

In the Hoh National Rain Forest

Moisture gives shelter to this unearthly mound
where mosses drape every species of tree,
and fiddlehead ferns blanket the ground.

In a clearing, Roosevelt elk abound,
and nearby the land drops like a rock to the sea
and an eagle perches not making a sound.

In a glassy stream, chartreuse mosses resound.
Nursery trees nurture the young—two, maybe three—
while fiddlehead ferns uncurl on the ground.

In this place, the rain is so profound
it turns every green, to a shade greener than green,
while above rests an eagle not making a sound.

So fecund this mix, giant conifers astound,
pushed from the earth for no other reason
then to dwarf the fiddlehead ferns on the ground.

The sky lifts the sea and spreads it around
crafting the setting the great mosses need,
while the fiddlehead ferns cover the ground
and the watchful eagle makes barely a sound.

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