

[may the word] speak

may the wood



for itself

MAY THE WOOD AND THE WORD SPEAK FOR THEIR SELVES



Kate Boesser: line-poet, Gustavus.

Patrick Marsh: word-poet, Gastineau Channel.

Sid Othneil Morgan: word-poet, Juneau.

Barley Roderick: editor, Port Chilkoot.



ARCHIPELAGO



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the illustrations are all woodblock and line drawing by kate.
the poetry begins with patrick and alternates with sid to the end.
barley did the introduction and post scriptum.
and since higher math eluded us like frightened horse clams, the
pages possess no numbers (nor do they need to!) and we possess
no zip codes.

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LAND CLAIMS IN MAINE — 1976

Down in the State of Maine there's a lands claim from the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes. Maine is about the size of our Archipelago; it's mostly forests, rivers, and seashores; and just as the U.S. Forest Service has maintained large tracts of wilderness in the Tongass National Forest, the Eastern timber companies have maintained forests on 75% of Maine.

Thus, the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot now have lands of spruce and bear—similar to what it was like in the time of Captain John Smith. The Maine tribes are suing for two-thirds of the State, valued at about \$25 billion. It's a peculiar tale about timber companies saving the State of Maine for the Algonquin and Egyptian tribes . . . Egyptian?! . . . yup, just listen:

SPRUCE PULP AND THE PYRAMIDS

French and English lords, bureaucrats, and businessmen quarrelled over Maine lands since the 1600's. By 1870, when the Huguenots and Norridgewocks, Passamaquoddy and Irish, Penobscots and Scots had it all settled, the Industrial Revolution caught up to these forests and seas, and these folks living their lives from the lands.

Most of the native white pine had already been cut down for ships' masts, and the remaining white pine were too isolated and convulsed with decrepit cracks to be profitable. In these days of "natural" management, stands of spruce had slunk back in, quickly followed by the paper industry. The bureaucrats in Boston, the Hearst Empire in New York, the gentle ladies of San Francisco, and the gentlemen of London all craved spruce products—newspaper, toilet-paper, and toothpicks. As usual, technology locked arms with mother nature to breed dollars. The pulp rush was on. But, one entrepreneur in this weird era of Grant, Gould, and Sheldon Jackson could not get all the spruce he needed for his mill. Awed with the booming trade in toothpicks and toiletpaper, this fella contracted with the Anglo-Egyptian government and the British Museum for excess mummies from the pyramids. Several shiploads are reported to have unloaded in Penobscot Bay—a funeral procession of 6,000 years and 6,000 miles to end up in a pulp mill as papyrus mash; the whirled-off wrappings provided pulp cheaper than what the spruce from the East Branch of the Penobscot could!

GOLD! — 1876

Just after the California gold strike at Sutter's Mill in California; and just before Chief Kowee, Joe Juneau, and Dick Harris stumbled up Gold Creek in our Archipelago; a gold rush started on this same Penobscot Bay of Maine. Some fishermen discovered gold-streaked rock down by Blue Hill. They tucked this rocky sunshine in a pack and toted it to a nearby tavern. A bleary-eyed 49er fumbled it between his old fingers and mumbled "A-yep, that's gold—I rec'll't it from Califormee—but me a beer, 'kay. . ." Some things never change. The rush was on. Wall Street rushed first, then the prospectors and businessmen, and finally the miners. When the U.S. Geological Survey told the miners that they were busting their backs over a very highgrade, motherlode of pyrite, well . . . the boom burst like a constipated jellyfish.

CHOLERA!

At this time of mummy and pyrite speculation, the U.S. Marine Hospital Service got to looking at a small cholera epidemic in this Penobscot Bay region. They traced it to dormant cholera germs in "them foul, foreign mummies at the pulp mill," and shut down both the mine and the mill. That put the lid on pyramid pulp and pyrite mines in Maine . . . in 1878 and thereafter. . .

but . . .
. . . how's that tie-in with native land claims?

LAND CLAIMS IN MAINE — 2076

Well, it's for certain that ladies blew their pristine noses on 5,000-year-old toilet paper; and that editions of the New York Herald were printed for a time on the same fabric used by scribes in the **Egyptian Book of the Dead**—manuscript that had guided Pharaohs to the Other-world had also guided Jay Gould to Wall Street. But where'd the corpses go after the papyrus wrappings became paper? What'll happen in another century when an archeologist, fresh from the schoolhouse and ignorant of this folk history from Penobscot Bay, starts turning up IX Dynasty Egyptian bodies? . . .

"Egyptians Discover America!"

Will a lands claim come from Cairo? Will the Egyptian natives in 2076 find; as their Alaskan, European, and Maine cousins have already found: that justice and the law are merely beauty and the beast?

