

CHARLES GOODRICH

Faith in Seeds

Up on the ladder,
I'm cleaning the gutters,
pausing occasionally to admire
the flight of the samaras
as they helicopter down from the maple tree.

Each ripe seed
is a one-winged bird
fluttering to the ground,
or a tiny boat with a single oar, striking out
toward an uncertain shore.

I've read that willows are migrating north
and *Mola mola*, the ocean sunfish,
usually confined to the tropics,
have been found swimming in Alaskan waters.
The permafrost itself
may soon turn to mud
and go slumping off into the sea.

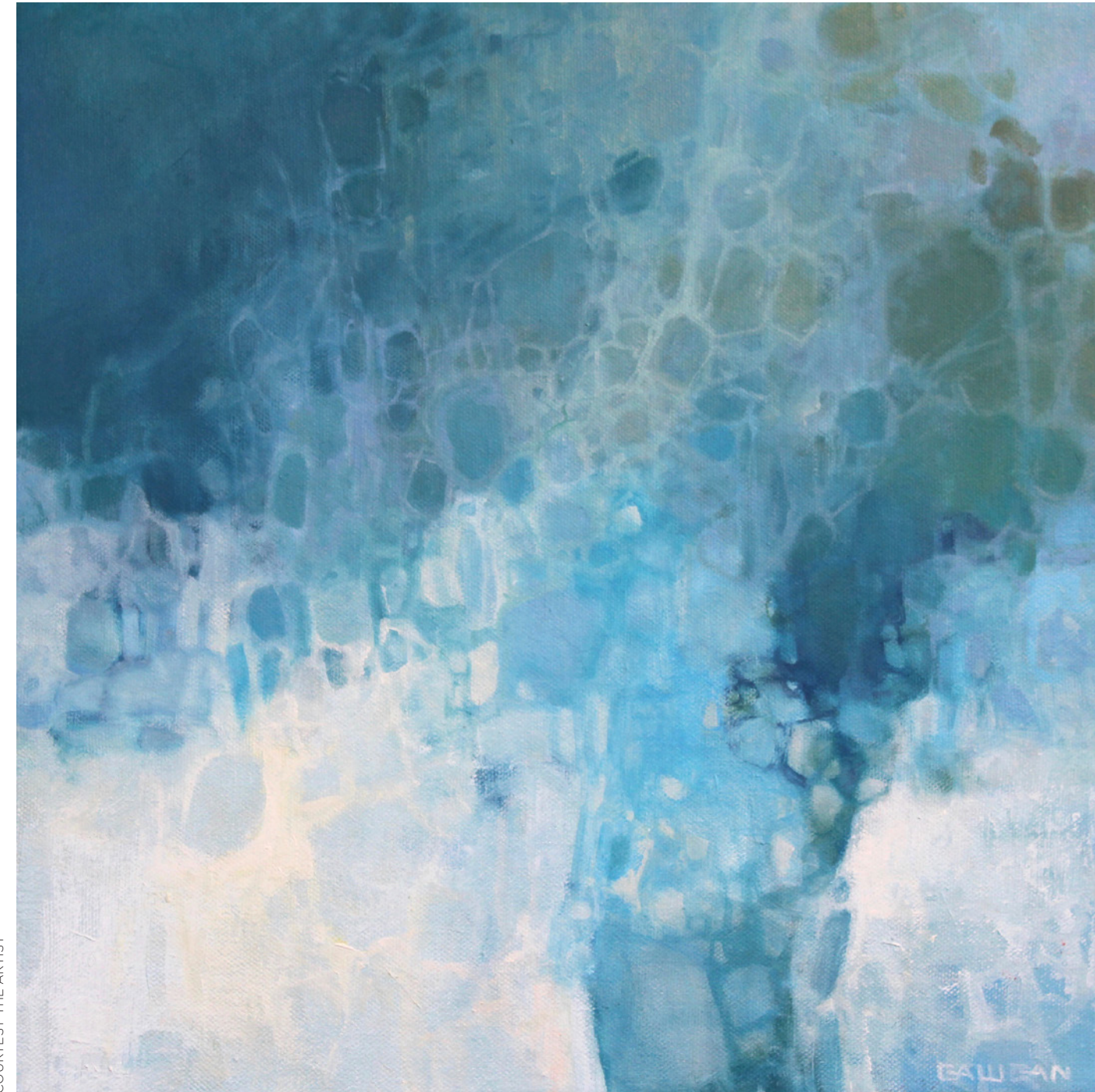
This old tree
has unleashed a storm of seeds this autumn
as if lightening its limbs
for a difficult trip.

But we're going to tough it out
right here, the maple and me.
We're going to keep on
squeezing out samaras
and poems
even if they just stutter and twirl
through the weak, late-afternoon sunlight,
rarely sailing far from the tree.

Charles Goodrich is the author of three books of poetry, *A Scripture of Crows*; *Going to Seed: Dispatches from the Garden*; and *Insects of South Corvallis*, and a collection of essays, *The Practice of Home*. He has coedited two anthologies, *Forest Under Story: Creative Inquiry in an Old-Growth Forest* and *In the Blast Zone: Catastrophe and Renewal on Mount St. Helens*. For many years he supported his poetry habit by working as a professional gardener, and he recently retired from his post as director of the Spring Creek Project for Ideas, Nature, and the Written Word.

KATHLEEN GALLIGAN

Ice Dream: Spring Thaw, 2018
Oil on canvas, 12 x 12 in



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