

Yaquina Bay

Rick Bartow



Bear

CASCADIAN zen

bioregional
writings
on cascadia
here and now

volume one

Paul E. Nelson
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with Theresa Whitehill
editors



Watershed Press
Seattle, Washington, Cascadia
MMXXIII

Three “Dharma Poems”

1.
his vision or not?
gone is the authority
w / which he opened his fan.

2.
raindrops melt in the pond
& it’s hard to say
just what “lineage” is

3.
my faith—
what is it but the ancient dreams
of wild ones in the mountains?

To Boldly Go...

I’ll never stop missing the ducks in the round black pond
in front of Sangha house, or the Salvadoran child who fed them in the
rain

in a red sweatshirt six sizes too big for him
I’ll never cut through nostalgia
stop dreaming about Millbrook, Fourteenth Century Venice
Andalusia, the Orkneys, Crete, or African wisdom
I’ll never stop seeing the harbors of Atlantis cut out of white stone
or licking my lips in the rain to taste again
Lemurian luau on a wilder solstice

I’m a sentimental wombat, unlikely proponent
of emptiness. I keep reaching for alphabets so old
we call them geometries. Or DNA. or quarks.
I’ll never stop trying to make sense of it all
in a wind too cold to think in
nor find my way
out of this magic but chilling California
to something more ample & satisfying—warm

vast subtle generous jungle civilizations
I wanna get back to, transparent & hedonistic

or swim on the edges of galactic time
with a Sufi angel, rampant scarlet & ready

while the lights of the Five Buddha Families play like sheet lightning
around the manifold & I set out
w/the rest of the fleet for more....

—June 1995

I Fail as a Dharma Teacher

I don’t imagine I’ll manage to express Sunyata
in a way that all my students will know & love

or present the Four Noble Truths so they look delicious
 & tempting as Easter candy. My skillful means
 is more like a two by four banging on the head
 of a reluctant diver
 I then go in and save—
 what pyrotechnics!

Alas this life I can't be kind and persuasive
 slip the Twelve-part Chain off hundreds of shackled housewives
 present the Eight-fold Path like the ultimate roadmap
 at all the gas stations in Samsara

But, oh, my lamas, I want to
 how I want to!
 Just to see your old eyes shine in this Kaliyuga
 stars going out around us like birthday candles
 your Empty Clear Luminous and Unobstructed
 Rainbow Bodies
 swimming in and through us all like transparent fish.

Cartography

OUTER

Bow. This part
 is easy. Keep all thoughts even slightly
 questionable to yourself.

It is probably better to
 color within the lines
 cross at the crosswalk. Never stare
 into a stranger's eyes.

On the map
 assume north is
 where they say it is.

INNER

feel the dance, it
 never stops. nor do
 the winds. they blow
 from inside out.

Remember, there *are* 2 norths
 distinguish between them

SECRET

you take
 whatever direction you take.
 Not out of indifference
 or nonchalance.

You love the maps.
 Tho they lied
 they got you here.

MOST SECRET

perhaps you dreamed
 the maps. perhaps you
 burned them. Anyway
 they're not here.

And north is everywhere.

Philip Whalen's Hat

I woke up at about 2:30 this morning and thought about Philip's hat.

It is bright lemon yellow, with a little brim
 all the way around, and a lime green hat band, printed
 with tropical plants.

It sits on top
 of his shaved head. It upstages every thing & every body.
 He bought it at Walgreen's himself.
 I mean it fortunately wasn't a gift from an admirer.
 Otherwise he is dressed in soft blues. And in his hands
 a long wooden string of Buddhist Rosary beads, which he keeps
 moving. I ask him which mantra he is doing—but he tells me
 in *Zen*, you don't have to bother with any of that.
 You can just *play* with the beads.