ONCE THE FAINT FOREST HIGHWAY

Once the faint forest highway
Whispered, follow me please
I've deer in my meadows
and bear in my trees
I've summits for vision
and valleys for thought
I've beaches for combing
and springs bathing hot.
I've cracks in these mountains
Where you can always find snow
I've sheer granite cliffs
Where the wildest winds blow.
I've mist monsters rising
From the muskeg's deep mire
and a million new thoughts
come to every campfire
I'll provide your diversions,
your excitement and rest
You'll find all you need
On my mountains high crest

But I can't heed forest whispers
They're just too damn naive
It's a too perfect picture
for me to believe.
I want also smooth engines
and the language of math,
the magic of music
and voices that laugh.

...of the ...
...
...



...
...
...
...

tonight i write from a place enclosed by mountains
some of which rage at being there
stuck to the land

statues of sunlight and granite
and grace

that remember the early fire
and embers of the earth

and i live in a place surrounded by mountains
where the sea barely reaches the land
in a cosmic tongue
stretched to
its fullest
passion

and the feeling of old fire
heats the ground
filled with a mountain tension
of mountains wrenching away
from this land and gravity of this land
where only hardy and sulphurous and innocent
things survive__



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1963

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1963

ON THE RIVER OF EAGLES

on the river of eagles
between mountains of needles
in the lee of cruel Haida Sound
I was sailing a dory
cold wet and sorry
new snow was a cloak on the ground
I'm a little ship sailor
just a salmon creek whaler
thought I to the water's cold swirl
then from the Alder
I was hailed by a caller
in the form of a young Tlingit girl
I high beached the good boat
lit up some Joe Smoke
lashed down what gear that I had
You could see by just looking
biscuits were cooking
and coffee was boiling like mad

A tent and a fire
and a social desire
perhaps we could strike us a deal
I made myself handy
broke out some brandy
sat down to a fair hardy meal
It soon started snowing
and the wind it was blowing
with one place only to go
so into the shelter
I felt her and smelled her
we smoked us a little more Joe



**No sleep on that night
in a candle's pale light
two stories were lengthy told
the morning broke clear
no weather to fear
on the waves again
feeling quite bold**

**DID YOU SEE THE MISTRESS WIDOW
DRESSED IN BLACK
SITTING THERE BY THE WINDOW**

**somewhere
far out in open sky
flies a soul**

**far outbound
from the many rims
of discs transformed
like flattened raindrops
into spheres
which light the sky
of universe**

**the soul
cruising its homeland**

**and then one soul
burning into the earth
like smoke
escaping incense**

**and whatever
materializes for you
is smoke
from that burning**

**i see the fire
i see the light
i feel it burning**

**but death should come in the winter time
not spring
not spring
not spring__**



**SAID TO THE WOODCHOPPER
BY THE WOODCHOPPER'S SONS**

said to the woodchopper
by the woodchopper's sons

Look about you dear father
to all the harm that we've done
this was the great forest of a planet
still young
where will the new forests get
their nourishment from

Sit down my children
right here in the sun
we'll ponder this problem
though our work's not begun
We take only deadwood
the tangled wind blown
we save it from rotting
to use in our home



Here's for the shingles
and comfortable beds
and the warm caps
we wear on our heads
now for the biscuits
and for our shoes
and for some brandy to chase
off the blues

We're cheating the insects
now this is quite true
but by stealing from termites
we have what we do
I came here to chop
so I'll chop til I'm done
so said the woodchopper
to the woodchopper's sons



HE WHO SHUFFLES SUFFERING AS HE GOES

preface

he is old
his dreams skimmed off
like algae in water
run through a sieve
where only body shrugs
survive gesture
diminishing him

1

the masochist man
with his cardboard face
who would drown in a teaspoon
of his own urine
who relieves himself
& expects some award
for his contribution of salt

2

left handed gyroscope
made in japan
kamakazi grief man
ash cacoon & stale chocolate
brittle to the touch man

