minimum.
Would the flowers show themselves?
It was the wrong question.

Or take the landscape as a whole:
there's nothing you can do for a rock
except at the expense of beetles and grass.
Hills need valleys, lakes rivers,
where does the landscape end?

Everything
wants to grow according to its nature.
Every place is itself a living thing.
Where I am I am part of the place.
Walking through the land I am looking for the land
where my tracks will root and grow
behind me.

Sam Moon