**Unlimited Growth
 on a Planet of Finite Size**

The brisk spring wind sets in motion the wheel
 of mind restless as five monkeys
 running in place

At least it's entertaining
 when there are dreams of many

 energetically bringing "Zen"

 from India to China to Japan
 to California and New York
 riding on a wave of understanding

 and like sunlight
 arriving without a sound

—April 3, 2010

Take a Deep Breath

Can't seem to get the fire
 started this morning need to add dreams
 so flames rise quick as thoughts
 and drift out

 into the overcast sky
 Mind here and now
 is Buddha says Dōgen

Appearing in front of the bright and temporal poppies
 about to open against the perfume
 of a small gold Narcissus

just searching for information from the air
 waves a gentle moment from tiny plum leaves
 the day with barely an adieu

—March 22, 2012

Wide Mind

Occupies a wide mind, a wide consciousness,
front page, editorial page
The winds of spring are cold and keen from the sea
Can one bring dead people to dinner?
Constantly opening up those dark arms
‘I’m having a ball
sleeping with my skeleton’ Allen
before he dies

A harsh hawk-like call from the cypress hedge entrance
come out come out! I am I am never
been here before See me? Steller Steller

Jay jaunty blue black

‘Do you suppose it’s him?’
‘I was thinking the same thing.’

Day after A.G.’s passing
—Sunday, April 6, 1997

We are the Ancestors

We would still gather
faithfully around
the last standing beam
of Old Man House (1903)

disassembled,
barely eyeing the camera
in our Victorian
collared clothes.

One young man
aside his unicycle,
straight-faced

another
swinging a bat!

#

Casting edges
the pattern
in the shine

it never trails off, when the rock

is shaken
rain will fall

‡

We are here and will find you,

We will comb back through the sky
for all traces, again

it is our pleasure

Starting from Old Man House (What did you learn here?)

for Joy Harjo

How to fall asleep easily on the beach,

to dig clams, to dream a net made of nettles.

A medicine of marsh tea boiled out to the open air,

a memory of cedar bark coiled,

resting for months in cold water

to be fashioned into our so-called lifestyle,

clothes for ceremony

as well as daily life,
canoe bailers,



GC4

diapers,
 we used the wood for our half-mile longhouse and
 totems,
 dried fish, a hard
 smoke wooden oval plates that hooked together
 filled with clear oil of salmon,
 to wet our palates and smooth our bodies.
 A shawl of woolly dog (now extinct)
 they were bred on tiny islands
 we can still identify,

Tatoosh Island off of Cape Flattery where there were whaling tribes too,
 the Makah,
 one of whose villages collapsed,
 preserved in silt (later unearthed) and how else?

Which other ceremonies or necessary edges of objects?

Our ivory needles, otter pelts, mat creasers, our dances.

What else do you remember dreaming of?

A kind of rake to skim the waves, to catch tiny fish on rows of twisted
 nails.

In and around Port Angeles

Crescent was the lake
 and Air-Crest

a motel,
 mind stuck at my sources
 A flimsy strip
 of rooms
 painted,
 spotless insides.
 A blossom curled to its drink
 in the glass jar,
 fluid as past saviors and poet
 explorers
 Philip Whalen
 with the shade
 of Miss Kids
 “Any rough land rises with light”
 A peeling red house
 rotten wood trim
 It felt empty from across the river
 I was a giant
 bent at the waist
 with massive reach
 (through lines of rain)
 combing knots from the fog

clear down
through the pine

tiny points
of bloody
lime ink rejoined

every image
meaning light pressed
the day long...

menacing chord

congested
hall of mosses

bump
and narrow bridge

I fell out alone and

so solid

reciting my crystalline

little head off
in slick
and banded verse,

“O the air

from the valve

that burns

which glyph”

Sourdough Mountain Lookout

Tsung Ping (375–443): “Now I am old and infirm. I fear I shall no more be able to roam among the beautiful mountains. Clarifying my mind, I meditate on the mountain trails and wander about only in dreams.”

