

THE SMALLEST TREE SITTER



In the moonlit canopy, tree-sitter Rook awoke. A small creature was nibbling Rook's hair, later sprigs of fresh Douglas fir foliage mysteriously appeared in a backpack. The tiny culprit recently revealed itself-

A **Red Tree Vole**, found only in coastal forests of Oregon and northern California. Red tree voles are about 6 to 8 inches long, including the tail. When young they have a dull brown coat and develop a more reddish colored coat with age. They eat exclusively the needles of conifers, mostly Douglas-fir and occasionally other species. They often spend their lives in just one tree, and many generations will live in different parts of the same tree. When eating Douglas-fir needles, they carefully remove the fine resin ducts along each edge of the needle, discarding these or using them for nest lining. They are nocturnal and very difficult to see, but they can be detected by finding piles or wads of these resin ducts on the ground.

Rook the tree-sitter has given this old-growth treetop dweller the nickname "**Twigs**." In this still from a short video (<https://youtu.be/9Y9DEVvrN6I>) you see Twigs nibbling some lunch amidst ropes and rigging.

Rook the tree-sitter has a message for us: **"I'm still grateful to be up here, in my branchy fortress with the wind, sun and dueling squirrels. I reflect a lot on the idea of trying so hard to protect the life of a being who can't thank me, can't encourage me, and likely has no regard whatsoever for me. That's more how we should be, right? Stewards to the greater community of life, not needing immediate gratification for our efforts, but knowing them worthy, necessary. Really it feels like the only thing to do. From the trees-Rook."** Follow us on other social media platforms for updates on the struggle from the front lines!

Instagram: [@blockade.babes](https://www.instagram.com/blockadebabes)

Facebook: [Save the Mattole's Ancient Forest](https://www.facebook.com/save.themattole)



First Native American Poet Named Poet Laureate of the United States.

Librarian of Congress Carla Hayden has announced the appointment of **Joy Harjo** an enrolled member of the **Muscogee Creek Nation** as the nation's 23rd Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry for 2019-2020. Harjo currently lives in her hometown of Tulsa, Oklahoma. She will take up her duties in the fall, opening the Library's annual literary season on Sept. 19 with a reading of her work in the Coolidge Auditorium.

"Joy Harjo has championed the art of poetry – 'soul talk' as she calls it – for over four decades," Hayden said. "To her, poems are 'carriers of dreams, knowledge and wisdom,' and through them she tells an American story of tradition and loss, reckoning and myth-making. Her

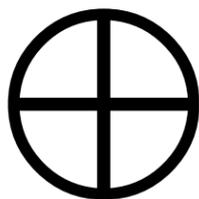
work powerfully connects us to the earth and the spiritual world with direct, inventive lyricism that helps us reimagine who we are."

"What a tremendous honor it is to be named the U.S. Poet Laureate," Harjo said.

"I share this honor with ancestors and teachers who inspired in me a love of poetry, who taught that words are powerful and can make change when understanding appears impossible, and how time and timelessness can live together within a poem. I count among these ancestors and teachers my Muscogee Creek people, the librarians who opened so many doors for all of us, and the original poets of the indigenous tribal nations of these lands, who were joined by diverse peoples from nations all over the world to make this country and this country's poetry."

Harjo was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on May 9, 1951, and is the author of eight books of poetry – including "Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings," "The Woman Who Fell From the Sky," which received the Oklahoma Book Arts Award; and "In Mad Love and War," which received an American Book Award and the Delmore Schwartz Memorial Award. In addition to her poetry, Harjo is a musician. She plays saxophone with her band, the Arrow Dynamics Band. Harjo has taught at UCLA and was until recently a professor and chair of excellence at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. She has returned to her hometown where she holds a Tulsa Artist Fellowship.

For more information on the Poet Laureate and the Poetry and Literature Center visit loc.gov/poetry.



Don't Bother the Earth Spirit

Don't bother the earth spirit who lives here. She is working on a story. It is the oldest story in the world and it is delicate, changing. If she sees you watching she will invite you in for coffee, give you warm bread, and you will be obligated to stay and listen. But this is no ordinary story. You will have to endure earthquakes, lightning, the deaths of all those you love, the most blinding beauty. It's a story so compelling you may never want to leave; this is how she traps you. See that stone finger over there? That is the only one who ever escaped.

☉ This Morning I Pray for My Enemies

And whom do I call my enemy?
An enemy must be worthy of engagement.
I turn in the direction of the sun and keep walking.
It's the heart that asks the question, not my furious mind.
The heart is the smaller cousin of the sun.
It sees and knows everything.
It hears the gnashing even as it hears the blessing.
The door to the mind should only open from the heart.
An enemy who gets in, risks the danger of becoming a friend.

NO ONE LEAVES HOME UNLESS

No one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city running as well
your neighbors running faster than you
breath bloody in their throats
the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory
is holding a gun bigger than his body
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.

no one leaves home unless home chases you
fire under feet
hot blood in your belly
it's not something you ever thought of doing
until the blade burnt threats into
your neck
and even then you carried the anthem under
your breath
only tearing up your passport in an airport toilets
sobbing as each mouthful of paper
made it clear that you wouldn't be going back.

you have to understand,
that no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land
no one burns their palms
under trains
beneath carriages
no one spends days and nights in the stomach of a truck
feeding on newspaper unless the miles travelled
means something more than journey.
no one crawls under fences
no one wants to be beaten
pitied

no one chooses refugee camps
or strip searches where your
body is left aching
or prison,
because prison is safer
than a city of fire
and one prison guard
in the night
is better than a truckload
of men who look like your father
no one could take it
no one could stomach it
no one skin would be tough enough

the
go home blacks
refugees
dirty immigrants
asylum seekers
sucking our country dry
niggers with their hands out
they smell strange
savage
messed up their country and now they want
to mess ours up
how do the words
the dirty looks
roll off your backs
maybe because the blow is softer
than a limb torn off

or the words are more tender
than fourteen men between
your legs
or the insults are easier
to swallow
than rubble
than bone
than your child body
in pieces.
i want to go home,
but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of the gun
and no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
unless home told you
to quicken your legs

leave your clothes behind
crawl through the desert
wade through the oceans
drown
save
be hunger
beg
forget pride
your survival is more important
no one leaves home until home is a sweaty voice in your ear
saying-
leave,
run away from me now
I don't know what I've become
but I know that anywhere
is safer than here

Warsan Shire
Kenyan-born Somali poet

Joy Harjo

www.greenfuse.work