



*(Image: Cotton Grass Meadow with Pool—at 2,400 meters, early fall, the Alps)*

**T**he cheap slogans of politics and commerce are like aggressive alien weeds, overrunning the common ground of language with a kind of *false*—or *irre*-poetry; They numb our natural sense of the refined sonic elements of verse, reducing rhythm, anaphora and rhyme to mere clever instruments in a grab-bag repertoire of tricks eager to serve the abuse of power and unjust gain.

One of the primary tasks of Poetry is to protect this common ground, especially for the young, in the same way we might protect the Earth itself, whether it be a patch of prairie alongside a busy road, or the delicate balance of species in a remote and pristine alpine meadow no one ever sees.