

Poem— Booming Ground

(From Wildlife Review)

It was early on a fine summer day when I rounded a point and came upon the booming ground. From where I moved along in the tiny boat, the island seemed a tall one, with straight cliffs climbing straight up from the sea.

I rounded the point, and there before me, sitting so very placidly, was the booming ground.

I ran on towards it, shattering the silence with the engine's roar.

With a cough the engine stopped I reached for the gas can, but the silence held me.

The monarchs of the forest were here, held with great boomchains and crosslogs.

A flock of crows squabbled at one end of the boom, splitting the silence with their cries.

And near the cliffs I heard another sound, the cry of an eagle returning to its nest high in the crags.

I rowed to the boom, tied my boat, and strolled across this floating forest.

So now, whenever I pass a booming ground, I feel regret for the beauty I have previously missed beneath the roar of the outboard engine.

—DAVID ELLIS, (age 15)
West Vancouver, B.C.