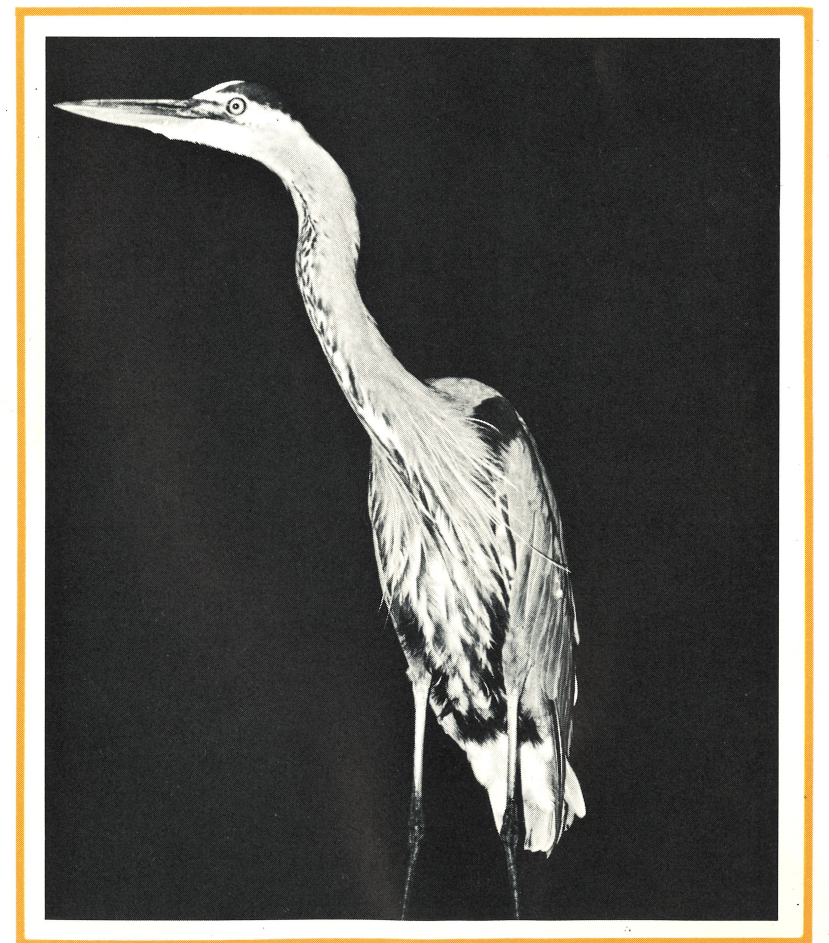




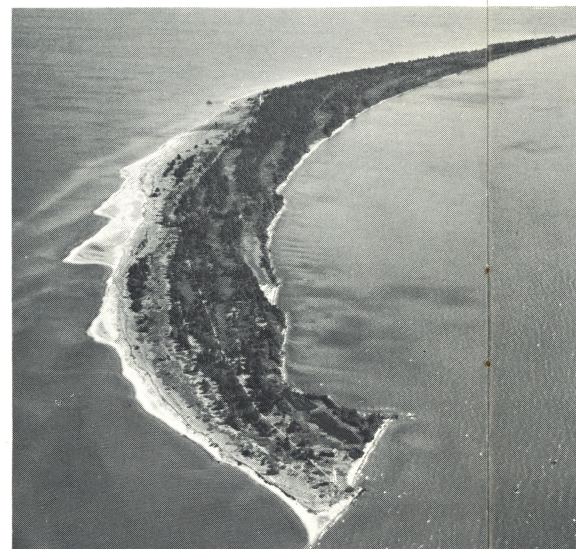
Apostle Islands

P O R T F O L I O

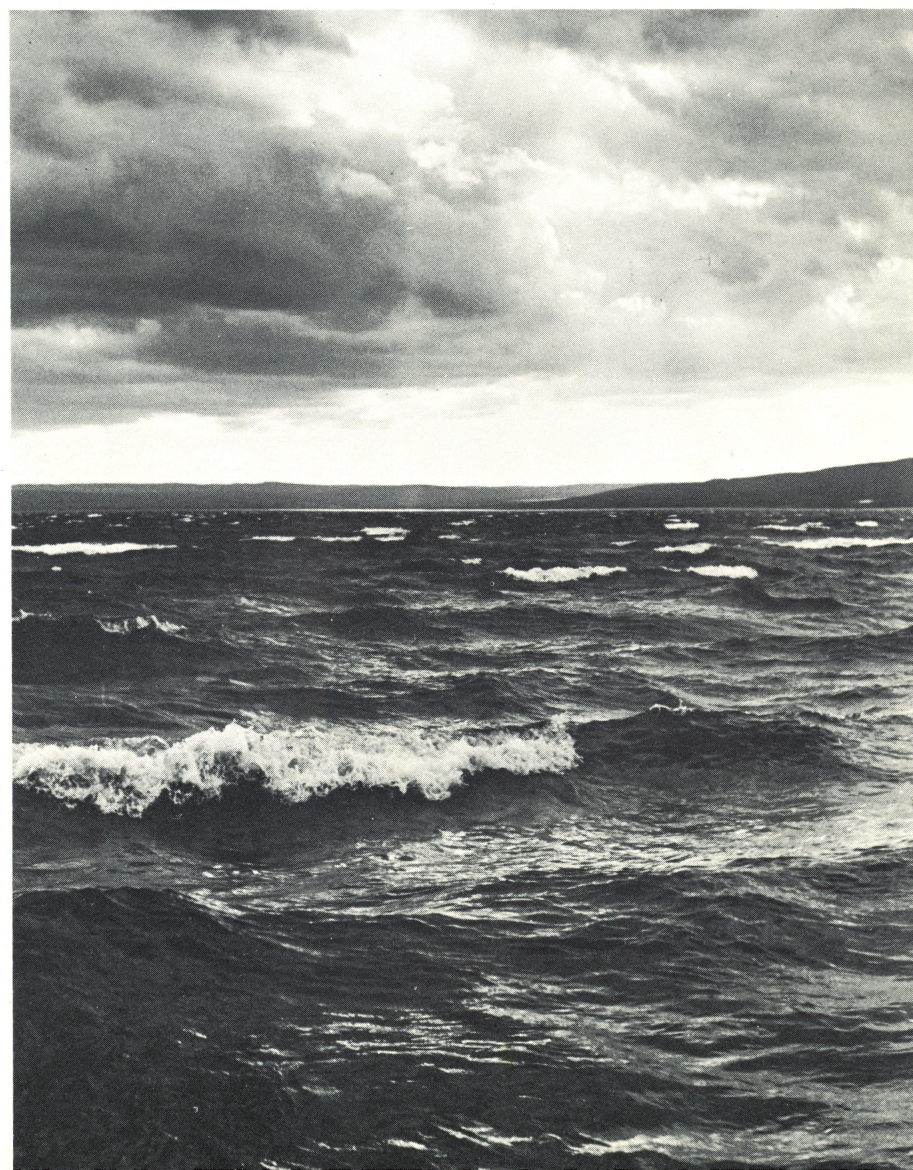
*There is a lesson to be learned here
In this land of the blue heron and the bog lakes.
Nature is building in this place —
as a man would build a sea wall, a protected place.
Her work is unfinished here
and it will not be finished in our lifetime
or in our children's lifetime.*



*We will be gone and our children will be gone.
And the bog lake will remain.
That is the lesson to be learned.*



*Two billion years ago,
the Laurentian Mountains stood here
and soared to altitudes higher
than any of the world's present peaks.
Before there was man to see
— the great glaciers —
those crush-miles-deep ice sheets
of the ancient past —
moved back and forth over this land
like a man raking out a garden plot.
The glaciers carved out
the Apostle Islands.
Long before Alexander wept
for worlds to conquer.
Long before Genghis Khan
swept over Asia.
Long before the pyramids
had been started,
this land was ancient.*



*The early settlers sleep here still.
The French and English and the Chippewa tribe.
The sons of the Chippewa remember them all.
There is drum talk in the twentieth century
of the long dead days
and the peopled dreams.*





*On these rocks the
Chippewa built their
fires and watched
for their enemies on
the mainland.*

*On these rocks the French
voyageurs rested,
repairing their canoes and
dreaming of riches worth
a queen's ransom.*

*On these rocks the French
priests and soldiers
signed the
treaties in the name of
their kings.*

*Now they are gone.
Scattered and buried and
blown away on the
timeless winds.*

*Only the rocks remain.
The rocks and the great
inland seas.*