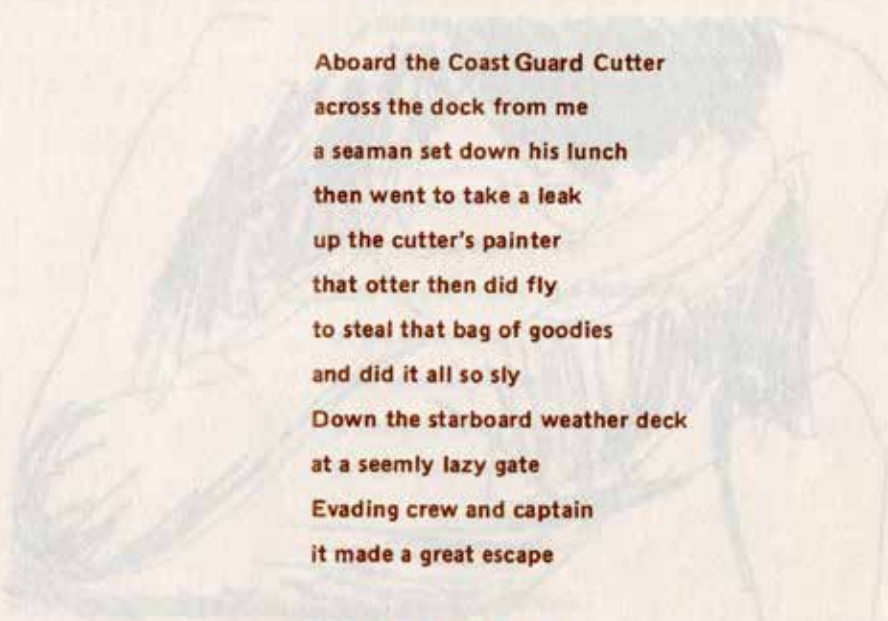
3

moth balls eye mann
curdled hands man__



ONCE I MET AN OTTER

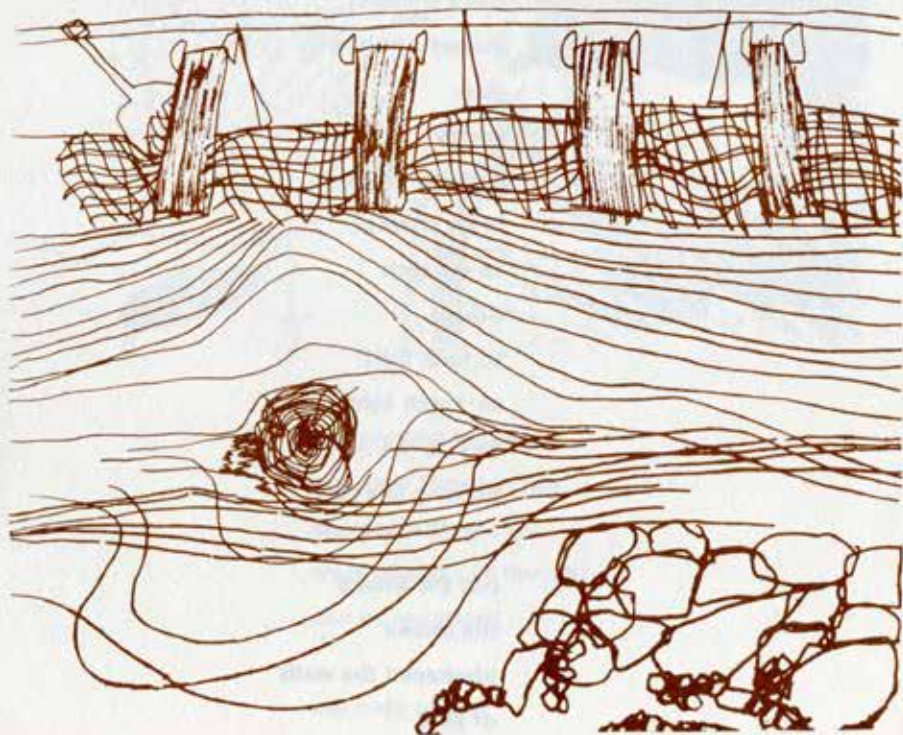
Once I met an otter
it climbed onto my float
to nibble on a fresh caught fish
I watched it while I smoked
I didn't move a muscle
'cept for puffing on my pipe
it stayed close to the water
until the moment ripe



Aboard the Coast Guard Cutter
across the dock from me
a seaman set down his lunch
then went to take a leak
up the cutter's painter
that otter then did fly
to steal that bag of goodies
and did it all so sly
Down the starboard weather deck
at a seemly lazy gate
Evading crew and captain
it made a great escape

It dove into the water
in teeth the booty clamped
I chuckled because it got away
to feed upon my ramp
Two hard boiled eggs one cup cake
some bread and a piece of meat
it appeared to be enjoying
that pilfered human's treat

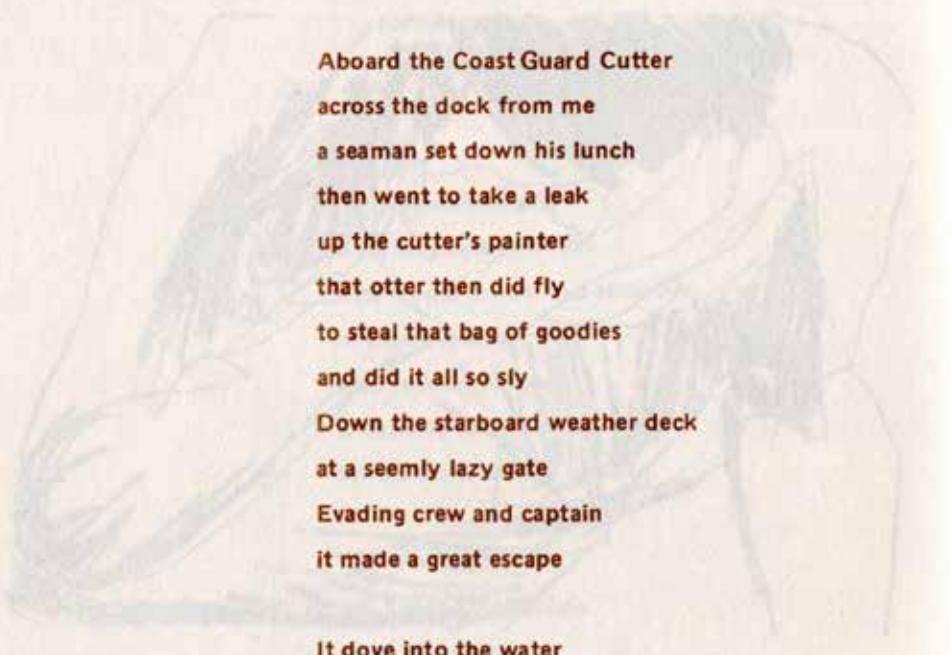
My heart went to that creature
of courage truly proved
I slowly went to light my pipe
& was spotted when I moved
it snapped into the water
took refuge in the brine
When I went to pick up the mess
a strange treasure did I find
A marijuana cigarette
a very well rolled joint
the middle firm & even
the ends spun to a point



