



Wilderness

Have we forgotten
that wilderness is not a place,
but a pattern of the soul
where every tree, every bird and beast
is a soul maker?

Have we forgotten
that wilderness is not a place
but a moving feast of the starts,
footprints, scales and beginnings?

Since when
did we become afraid of the night
and that only the bright starts count?
Or that our moon is not a moon
unless it is full?

By who's command
were the animals
through groping fingers,
one for each hand,
reduced to the big and little five?

Have we forgotten
that every creature is within us
carried by tides
of earthly blood
and that we named them?

Have we forgotten
that wilderness is not a place
but a season
and that we are in its
final hour?

An exquisite poem by [Ian McCallum](#)