

The Blood of the Fir that is not a Fir, Grossman Creek
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by David Rheinheimer



The blood of the fir that is not a fir: the story of a river. Not the casualty of deluges, this fir that is not a fir. No, she stands strong and mighty! But: wounded. Wounded, and with blood of gold. Wounded she is—lost she is not! Ripped from her roots by deluges she is not. Large she is, woody she is—debris she is not. Her brothers and sisters: some are gone, some are healed. But she: she stands strong and mighty, anxious yet ready—braced with yearlong drips from ever unhealed wounds, braced with a memory of torrents of her own fallen brothers and sisters.

The fir that is not a fir ages thus, bleeds thus, and knows that she too will fall in due time and add to the back and forth trickles on the mountain fans, trickles like those from a curious child's bucket on the beach sands.