

excerpt from
October in the Porcupine Mountains

by Leslie Askwith 2007

I feel safe and whole beneath these old trees. The air seems big and still, solid, filled with sweet oxygen seeping from green needles overhead. It's air never breathed by another person or polluted by car exhaust or emissions from plastics or synthetic fabrics. The place feels as steady and strong as my grandfather's house did when I was a child.