

THE LATE SNOW & LUMBER STRIKE  
OF THE SUMMER OF FIFTY-FOUR

Whole towns shut down  
    hitching the Coast road, only gypos  
Running their beat trucks, no logs on  
Gave me rides. Loggers all gone fishing  
Chainsaws in a pool of cold oil  
On back porches of ten thousand  
Split-shake houses, quiet in summer rain.  
Hitched north all of Washington  
Crossing and re-crossing the passes  
Blown like dust, no place to work.

Climbing the steep ridge below Shuksan  
    clumps of pine  
    float out the fog  
No place to think or work  
    drifting.

On Mt. Baker, alone  
In a gully of blazing snow:  
Cities down the long valleys west  
Thinking of work, but here,  
Burning in sun-glare  
Below a wet cliff, above a frozen lake,  
The whole Northwest on strike  
Black burners cold,  
The green-chain still,