Again I saw that otter
Again it climbed my float
Again it eyed the Cutter
I watched it while I smoked

ONCE I MET AN OTTER

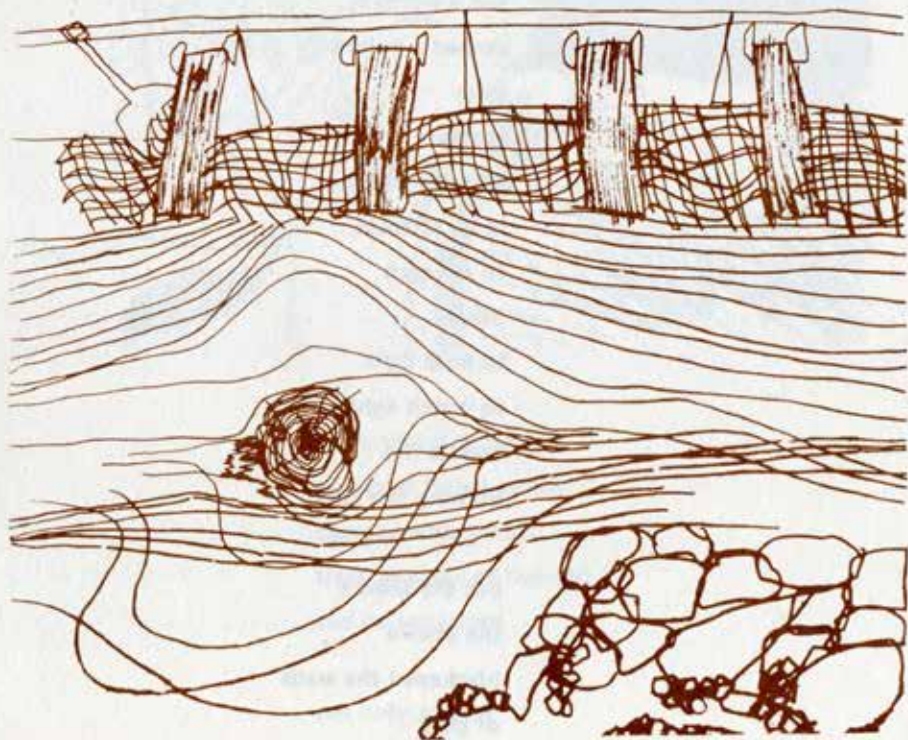
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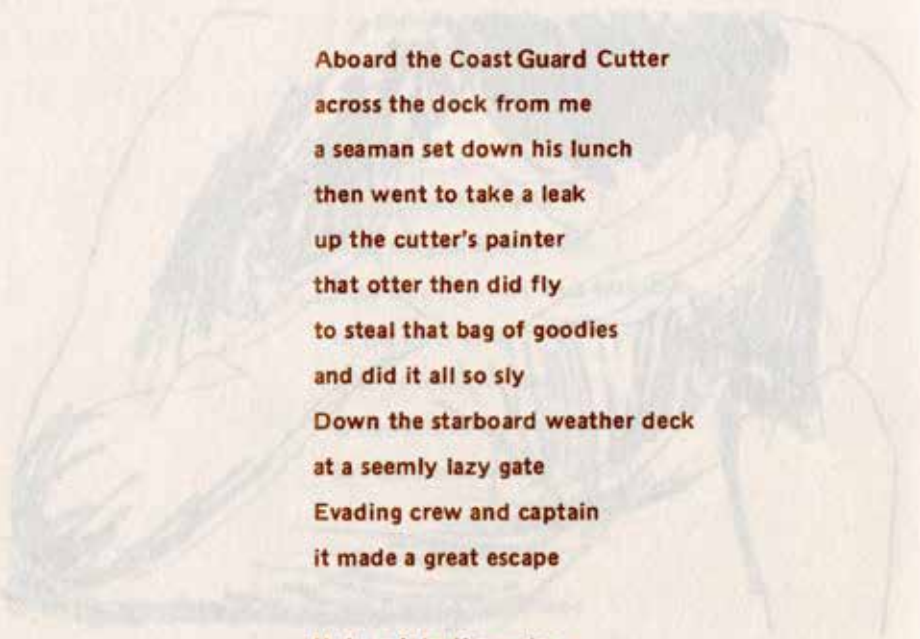
my hands tremble so much
of courage truly proved
I slowly went to light my pipe
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took refuge in the brine
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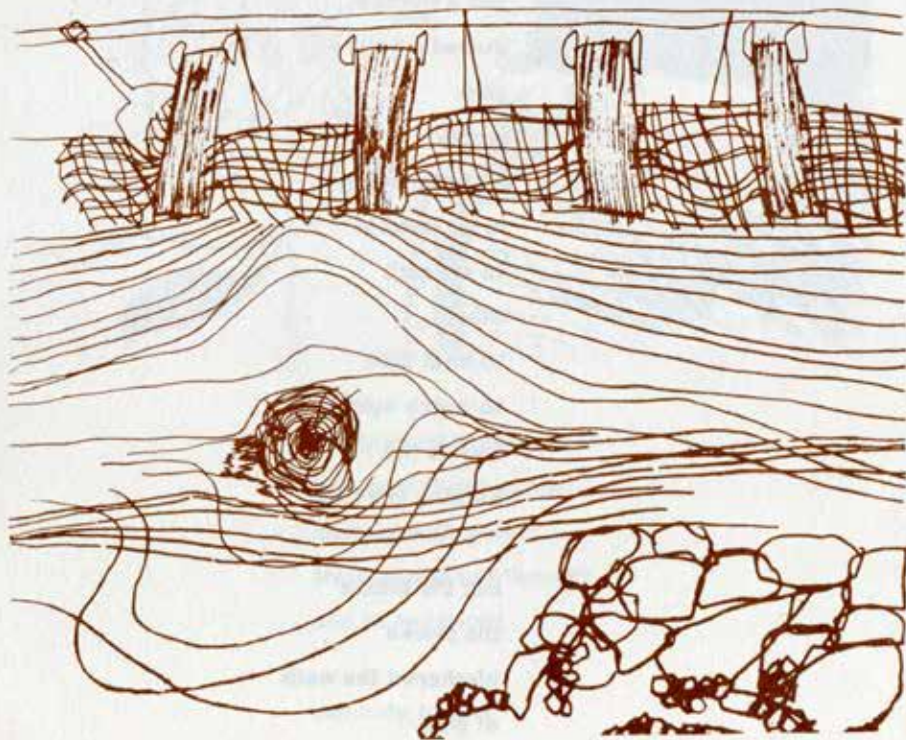
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TOLD TO ME BY A MAN FROM
MESOPOTAMIA
IN THE YEAR HE DISCOVERED
GLASS