—in *The Spirit of the Brush*, tr. by Shio Sakanishi, p. 34

for Kenneth Rexroth

I always say I won't go back to the mountains
I am too old and fat there are bugs mean mules
And pancakes every morning of the world

Mr. Edward Wyman (63)

Steams along the trail ahead of us all
Moaning, “My poor feet ache, my back
Is tired and I've got a stiff prick”
Uprooting alder shoots in the rain

Then I'm alone in a glass house on a ridge
Encircled by chiming mountains
With one sun roaring through the house all day

& the others crashing through the glass all night
 Conscious even while sleeping

Morning fog in the southern gorge
 Gleaming foam restoring the old sea-level
 The lakes in two lights green soap and indigo
 The high cirque-lake black half-open eye

Ptarmigan hunt for bugs in the snow
 Bear peers through the wall at noon
 Deer crowd up to see the lamp
 A mouse nearly drowns in the honey
 I see my bootprints mingle with deer-foot
 Bear-paw mule-shoe in the dusty path to the privy

Much later I write down:

“raging. Viking sunrise
 The gorgeous death of summer in the east!”
 (Influence of a Byronic landscape—
 Bent pages exhibiting depravity of style.)

Outside the lookout I lay nude on the granite
 Mountain hot September sun but inside my head
 Calm dark night with all the other stars

HERACLITUS: “The waking have one common world
 But the sleeping turn aside
 Each into a world of his own.”

I keep telling myself what I really like
 Are music, books, certain land and sea-scapes
 The way light falls across them, diffusion of
 Light through agate, light itself...I suppose
 I’m still afraid of the dark

“Remember smart-guy there’s something
 Bigger something smarter than you.”
 Ireland’s fear of unknown holies drives
 My father’s voice (a country neither he
 Nor his great-grandfather ever saw)

A sparkly tomb a plated grave
 A holy thumb beneath a wave

Everything else they hauled across Atlantic
 Scattered and lost in the buffalo plains
 Among these trees and mountains

From Duns Scotus to this page
 A thousand years

(“...a dog walking on this hind legs—
 not that he does it well but that he
 does it at all.”)

Virtually a blank except for the hypothesis
 That there is more to a man
 Than the contents of his jock-strap

EMPEDOCLES: “At one time all the limbs
 Which are the body’s portion are brought together
 By Love in blooming life’s high season; at another
 Severed by cruel Strife, they wander each alone
 By the breakers of life’s sea.”

Fire and pressure from the sun bear down
 Bear down centipede shadow of palm-frond
 A limestone lithograph—oysters and clams of stone
 Half a black rock bomb displaying brilliant crystals

Fire and pressure Love and Strife bear down
Brontosaurus, look away

My sweat runs down the rock

HERACLITUS: “The transformations of fire
are, first of all, sea; and half of the sea
is earth, half whirlwind....
It scatters and it gathers; it advances
and retires.”

I move out of a sweaty pool
(The sea!)
And sit up higher on the rock

Is anything burning?

The sun itself! Dying
Pooping out, exhausted
Having produced brontosaurus, Heraclitus
This rock, me,
To no purpose
I tell you anyway (as a kind of loving)...
Flies & other insects come from miles around
To listen
I also address the rock, the heather,
The alpine fir

BUDDHA: “All the constituents of being are
Transitory: Work out your salvation with diligence.”

(And everything, as one eminent disciple of that master
Pointed out, had been tediously complex ever since.)

There was a bird
Lived in an egg
And by ingenious chemistry
Wrought molecules of albumen
To beak and eye
Gizzard and craw
Feather and claw

My grandmother said:
“Look at them poor bed-
ragged pigeons!”

And the sign in McAlister Street:

“IF YOU CAN’T COME IN
SMILE AS YOU GO BY
L♥VE
THE BUTCHER

I destroy myself, the universe (an egg)
And time—to get an answer:
There are a smiler, a sleeper and a dancer

We repeat the conversation in the glittering dark
Floating beside the sleeper.
The child remarks, “You knew it all the time.”
I: “I keep forgetting that the smiler is
Sleeping; the sleeper, dancing.”

