

32. Bear Camp Road

The cedar is a well that has become a tree.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& so living on borrowed teeth (& weaning) we head south to Celilo (Wyem) Falls Chief Tommy Thompson watching it fall under water & it's still there, radar says, submerged. The large ghost village still feeding gov't housing first people the shrine now in the hearts of shriners, south we go

over lava now atop cinder cones via red roads & see everything, Three Sisters, Mount Jefferson, Three Fingered Jack, Broken Top, Bachelor, calderas waiting to fire & we living on borrowed teeth await the ancestor avalanche to stunt every settler cancer.

South (still) & west to what was Mazama now a caldera they call a crater un azul beyond Miles, beyond Joni, beyond Patricia Barber bluer than July Cascadia sky bluer than the eyes of Almondina blue a blue that floats Wizard Island, blue on which pine pollen floats in magnetic clouds & watches eagle flyby's and expires blue.

South still & stumble upon Bear Camp Road. A road to the Rogue, a death road. James Kim floating for help in December Big Windy Creek leaving a wife and two daughters at the snow-bound Saab wagon or camper salesman Dewitt Farley not taking chances on his legs (or survival) but puts himself in the hands of his Lord his posthumous journal says, never again a view of the pacific blue beyond Gold Beach. Bear Camp Road, the only route to the Oregon Coast north of California and south of the

Rogue. *Narrow, rugged & crooked. Not suitable for travel in winter.* Bear Camp Road.

Carry water
pack a lunch
or two & update yr
dental records.

9:40A – 7.11.11

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bear_Camp_Road