

My life...unity, a howling blade, and the flying avengers

Today, was...interesting. It began as any other, the sun so slow and lazy, and I wake before her...my new article double checked, and posted. Breakfast of tea and a slice of toast, then a long hike. Sitting on the swing, I watch the poetry of battle, hummingbirds dive and attack, jewels slicing the air and turning, as if guided by some hidden magnetism, dancing and riding their fury as a wave, attacking each other over food so plentiful, it could never be consumed in a week's time. I relax, sip my tea, enjoy the fragrance of a hiding summer as it knocks bashfully, upon the last open door of spring, warm wind drifting over the cheek of my meadow, painting ripples of time upon the grasses...as poetry. I am these trees, stirring the heavens, painting the distant sky with gentle fingers...and I am complete.

Humans are arrogant and in this, believe they are clever. A tree takes years to grow, and to cut one down, takes but minutes. I love the forest, more than any person who lives, I do not exaggerate in any way to say this. And I feel a sort of sickness and angst, to start the saw. I will cut down only standing dead trees for my fire. I never kill a living tree...a living tree is worth so much more than any human! My land is rugged, and there are no roads but those I have built, and no paths but those I myself have trodden. I have no neighbors, no phone, and only internet by satellite. This, is right. The squirming morass of industrial society, has vanished. There is a reason now...to live.

My saw is nearly the largest available, and is quite dangerous, and, I only use skip tooth chain. Compared to the MX bike, it is nothing. I pull the cord, and it bursts to life, crumpling the air and screaming, shitting out sound-blood, howling and shouting, as Man...a horrible dominance, an unfair cheat, which may just turn round to bite the arm off of the fool who does not pay strict attention. In twenty minutes, I have tickled the trunks of four standing dead, and watch the ballet: each in turn, so slowly, a proud body tilts, and craves the hungry earth, now rushing up to meet the will of gravity, and the crashing sound obscures if only for a moment, even the wretched, mad howl of the engine. I am harvesting...the world. Man...is an arrogant thing. A spinning blade of rip chain, stupid and loud, cutting into the heart of silence. Screech, and then...crash! Another dead shafted ton of wood, succumbs, tilts and invites the end, to find itself spent, slowly does it fall, and draw the end upward...a stunning testament, to the effects of human technology.

My wife has found another. A maple, it is large, and must be reached through a dense patch of thick tangled brush, nested under the shade of overarching branches. I have a shattered foot from motorcycle racing, and walk slowly, as a plodding ape, uneven and asymmetrical, my shuffling gait tottering forward, holding the massive saw, sweat dripping from my face. How pitiful and uneven is the straining body of man! Slowly, I advance, my pride held stiffly in clutched fists, the saw, so heavy, my foot, as pudding and bone, sealed in a tight leather boot. Suddenly, I hear the buzz, and feel a hot nail pressed into my arm, and then another, shooting heat into my wrist, and another...as hot lead injected into my leg, and another!! I have disturbed the yellow jackets, and they have decided...I am to be hurt, and if possible, killed. This is not anthropomorphism...I

assure you! The swarm latching onto my pants, and I can not afford jeans, my cheap cotton sweat pants covered in mad insects! These insects know, and decide...then act! Pain! Pain! Pain! The saw cast into the dirt, my shirt torn off with its covering of furious yellow vengeance, and then, the pants! I pull them off, inside out and off, in a sudden tear over the boots and flung away, to leave them in the dirt...so I can run! Running naked in my boots, running on my bad foot, running, hiding my nakedness from the hungry swarm, and the stings... more pain! The avengers are stuck, their hatred binding them to the pants, and I have escaped! Now in my yurt, nursing some dozen stings, I write, and proclaim: I am the luckiest man alive! How blessed it is to be hated, to be rightly hated, by an animal which one can understand. I understand, this. This...is right. It is only the more dangerous animal, man, who eludes my comprehension. As to why, an animal, an insect, would defend its home from an arrogant, rude ape...this is clear and right...as to why, man, would mow down the forest, and exchange it for a worthless scrap of paper, so he may be enslaved—this—is incomprehensible. I have left the shallow world of man, so toxic and sick, and found something: I—am the luckiest man...who lives.

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