From Sauk Lookout two years before
Some of the view was down the Skagit
To Puget Sound: From above the lower ranges,
Deep in the forest—lighthouses on clear nights.

This year's rock is a spur from the main range
 Cuts the valley in two and is broken
 By the river; Ross Dam repairs the break,
 Makes trolley buses run
 Through the streets of dim Seattle far away.

I'm surrounded by mountains here
 A circle of 108 beads, originally seeds
 of *ficus religiosa*
 Bo-Tree
 A circle, continuous, one odd bead
 Larger than the rest and bearing
 A tassel (hair-tuft) (the man who sat
 under the tree)
 In the center of the circle,
 a void, an empty figure containing
 All that's multiplied;
 Each bead a repetition, a world
 Of ignorance and sleep.

Today is the day the goose gets cooked
 Day of liberation for the crumbling flower
 Knobcone pinecone in the flames
 Brandy in the sun

Which, as I said, will disappear
 Anyway it'll be invisible soon
 Exchanging places with stars now in my head
 To be growing rice in China through the night.
 Magnetic storms across the solar plains
 Make Aurora Borealis shimmy bright
 Beyond the mountains to the north.

Closing the lookout in the morning
 Thick ice on the shutters
 Coyote almost whistling on a nearby ridge
 The mountain is THERE (between two lakes)
 I brought back a piece of its rock
 Heavy dark-honey color
 With a seam of crystal, some of the quartz
 Stained by its matrix
 Practically indestructible
 A shift from opacity to brilliance
 (The Zenbos say, "Lightening-flash & flint-spark")
 Like the mountains where it was made

What we see of the world is the mind's
 Invention and the mind
 Though stained by it, becoming
 Rivers, sun, mule-dung, flies—
 Can shift instantly
 A dirty bird in a square time

Gone
 Gone
 REALLY gone
 Into the cool
 O MAMA!

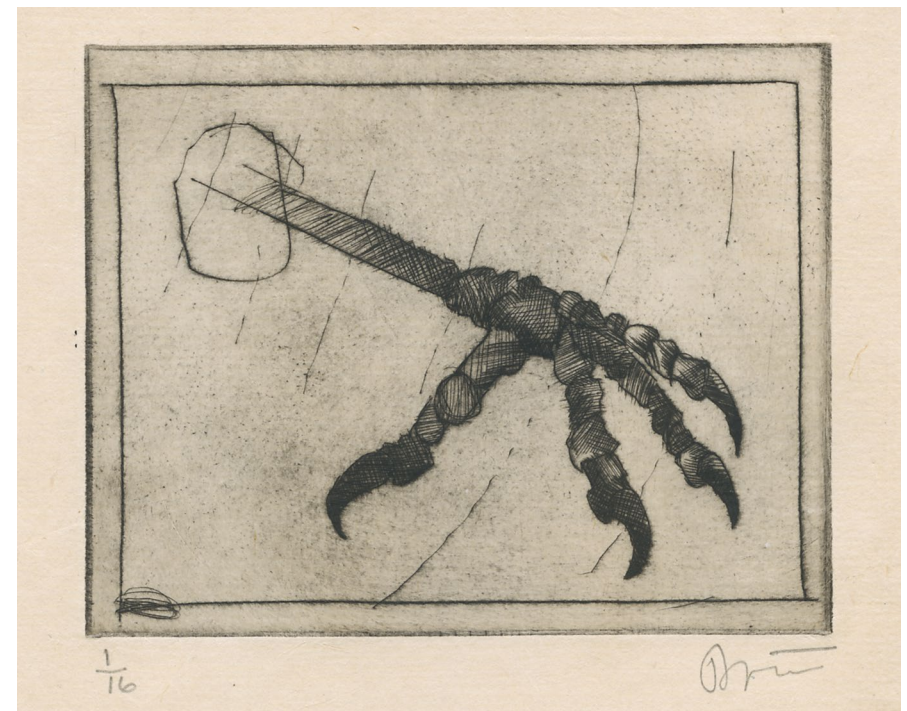
Like they say, "Four times up,
 Three times down." I'm still on the mountain.

