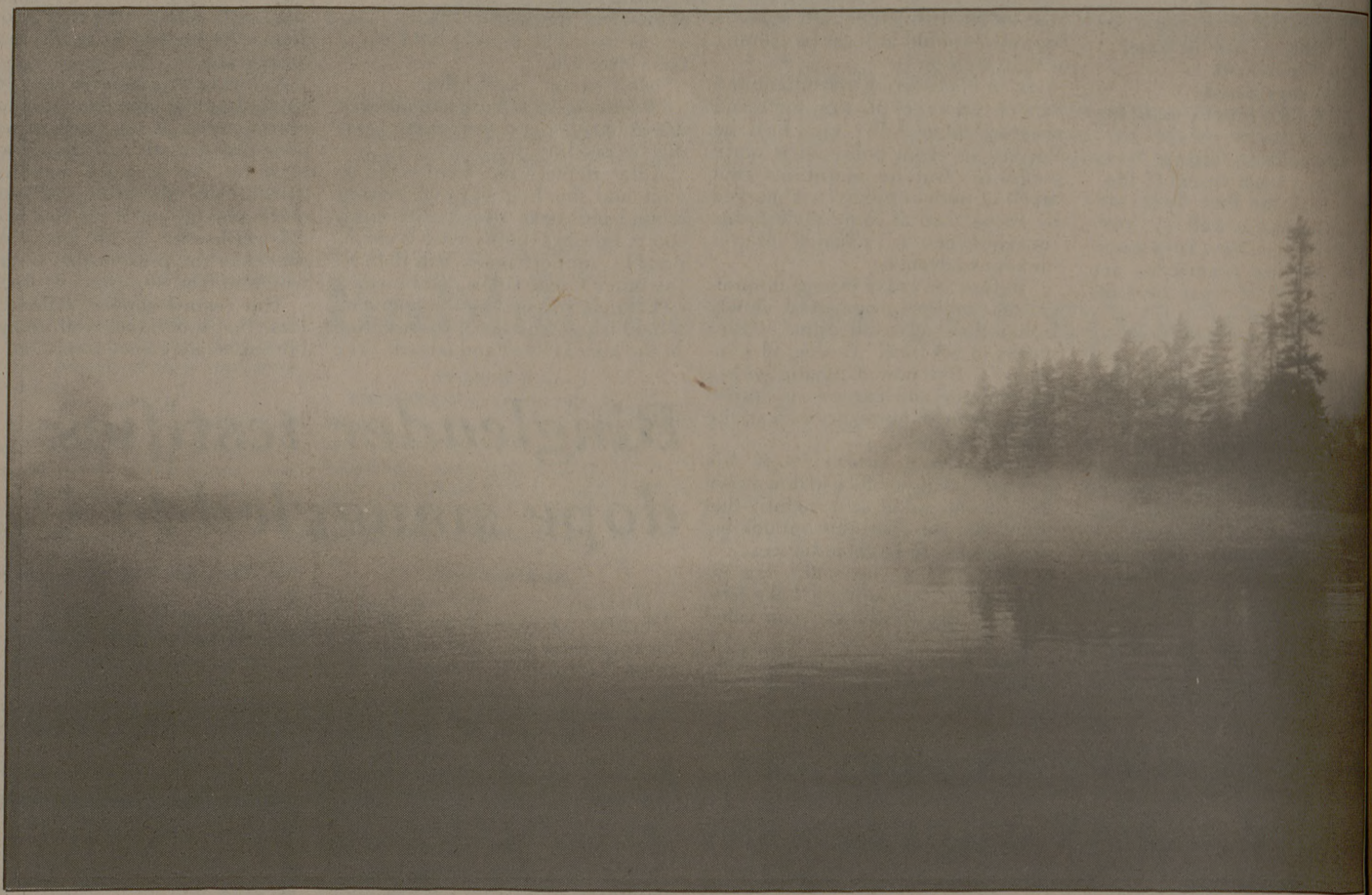


Aperçu

*Morning steam,
rising from the lake;
wooded paths,
where man's footfall
has not been heard
for God knows how long;
a shriek
from water's edge
— a waterfowl disturbed
by fisher's splashy passing;
dew on spiderwebs,
strung up during the night
by a night weaver:*

The forest awakens
to the realities,
not known by most men.

By Gael L. Cooper
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"Two Fingers"