

JUST A FORESTER

J. A. Larsen

*I do not own a foot of land;
Nor am I rich in earthly goods;
But this can be a blessing now
That I have learned to love the woods.*

*No mining stock or other shares
In oil or steel or grain I hold;
But I possess the jeweled drops
Of rain and frost of gleaming gold.*

*Cathedral stillness 'neath the height
Of canopy like priceless glass
In ever brilliant beams of light
Suffuse my early morning mass.*

*The crested mountain tops afar,
And shimmering gleam of yonder lake,
Will lure my spirit like a star.
It's there whichever trail I take.*

*Through hail or rain or tender snow
I step with joyful heart far more
Than he who wears his life away
Within a dark or dismal store.*

*I am not bound by town or state;
For cool refreshing streams I ask;
Aroma of the spruce and pine;
The trail that leads me to my task.*

*All these are mine, to see to feel;
To treasure, not to buy or sell;
Of Natures priceless legacies;
All that within the forests dwell.*

*A gleam at sunset and the call
Of distane lonely whippoorwill;
The rumble of the water fall
When day is done and night is still.*

*In yonder lowly cottage gleams
My evening star, I seek my ease
Beside the lowly flickering beams;
A hut, a home, a book, and peace.*