



Ode to Idaho's 1500 Wondrous Wolves

Keepers of rivers, waterways and
cathedrals of splendor –
O, how we of earth honor Ye and
Gitche Manitou!

Shepherd of sacred balance:
elk, beavers, trout, sturgeons,
grizzlies, wolverines, rattlesnakes,
eagles, ravens, hummingbirds,
worms, butterflies, bees.

Earthmen pay homage to thee.

For each spirit knows that the Great Forest,
hand of life,
must gulp and store vast pools of invisible nutritious carboniferous air
to create food, rain, lightning, fire –
The Circle of Life.

Then came insatiable hordes, monotheistic-crazed,
dishonorable, diseased, liquored, pallid skinned.

They wasted buffaloes, broke land, stole horses, ran cattle,
And then Black Gold Fever spiked.

Laws to encourage defiling Mother Earth,
her crystal clear sparkling veins,
pure air, vibrant earth and fecund seas.

The great forests fell, oceans simmered, hell black gold heat reined,
climate fires, bone meal-dry, Potter's fields abound.
More money, less life,
no joy, no wonder, no curiosity,
no soundscapes, no salubrious scents.

Gasping, thirsty, ravenous, emaciated.
Filthy, poisoned Mother Earth veins,
great forests flattened, kith and kin gone,
corals disintegrated.

Addicted to screens,
polluted with noises and nonsense.
O, how fearful Governor Brad Little loathed
those last worthy keepers of rivers, great forests – life.

We of Earth relentlessly rise.
Agitate. Disrupt. Defend.
Overcome Mother-haters.
Repair, cherish,
sanctified shepherd –
The Great Wolf!

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