a man
a woman
hungry for
their minds

forged glass from fire
and the seas leavings
fine & refined from sand

and a man
and a woman
shaped a hollow
glass
empty
on both ends
in an attempt
to see each
other
to hold light
to watch light
and its fire
burning in a flue

but the smoke
the smoke
blackened the walls
of glass

the smoke
the alluvial layer
the soot
blackening the glass

and this man
ancient
from mesopotamia
said to me



our greatest thinkers
our most fluent minds
charged with genius
from obelisks of thought
and its equations

can only scratch
the blackness from the glass

and give
meager light
molten
on the edge
of ash__

A DAWN WARDEN ON DAWN WATCH

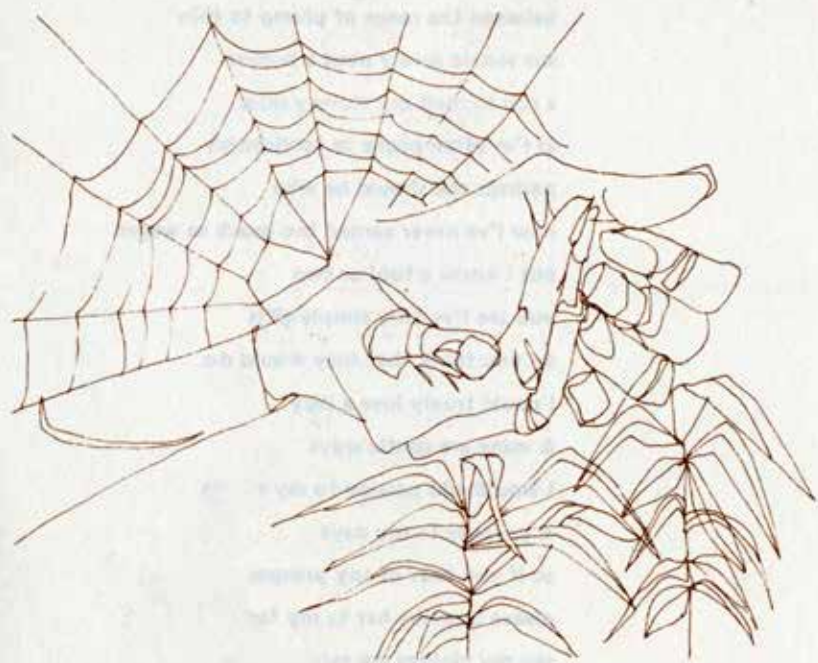
Slow, coaching the sun
Come on, Father Light
I've got things to get done.
Cold nights are like life times
When your body won't sleep
Though I've tried running mountains
And counting fat sheep
and looking for treasures
on Gastineau Beach.
Why I've even been places
your beams never reach.
Deep in this mountain
I've walked empty halls
and touched picks of dead miners
froze to ice covered walls.
So come on Father Light
I've more tasks than I've time
And I need your pale warmth
To break this spell on my mind.