Mahayana

Soap cleans itself the way ice does,
Both disappear in the process.
The questions of “Whence” & “Whither” have no validity here.

Mud is a mixture of earth and water
Imagine WATER as an “Heavenly” element
Samsara and nirvana are one:

Flies in amber, sand in the soap
Dirt and red algae in the ice
Fare thee well, how very delightful to see you here again!



Left Foot

Yaquina Bay
Rick Bartow

Mid-August at Sourdough Mountain Lookout

Down valley a smoke haze
Three days heat, after five days rain
Pitch glows on the fir-cones
Across rocks and meadows
Swarms of new flies.

I cannot remember things I once read
A few friends, but they are in cities.
Drinking cold snow-water from a tin cup
Looking down for miles
Through high still air.

For Philip Zenshin Whalen

d. 26 June 2002

(and for 33 pine trees)

Load of logs
chains cinched down and double-checked
The truck heads slowly up the hill

I bow *namaste* and farewell
these ponderosa pine
whose air and rain and sun we shared

for thirty years,
struck by beetles needles
turning rusty brown,
and moving on.

—decking, shelving, siding,
stringers, studs, and joists,

*I will think of you pines from this mountain
As you shelter people in the Valley
Years to come*

Where

Shoot an arrow into the
secret heart of the monster
I once said. But the Airports,
Skyscrapers Markets had no secrets
just more places that won't die.

No use shooting there—

Seek the *secret heart*.
The core, the center, of the monster's power
—not where we thought. It's elsewhere,
hidden in a harmless-looking spot

If you've wiped somebody's nose,
untied a knot, searched for a lost key

maybe a little bird
 or mouse will point
 and whisper in your ear

shoot there

Atomic Dawn

The day I first climbed Mt. St. Helens was August 13, 1945.

Spirit Lake was far from the cities of the valley and news came slow. Though the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima August 6 and the second dropped on Nagasaki August 9, photographs didn't appear in the Portland Oregonian until August 12. Those papers must have been driven in to Spirit Lake on the 13th. Early the morning of the 14th I walked over to the lodge to check the bulletin board. There were whole pages of the paper pinned up: photos of a blasted city from the air, the estimate of 150,000 dead in Hiroshima alone, the American scientist quoted as saying "nothing will grow there again for seventy years." The morning sun on my shoulders, the fir forest smell and the big tree shadows; feet in thin moccasins feeling the ground, and my heart still one with the snowpeak mountain at my back. Horrified, blaming scientists and politicians and the governments of the world, I swore a vow to myself, something like, "By the purity and beauty and permanence of Mt. St. Helens, I will fight against this cruel destructive power and those who would seek to use it, for all my life."

1980: Letting Go

Centuries, years and months of—

let off a little steam
 cloud up and sizzle
 growl stamp-dance
 quiver swell, glow
 glare bulge

swarms of earthquakes, tremors, rumbles

she goes

8.32 AM 18 May 1980

superheated steams and gasses
 white-hot crumbling boulders lift and fly in a
 burning sky-river wind of
 searing lava droplet hail,
 huge icebergs in the storm, exploding mud,
 shoots out flat and rolls a swelling billowing
 cloud of rock bits,
 crystals, pumice, shards of glass
 dead ahead blasting away—
 a heavenly host of tall trees goes flat down
 lightning dances through the giant smoke

a calm voice on the two-way
 ex-navy radioman and volunteer
 describes the spectacle—then
 says, the hot black cloud is
 rolling toward him—no way
 but wait his fate

a photographer's burnt camera
full of half melted pictures,
three fallers and their trucks
chainsaws in black, tumbled gray and still,
two horses swept off struggling in hot mud
a motionless child laid back in a stranded ashy pickup

roiling earth-gut-trash cloud tephra twelve miles high
ash falls like snow on wheatfields and orchards to the east
five hundred Hiroshima bombs

