

## MEMALOOSE HILLS

what sweet innocence  
Blue-Eyed Marys blooming  
along the trail—  
those unblinking eyes  
of my childhood dolls

queen of the spring  
yellow balsamroot—  
when they bloom  
it's time for rattlesnakes  
to come out from their dens

ten hikers  
all stop at once  
to take photos—  
ten views of Mt. Hood  
while standing in poison oak

from Marsh Hill  
we look down on  
the Island of the Dead—  
like wildflowers, the graves  
all facing east

yellow swallowtails  
flit around clusters  
of lupine and larkspur  
tonight all my dreams  
will be in color

*Margaret Chula*  
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