

On the Death of Richard Foreman
January 5th, 2025

This morning I heard the news
Sometime yesterday
Maybe it was last night
A sequoia fell

I remember the first time I encountered the shadow of that tree
Something cracked open inside me
It was like being given permission
I didn't know
It could be so beautiful
And hard
infinite
He was too large to aspire to
born into a different strange world
But he gave
and gave
and gave

I watched and listened and learned
And others too
We were all
We are all
in awe
We were all
We are all
broken
all agape
and embryonic

could we?
 curl up and immolate

maybe the whole forest will burn

I asked my wife
Do new sequoia's still grow?
Or are the ones we have, the last ones there are?
What?
No.
There're new ones all the time.
They're everywhere.
Little sticks.
Pinecones.
They're all over the place.
In that one, specific place.
...

They just take a really, really long time to become giants.