NIGHT OF THE OWL

the rain like a string factory
or maze of mad spiders
building single strands
web grunting
with the branch to branch
suicide of a thread bridge
to the moon
& the path a wet feather tunnel
hanging mildew like a garden
& lighted like movement
in phosphorescent water
& we were linked together
in a separate string
our hands joining us
to common bloodlines
as we made our way
to a cabin full of broken
bags of sand
building the fire
like a collection plate
after the communion
everybody putting something in
arranging ourselves around
in a broken ring

but i remember the hands
that joined and separated us
becoming the best part
of our bodies __
 hayden



SHLI POEMS (MORNINGS)

other than composition
this dilution of myself
what is to be said

that we are fragile
and have strength

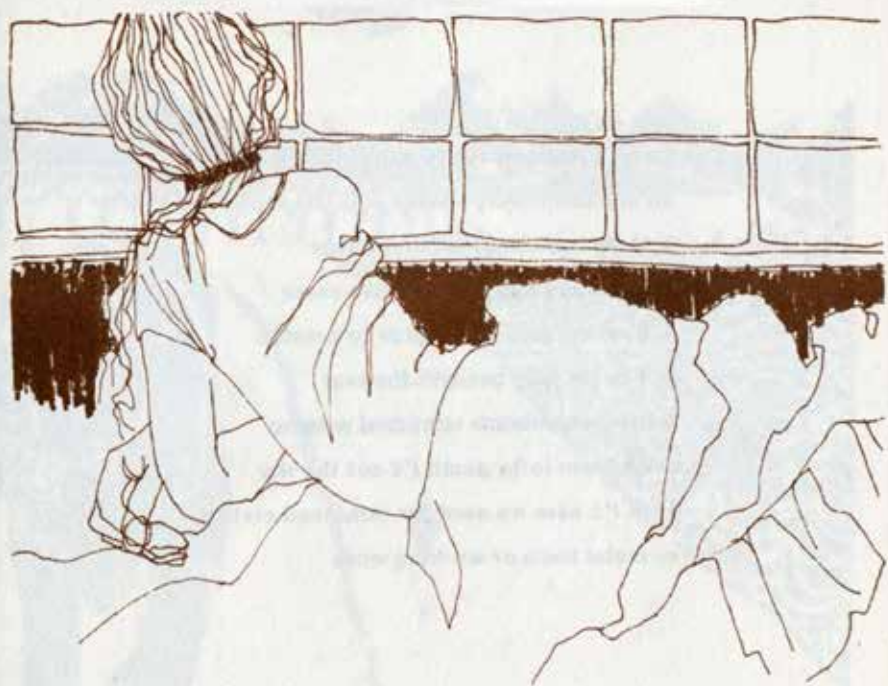
at this moment
you are only a kiss away
and i am happy

that this morning
i counted the lines
wrinkled with much effort
on your forehead
and now when i think
of morning
i think of you
and when asleep
of you awake
or you asleep
your forehead smooth

