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I Come Singing

I come singing
singing down the mountain
climb down jagged black boulders
climb up lichen-covered boulders
work my way across black basalt cliffs.

Red and green succulents grow at my feet,
ask for my care when I walk.
Clumps of grass, flowers, stunted trees
grow from pockets of dirt in rock.

Fir trees grow from open ground, pine trees,
deciduous trees, brush, grasses, flowers
snakes, coyotes, elk, deer
ground squirrels, tree squirrels, mice
hawks, doves, eagles
geese, ducks, insects,
worms,
organisms too small to see.

Small birds sing in flight
from trees.
Hawks stand in trees
and watch.
A black bear follows me
part of the day,
curious to see what I am doing,
what I intend.

I come working
singing to forest
to plants, to animals
to Life, all life, my life.

It has all become the same,

It is the same,
work, song, my life, all life,
Love
Sky, Earth, Animals, Plants, Water
My Work,
My Song,
My Life.