

**JOURNEY TO MOUNT TAMALPAIS:
An Homage for Etel**

“I spent the time making vast toothpick cities for the future based upon the rainbow”

Etel finds these words, written in snow, up on Mt Tamalpais
She sees more than magic, dreams more than truth

She is asked “Who is the most important person you ever met?”
“A mountain.” Tamalpais

I view from the west side. Etel lives on the east side. And sees all sides.
It seems effortless, the kinetics of her writing.
The balance of land, water and sky.

“There is particular emotion created by days” when spring, advancing into autumn
leaves summer just a thought. A summer that did not happen last year on the coast.
This year during the intense cattle killing heat waves of the mid west, the coast remains
covered by a silver mantle. The days become filled with introspection
and at-hand observations. One cannot see very far. One knows, however,
above us, where the lady sleeps, a view extends over the puffy marine layer bed.

“Inner stirrings made to capture the first signs of atmospheric changes”...
by a “live creature called Weather”
This molecular intelligence makes me giddy.

A cold rain came straight down heavily all day, a record breaker.
An unusual system from Alaska.

Now it is time for the intelligence of sun to return. A chariot, and horses
to break through the clouds. And then a weekend for a so called ‘celebration’
of the founding fathers at tea time signing rights into words. In this location of ghosts,
a quick intelligence is called for. A wren tit produces some definite notes
from the apple tree branch. A domestic bird, the brown tohee, hovers at the door,
and finally enters with utmost curiosity. “This is our home too”. They seem to say
with devotion and sentiment.

June and July 2011
Joanne Kyger