what more to say
everything and nothing said
outside of love

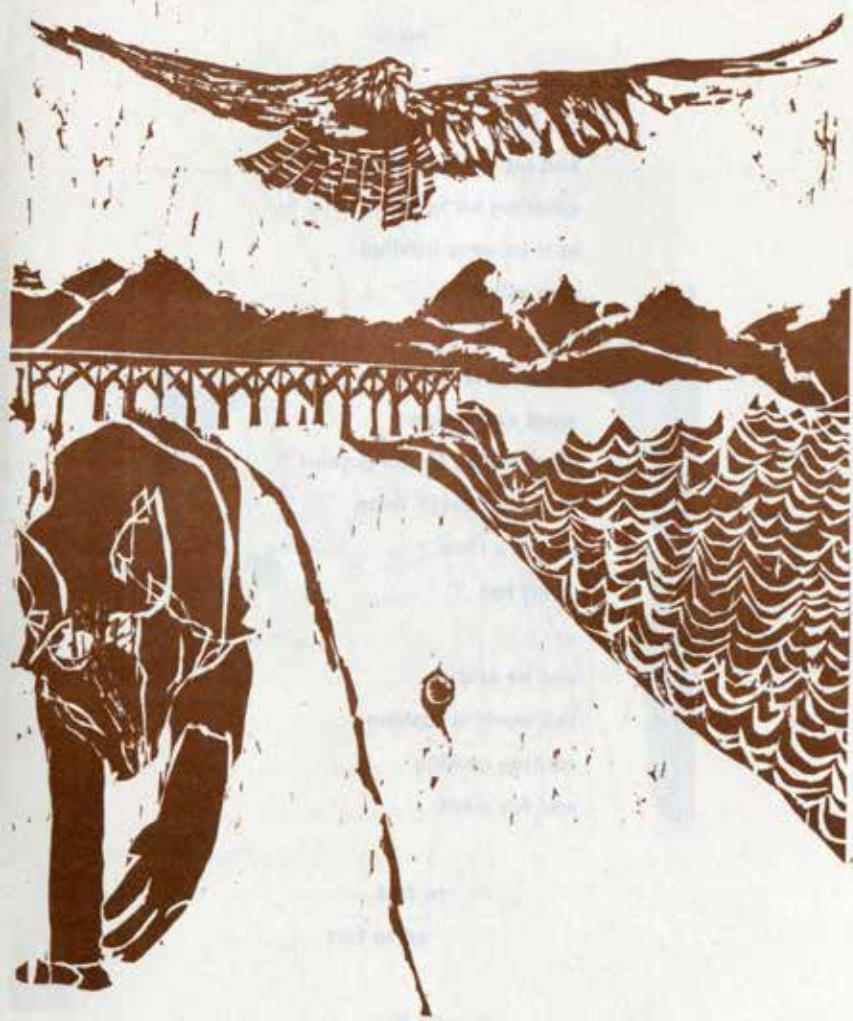
maybe that you
are iris wise
and know such things
as gentleness

i am the poem of you
you inside me



**I WISH I HAD
SOFT FLUFFY HAIR**

I wish I had soft fluffy hair
on my body everywhere
& three inch fangs set in my face
to grasp the meat when I give chase
& working gills with which to breathe
so I could play beneath the seas
& living membrane stretched wrist to
thigh from lofty perch I'd cut the sky
then I'd have no need for fashioned clothes
or metal tools or working woes



ARCHITECT OF DESPAIR

a lonely man standing
in his empty yard
watching the moon
survive him

and his hat was off
covering his heart
as if he were holding
it in place

or to prevent both
heart and moon
from falling to the ground
he would catch them
one at a time
in his hat

and he said
the world is rushin
rushing rushing
and for what

time it goes so fast
where does it go so fast
look
even the moon is calculated
and will be there a hundred years
from now a hundred years as now

and now they're changing hearts
like lightbulbs __

foul bay rd.



HEY THERE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN

Hey there mighty mountain
of frozen majesty
although you are the minor force
your feet contain the sea
you've been the home of many beings
of bear and sheep and goats
and often in your bannered heights
a lonely eagle floats
right now it's only early fall
soft snow has laced your crown
indeed the sights in sharp contrast
to this soggy mining town
Hey I am a man your bastard son
I'm working in this rain
across the channel Gastineau
in the hamlet known as Thane
& I'd like to have some answers
to learn the rythmn of these rhymes
you must have reached conclusions
you've been there a long enough time



DIALOGUE FROM
'I HAVE A FRIEND WHO
TALKS WITH
PIGEONS'

hey birds how do you feel
up on that god damned ledge
ledges are for people

you see
people have lost their eyes
and nearly blind are walking
in a funnel leading down
into a big pin ball machine
& people little metal balls
ejected into life
to bump around
to light electric lights
before the last hole
gulps them up
& pulls them down
& pop
another fucking little ball

so come on pigeons
fly like you're supposed to

cause man
we learn our truths
from bathroom walls
our sabre teeth
nibbled down
to gnashing eyes
our eyes concealed in lies

and pigeons
keep off the ledge
cause when you jump you fly
when i jump it's all over
but the grinning

2

one day
we walked a tunnel
through a mountain
my hand on his arm
to keep from running
for it was dark inside
& we didn't turn back
as the tunnel had an end
but both ends had light
we had lost in the curve
and ahead was equally as
black as behind
but we had felt behind
& had known its light
& were feeling ahead
into a light we'd never seen

3

when walking
if he saw a face he liked
he'd smile

if he liked a girl's hair
he'd say
god you've got nice hair
and blushes would return
with no replies
and he'd laugh
red happy laughter