in Yakima, darkness at noon

Bodhisattva Vows

BODHISATTVA VOWS TO BE THE LAST ONE OFF
THE SINKING SHIP—YOU SIGN UP & FIND OUT IT'S
FOREVER—PASSENGER LIST ENDLESS—SHIP
NEVER EMPTIES—SHIP KEEPS SINKING BUT
DOESN'T GO QUITE UNDER—ON BOARD ANGST
PANIC & DESPERATION HOLD SWAY—TURNS
OUT BODHISATTVAHOOD IS A FUCKING JOB LIKE
ANY OTHER BUT DIFFERENT IN THAT THERE'S NO
WEEKENDS HOLIDAYS VACATIONS NO GOLDEN
YEARS OF RETIREMENT—YOU'RE SPENDING ALL
YOUR TIME & ENERGY GETTING OTHER PEOPLE
OFF THE SINKING SHIP INTO LIFEBOATS BOUND
GAILY FOR NIRVANA WHILE THERE YOU ARE
SINKING—& OF COURSE YOU HAD TO GO & GIVE
YOUR LIFE JACKET AWAY—SO NOW LET US BE
CHEERFUL AS WE SINK—OUR SPIRIT EVER
BUOYANT AS WE SINK

On August 6, 1945, during World War II (1939–45), an American B-29 bomber dropped the world’s first deployed atomic bomb over the Japanese city of Hiroshima. The explosion wiped out 90 percent of the city and immediately killed 80,000 people; tens of thousands more would later die of radiation exposure. Three days later, a second B-29 dropped another A-bomb on Nagasaki, killing an estimated 40,000 people. Japan’s Emperor Hirohito announced his country’s unconditional surrender in World War II in a radio address on August 15, citing the devastating power of “a new and most cruel bomb.” —*history.com*

heart sūtra fragment 1

august 6–9, 2018

before sleep because form

because in Hiroshima everything
including horses burned
no color no sound
because headlines again read war
cruelty stupid torture waste

I need you
green and joyous river not yet grown old,
where sunlight skims surfaces and for a moment
lies down does not stay

because emptiness

flows into late summer, less quickly now
I need you, deep and cooler pools in your silted bends
I need you, thicketed small birds
the smell of leaves dragged in water
something unnamed, unexpressed

practicing deeply the wisdom

beyond wisdom

because although you are no longer form, remind me
with brilliant fragments
clouds bird wings slow chords
your voice your mouth both
resolution source

gone beyond and beyond and beyond

heart sūtra fragment 3

for arthur mcgee, d. July 8, 2018

the red thread the damaged heart
no suffering no cause no cessation no path

this morning I must love
 the uncontrollable 10,000 things

 red tea in a glass
 adamant ravens their cries outside
 the stain of blue fruit from a half-eaten pie
 piles of unread books
 the couch where you sat

when I took the blurred photo Thanksgivings ago
 used this year for your funeral

*no smell no sound no taste no touch
 no old age and death and also no extinction of them
 no suffering no cause of suffering*

“I’m always angry,” you said
no cessation no path

you died alone “of natural causes” at 51 were
 found on your littered floor the body livid ashy

“a proud Black man” your friends said
 but did we somehow fail you, Makani asked me

can anything now be saved
 from the fire the sea levels rising

heart sūtra fragment 5

gate, gate, paragate, parasamgate
 small and large vessels navigate

mountains and rivers
 creeks, spillways, marshes, sloughs

trickledowns and whitewaters
 gravity is impersonal we all return to ground

but tonight I think rebirth
 is simply this: from these small vessels, our bodies

we naturally overturn and spill out
 into vastness and return

unsui, lit.:
 cloud water

ten years ago, when the injection
 instantly stopped our sick cat’s heart

she was ready, crying in pain the night before
 and I wrote my child of this small death

*she has returned
 fully trusting
 to the Source*

heart sūtra fragment 7

...my dream of you is not yet over.
 —Montale, “The Prisoner’s Dream”

