

My heart found its home long ago

As nature and I are the same--my words and my thoughts exist
within my environment.

As do yours

like whispers in the air

intentionally overgrown

To lift the spirit, like wildflowers

To cleanse the air

Like sound—

Plants

give us a sense of where we are

existing without human introduction and disappearing at a similar rate

The sound of the “natural” world

before us and with/in us

The conservation of sound

Planned landscapes and preservation

*“The environment is where we all meet, where we all
have a mutual interest; it is the one thing all of us
share. It is not only a mirror of ourselves, but a
focusing lens on what we can become.”*

*In waiting,
the quiet joys*

*to bring the natural world and the man-made world into harmony
order*

usefulness

delight — to our whole environment.

I like it when the land speaks its own language

We are asking for a breath of fresh air

*in our unconcern, we have let a crisis gather which threatens health and
even life itself*

order and disorder of the flowering earth.