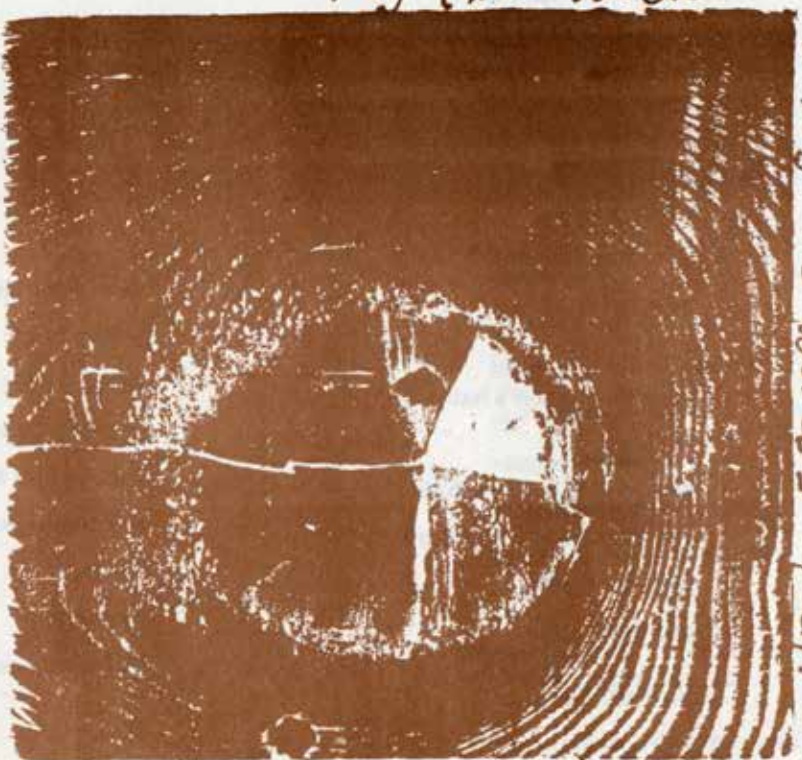
but i see him best
with a mask
fitted on his face
the face down and sad
the eyes up & laughing
& a flower in his hand
saying
dammit
this is for you

It takes 850 acres of timber to print the Sunday edition of the New York Times, which contains more paper and ink than an \$8 novel AND costs the City of New York 10 cents to clean-up each copy! No wonder the City went bankrupt.

Publications of the 'Archipelago' are small and use, perhaps, $\frac{1}{2}$ a Sitka Spruce or 1 small cedar or maybe 1% of an old skiff's planks. As far as clean-up goes.... use us for your garden.

The old fear that lethal amounts of lead will migrate from the newsprint ink into your soil and vegetables is still true -- but not for productions of 'Archipelago'! A printed plastic food bag (like you put a thutabega in at Foodland) will deposit 24,000 parts per million lead, and a candy wrapper will slip 7,125 parts into your home garden and then into you; but our 'Archipelago's' contain only 1-12 parts per million lead and gives none of it to the vegetables & us. The Connecticut Agricultural Station has determined that 'Archipelagos' and other offset printed productions do not increase the lead content of soil or vegetables mulched with it.

may the wood



[May the word] speak

the iddlehead restaurant and bakery

Gourmet Hamburgers
Homemade Baked Goods
Vegetarian Specialties
Fresh Seafood

Across from
the museum

open daily:
9 am -- 9 pm

Local artwork and live alaskan folk music
for those quiet gatherings



Redeemable!

for coffee and 2 donuts at the bakery

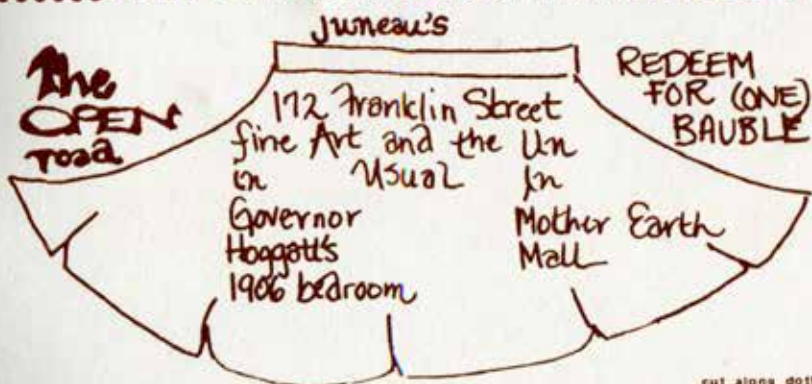
cut along dotted line



this coupon entitles
beaver to

- ▲ bagpipe tune
- ▲ reel
- ▲ jig or hornpipe

cut along dotted line



cut along dotted line

CHUGACH MTS

Yakutat

Yakutat

ALEXANDER

ARCHIPELAGO

GLACIER BAY NATIONAL MONUMENT

N

Haines

Skagway

Gustavus

Juneau

CANADA
USA

Pelican

Hoena

Argoat

Malak

Alexander

Petersburg

Lucas

Wells

Palmer

Ilwaco

Hydromedon

M.A.P.

