1-1-1948

Just a Forester

J. A. Larsen
Iowa State College

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Recommended Citation
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I do not own a foot of land;
Nor am I rich in earthly goods;
But this can be a blessing now
That I have learned to love the woods.

No mining stock or other shares
In oil or steel or grain I hold;
But I possess the jeweled drops
Of rain and frost of gleaming gold.

Cathedral stillness 'neath the height
Of canopy like priceless glass
In ever brilliant beams of light
Suffuse my early morning mass.

The crested mountain tops afar,
And shimmering gleam of yonder lake,
Will lure my spirit like a star.
It's there whichever trail I take.

Through hail or rain or tender snow
I step with joyful heart far more
Than he who wears his life away
Within a dark or dismal store.

I am not bound by town or state;
For cool refreshing streams I ask;
Aroma of the spruce and pine;
The trail that leads me to my task.

All these are mine, to see to feel;
To treasure, not to buy or sell;
Of Nature's priceless legacies;
All that within the forests dwell.

A gleam at sunset and the call
Of distant lonely whippoorwill;
The rumble of the water fall
When day is done and night is still.

In yonder lowly cottage gleams
My evening star, I seek my ease
Beside the lowly flickering beams;
A hut, a home, a book, and peace.