

Oct. 77

142

# Dear Tassajara

Dm August Night - All our friends asleep  
 Lightning strikes - they said on the TV  
 I went a creeping - Ventana double cone  
 I went a walking - Marble cone too.  
 and by the time they met - we feared that we might loose dear Tassajara

Dear Tassajara with its Chinese dirt road  
 Dusty Muddy or covered with snow  
 Dear Tassajara with its springs and its creek  
 Dear Tassajara prehistoric retreat  
 Dear Tassajara  
 I remember it still from these streets. G D A7

Evacuate - all the Mt. guests; Hesitate - breath the smoke's guess  
 Tools went a flying in a crate on the slopes  
 Hoses went a rolling; Trucks & load in leave  
 and as it stopped and grew we were told to leave dear T.

Dear T - with its heat and its cold - snakes, spiders, scorpions, ants  
 Dear T - with its fierce poison oak  
 Dear T - with nowhere to go - where we long to go when we can't.

Mobilize - near Jamesburg's darkened sky; Theorize - on where the wildfire flies  
 Midnight parties darting in to wetten and prepare  
 Grate the missing cut in fly out on a rumor's hair  
 Vow to return and fight - to defend and to care for T.

Dear T - thanks to all who defend -  
 I must mention Ted, Tommy, Dobby at the Way Station giving us bed in bread; the cops the firefighters, the National Guard, Ranger Roy + Fred, the neighbors, the fire Dept  
 I thank the stalwart, Warriors for trying to get us out, the cat, the flames racing  
 a grandstand for dying, I'd whole food, sweet, perpleat - and for each in the spiritual - our  
 tree, bush, plant, bug, animal, rock and air, just like we can't - but you always in our  
 Hot shots came - in busses with it boots, just like rain - our team in cohorts  
 Indians were returned to save their ancient springs  
 Backfires went sucking in to meet the wall of fire  
 and in the Blackened forest still stood Senations Flower T.

Dear Tassajara - where the wakeup bell rings  
 Deep in the dark of the morn.  
 Dear T - with its boards bells in drums  
 Dear T - with our freezing thumbs Dear T, Dear T, Dear T, Dear T  
 whose paths we wear and where we long to return.

and as it happened and grew we were told to leave dear T

Dear T - with its heat and its cold - snakes, spiders, scorpions, etc

Dear T - with its fierce poison oak

Dear T - with nowhere to go - where we long to go when we can't

Mobilize - near Jamesburg's darkened sky; The orange - on where the wildfire flies

Midnight parties darting in to watten and prepare

Grab the missing cat in fly out on a rumor's hair

Vow to return and fight - to defend and to care for T.

Dear T - thanks to all who defend - <sup>San Diego</sup> Rishi and his ~~students~~ students, of whom we must mention Ted, Tommy, Dorey at the Way Station giving us bed in bread; the cops the firefighters, the National Guard, Ranger - Roy + Fred, the neighbors, those few

Hot shots came - in buses with boots, just like rain - our team in cahoots

Indians were returned to save their ancient springs

Backfires went sucking in to meet the wall of fire

and in the Blackened forest still stood tenacious flowers T.

Dear Tassajara - where the wakeup bell rings

Deep in the dark of the morn.

Dear T - with its boards bells in drums

Dear T - with our freezing thumbs Dear T, Dear T, Dear T, Dear T

Whose paths we wear and where we long to return.

Suzuki Rishi - your garden still as green Tenten Rishi - thank you our 2nd friend