

## ***REDWOODS***

***Misty green  
Rainbearing clouds  
Driftpast your shoulders.  
Massive fingers  
Point ragged at the sky.  
You stand and watch  
Millenia pass by.***

***Red bark crumbles softly.  
- will we feel their passing glory?  
Trees grow slowly  
- wiser as they grow older ?  
Or just more inspiring.***

## ***REDWOODS TOO***

***The big trees are dying  
Naked spears protrude  
    above the forest  
Their tops denuded by acid rain  
Death works it's way down  
    painfully slowly.  
If this were not enough  
The bare-topped hills  
Are stripped in swathes miles wide  
By red-necked greed  
And an inundation of fast-growing foreign firs  
Cater to a nation's paper needs.***

## ***REDWOODS GOING***

***Endless serene and stately columns  
    once made a temple a thousand miles long.  
They once succumbed to storm and fire alone;  
    for little disturbed the aeons of tranquility.  
They now contend with carelessness  
    and drought and litter louts;  
Their only worship, droves of camper vans.  
Their spirit's gone and highways weave  
    between the isolated groves.***