



FOREST FRAGMENT LOVE LETTER
by Griffy LaPlante

Oh, my darlings,
I wish I could tell y'all our beloved habitats will grow back,
that the birdsongs of our youth will make the trees dance
once more,
that the exuberance will return to this ever-
homogenizing place. Actually,
all this will happen, just not on a timeline that
y'all, or I,
or even the younglings that y'all and I help raise,
will ever survive to see. All things occur in
cycles, including Humankind, Humanfolly—
and both the scientists and the poets seem to agree
that it will get far worse
before it gets better. We have seen our last
of many, many species, have heard the final call
of many a lonely critter
mourning for its parents, its mates.
But we are Here now, you and you
and I,
we are Here
and the sunrise,
it is glorious as God. It is glorious as
the way you make my feathers feel, ruffled,
all afluff and standing on end,
every time you turn those great big
Owl Eyes on me
and sing those dulcet notes of my name. I will
weather this (and every) apocalypse with you,
my darlings, I will puff up my chest
and find the will to keep going, just to keep listening for
your calls in the milieu,
your sweet tweets,
I will not give up nor call this world unsalvageable,
not while our friends, not while you,
are still fashioning nests in these treetops.
There is more love to be made.
There are more worms to be plucked from the loamy Earth
(sorry, worms), to feed our hungry offspring,
literal or metaphorical. This forest is dwindling
but it is still our home. Here we will stay until the last tree
falls, until the bulldozers roll through for the last time
and even then
there are ways to undermine bulldozers.
If there is a way to make a good life here,
I will find it, for us.