

SAN MATEO COUNTY POET LAUREATE



Poetry Reading *by*

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About this poem:

I am continually stunned by and grateful for the diversity and natural beauty of San Mateo County. As technology takes over every aspect of my life – my calendars, my communication with loved ones, my creative work, my teaching, my family -- I find that I need places like Butano State Park even more. This poem explores a small part of the many ways in which the park is a place of solace.

Enjoy!

Poem for Little Butano Creek

You are green and green
under my feet, and soft
moss as soft as gray
fur, soft enough to hold
this jumbled mind, this dream
that chases me into daylight,
into the encryption and the web,
all memory walking
in and out of the green,
of the shadows, filaments
flickering in the underbrush,
monarch and sphinx moth
and murrelet and newt
and chanterelle
and mayfly and bee,
that bee with her legs
in a thimbleberry, white
petals, white water
soothing and green and cool
and white and whatever
water keeps coming downhill --
still covers my pain, still covers
me here.