*all dharmas are marked with boundlessness
 do not appear or disappear do not increase or decrease*

at the funeral in the jazz nightclub in Oakland
 for a civil rights attorney
 I recited
 the Diamond Sūtra’s last verse

tonight, from memory, I hear

*like a flash of lightning
 in a summer storm, foam on a wave,
 a dewdrop, or a dream
 so should we look on
 all conditioned things—*

it says we should

but I am as yet unable

so today, in the lines, on the ground
 that is always burning, this prayer

Creator of my life, grant me
 freedom from greed

give me eyes to see
 the radiant mountain the compassionate sea

have not been dreamed
 by me alone

**unpredictably:
 a thank you note**

Unpredictably, it was brilliantly sunny
 though I’d packed for winter rain and mud on the trail
 through wild mustard and lacy masses of green hemlock
 with their purplish scooped stalks—opening

to the crisply churning long line of surf,
 and, quieter closer in, the edge of Her body, the sea.
 And how was it possible, from what little we’d packed in,
 before we spread my father, my mother’s ashes in the sea

that you made the smallest of fires, and tea
 tasting like tree resin, warm soil, another country’s rain,
 then thirteen years of patience?—definable:
 the long and faithful wait, but not its grace.

*for Chris Lauf
 Point Reyes National Seashore
 Kehoe Beach
 —February 17, 2019*

Cascadian Zen Haiku

snow thaw
crossing a stream
at the intersection

Buddha statue
on the altar
the young monk picks his nose

morning birdsong
so much bigger
than feathers

Fourth of July
the scent of barbequing
forests

Kubota memorial
the heart stone
still beating

another birthday
counting the
ancient tree rings

winter retreat
peeing outside the cabin
another full moon

snail on my doorstep
you arriving
me departing

deep winter
even in sadness
morning star

berry season
the plump ripe one
just out of reach



Platter

Seattle Zen

The crane
some weeks later
took itself apart
after putting
itself together—

how convenient
if we could follow suit,
readying our atoms

for the self's reboot.

CASCADIAN Zen

Cascadian Zen: Bioregional Writings on Cascadia Here and Now, Volume 1

Cascadian Zen was typeset in Dante and Adobe Caslon Pro with titling in Albertsthal Typewriter and Franklin Gothic, Han characters in Adobe Kaiti, and ornaments in Mrs Eaves. The book was printed on 80# book paper and perfectbound into soft covers, including a tipped-in fold-out map. A portion of the run was casebound in cloth over boards with foil stamping and tipped-on image.

The Dante font in *Cascadian Zen* was customized for the publication by Robert Bringhurst to include language support for the Coast Salish languages, Greek, and romanized Sanskrit and Arabic.

Additional Copyediting and Proofreading: Ursula Vaira

Design, Typography, and Production: Theresa Whitehill, Adrienne Simpson, and Sarah McKinley, Colored Horse Studios, Mendocino County, California, www.coloredhorse.com

The fold-out map, “EcoRegions of Cascadia,” is based on the map that originally appears as a special inset on “The Ish River-Lillooet Country with The Salish Sea Map-Atlas,” copyright © 2022, David McCloskey, Cascadia Institute, available from Cascadia-institute.org; used with permission. The map was customized for *Cascadian Zen* by Colored Horse Studios. Additional cartography consulting was provided by Sarah Lewis MacDonald of Envision Geo, www.envisiongeo.com.

Watershed Press Logo by Roberta Hoffman, www.robertahoffman.com

Printing & Softcover Bindery: Gray Dog Press, Spokane, Washington

Hardcover Bindery: P-Dinh Oregon Bookbinding, Portland, Oregon

About the Publisher

Watershed Press is based on the tenets of bioregionalism—the opposite of colonialism.

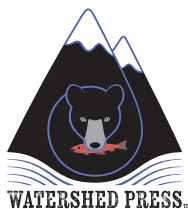
We publish work awakening the diversity of place in all manifestations.

Watershed Press is the imprint of Cascadia Poetics Lab.

For information on purchasing books and other inquiries:

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volume one