

For The Children

Gary Snyder
Excerpt from *Turtle Island*

The rising hills, the slopes,
Of statistics
Lie before us.
The steep climb
Of everything, going up,
Up, as we all
Go down.

In the next century
Or the one beyond that,
They say,
Are valleys, pastures,
We can meet there in peace
If we make it

To climb these coming crests
One word to you, to
You and your children:

Stay together
Learn the flowers
Go light