

MARYAM BARRIE

At Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park

I was off the path, and hidden. The fallen redwoods made a three-sided room, a slanted couch, with sunken floors, and filtered lights, and a quiet that had lived there for thousands of years. It was a place to rest, and let my head fall back onto the fallen tree. It still buzzed with energy—its molecules still hover through the force of life, and all those years of quiet were solid beneath my head. I could breathe, I could listen, but this little moment, in this large land, resonated out past me, and reaches me even now, a continent away. There is a living line that starts in my heart and stretches past the prairies, past the mountains, past the drought, past the fires, and past all the crowded cities, where people starve for what trees feed us, for that certainty that we are connected and through that we live, each moment pulsing in the air around us. I am there still.

Maryam Barrie, married with two grown daughters, lives in an Oak and Hickory woods in Michigan. She has taught at Washtenaw Community College in Ann Arbor since 1985. Her poetry has been published in *Big Windows Review*, and she has a forthcoming chapbook, *To Connect in This Dark World*.

SARA FRIEDLANDER

*Blurred Landscapes —
Dreaming Palo Alto, 2010*
Original photo and paint on wooden panel,
26 x 48 x 2 in



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