## Kathleen Miller

In Considering the Wild[er]ness, She, of Parking Structures,

when arriving, she, upon a city block,

typical sites become lawns, parade grounds, abandoned mini marts and ball fields, she, often associated with woods and wooden edges,

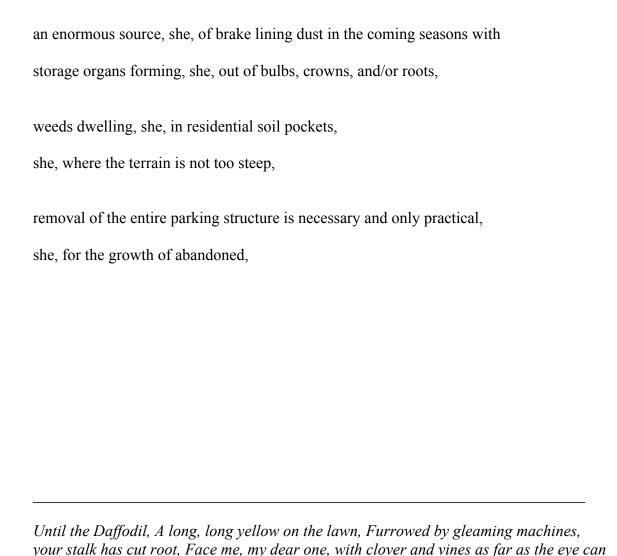
mowing, she, around parking structures,

including practices of irrigation and fertilization, including parking structures that are toxic to local humans and animals, for example, poison ivy, poison oak, and poison sumac,

Here to light measure the fairest features of the landscape, Urban sprawl, thou burnest us, With vines and creepers, ferns, and rushes, Thanks to which the rainwater, and all the Bees/Which in Clover dwell, Only infrequently are there Ant-hills, are there trees in the streets having been multiplied, The brightness sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, An altered look about the hills.

thousands of parking structures are considered weeds if they occur in city blocks, she, where they are not desired,
in most cases, any structure becomes a weed when crowding out desirable plants, or when it becomes a fire escape or health hazard,
able, she, to invade a dense turf,
concentrated spots of motor oil spilling out, she, into the street become runoff, she, by providing trees or other means of shading,

Contrary to the buildings, on cliffs and cedar tops, The Violets lie, Upon the wings of birds and bats, and the legs of horses, Frequently the hills undress, The air is filled with bleating, O wind, the fog has grown, Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or as the sun declines and spills near the shrub-pines, No taste of bark, of coarse weeds, where dead lichens drip and neither honey nor bee.



see, Where they are, they have railings around them, The pale wet leaves gnash in

northern winds, Garlands for Queens, may be, Or in the desert cloy.



purslanegarages, parkingreedramp, deckclover,





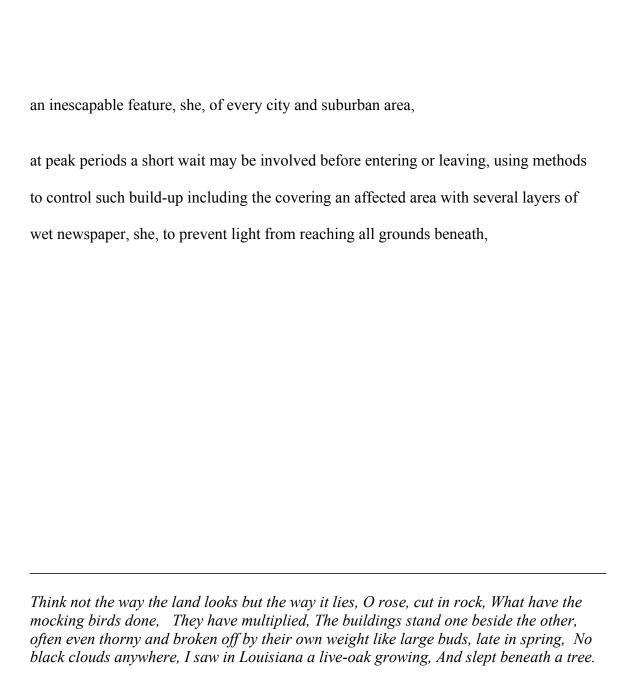
honeysuckleparkade, redmaidscarpark, multistorycanarygrass,

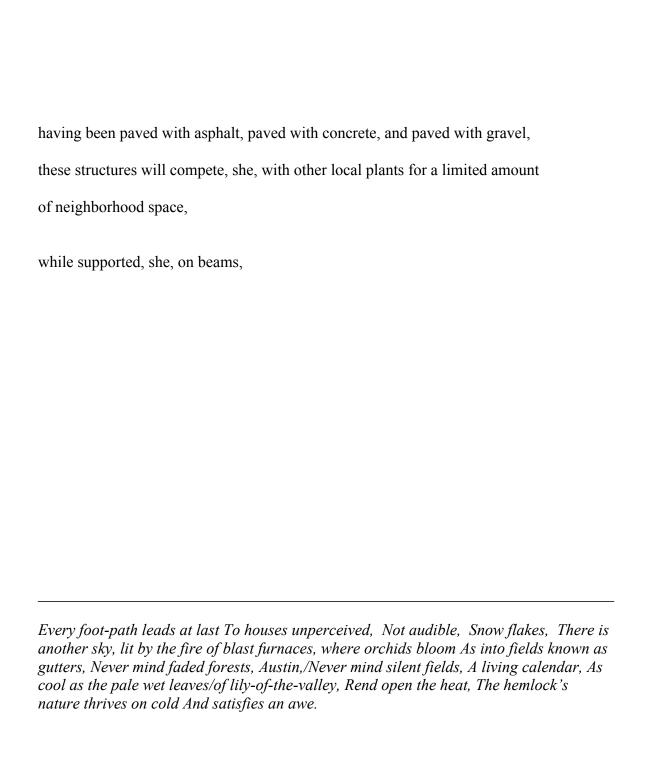


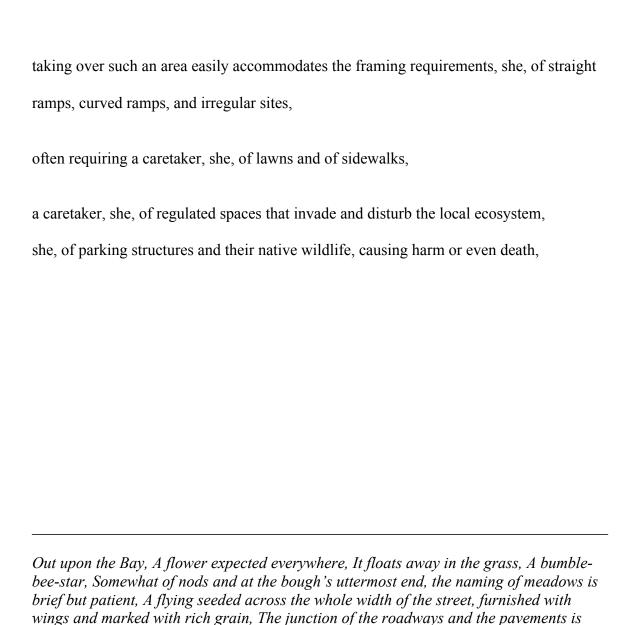












much whiter than an egg, Under the hyacinths, crushed, so with all the best things, Here

is a brighter garden, And golden pulse along the shores.