

Finding Nature, Finding Love

Daniel S. Helman

Prescott College

Abstract: Camping in the national forest is recounted via a poem, replete with rhyme, relation, and rapture.

Keywords: nature poem, camping, national forest, alternative lifestyle, love

Daniel S. Helman received his bachelor's degree from UCLA in Aesthetics: The Search for Beauty, an individual major, in 1994 and has been active as a fine artist since then, in addition to work as an adult school teacher and geoscientist. He currently lives near Pasadena, California, and is engaged in several projects, including editing a special topic issue on lightning for energy and material uses with The Open Renewable Energy Journal, in addition to doctoral studies in sustainability education. Contact him via email if you like: danielhelmanteaching at yahoo dot com.

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There is but time to rest and call
Upon the world and stones withal
How numerous have been the days
Wherein, tired, full of haze
I have worked at this device
Computer-aided paradise.

Though never had I hoped to be
As thoughtless as I, to some, must seem
Yet, I wonder, is it all uncouth
To be relieved of job, home, roof
And travel as I do
Camping, vessel, true.

I sleep where others would not think
Upon a road that harbors bat and skink
And bear and coyote and fox and crow
These neighbors, and most I do not know
Thankfully, I pray
To find respite, respect in each day.

I do not know if I am mad
To take my place, a mobile pad
Among the trees and greenery
Where life is as it used to be
Wild, with animals hunting
Each other, and humans grunting.

The hunters are out now in full force
Men with hats and cammies and much worse
Lying in wait for hours on end
Hoping to shoot a deer and rend
The meat, to food
And bones, all glued.

I'd overheard a conversation early one day,
Between ranger and the man commissioned to stay
And remove weeds to clear the fire roads,
But, "with herbicide" make it barren nodes
That all appear
For years and years.

In the National Forest, that's not the way
To preserve wildlife or fen, I'd say

And so I took myself to the building where
The headquarters are, and standing square
In front of two receptionists
Asked them for an ear, the gist.

I told them all, and how, as well
The worker had given me to his spell,
Explaining his method for clearing paths
While waiting earlier, for the ranger's maths.
They at the HQ were surprised
And worked to fix what I'd apprised.

But, gee, what rangers would do that?
For a day or two my head was fat
With worry over what might be
Since I'd left my name, and happy to see
Myself protect the forest
My home—I do adore it.

I'm not running much, nor meditating
Only half the days this week were baiting
Me to continue with my planned work
Of transforming all, avoiding irk.
But I've not done much
Upflung is my routine, I clutch.

A day or two, I'd sat with joy
And had a sense of life as toy
With me intact and facing work
That would fill the soul with happy smirk
A way forward
Going ever to light, toward.

I wonder how long will I last in the woods
Sleeping in my car, with few worldly goods,
And little income to give me joy
But only one thing I know, ahoy
That of work and screen
Computer work, that's where I've been.

But it is good to meditate, and to run
To share time with friends, and aim at fun
And never care what future is lost
And never mind the temporal cost
But travel, readily, forward
Coming to love, slowly toward.

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