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.
an enormous source, she, of brake lining dust in the coming seasons with storage organs forming, she, out of bulbs, crowns, and/or roots, weeds dwelling, she, in residential soil pockets, she, where the terrain is not too steep, removal of the entire parking structure is necessary and only practical, she, for the growth of abandoned,

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Until the Daffodil, A long, long yellow on the lawn, Furrowed by gleaming machines, your stalk has cut root, Face me, my dear one, with clover and vines as far as the eye can 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 clow.
precastlesseedingbittercress, russianindoorknapweed,
purslanegarages, parkingreedramp, deckclover,
pigweed elevator, milkthistle rooftops, high density woodsorrel,
fully automated, London rockettrailings, annual bluegrass flat fee,
honesuckleparkade,
redmaidscarpark,
multistorycanarygrass,
carport \textit{waterhyssops}, exposedbrick\textit{tubers}, concrete\textit{ladysthumb},
redstemfilareedrivinglanes,
foxtailbarleylitstairwell,
openparkingnightshadestructure, puncturevines,
an inescapable feature, she, of every city and suburban area,

at peak periods a short wait may be involved before entering or leaving, using methods to control such build-up including the covering an affected area with several layers of wet newspaper, she, to prevent light from reaching all grounds beneath,

Think not the way the land looks but the way it lies, O rose, cut in rock, What have the mocking birds done, They have multiplied, The buildings stand one beside the other, often even thorny and broken off by their own weight like large buds, late in spring, No black clouds anywhere, I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing, And slept beneath a tree.
having been paved with asphalt, paved with concrete, and paved with gravel,
these structures will compete, she, with other local plants for a limited amount
of neighborhood space,

while supported, she, on beams,
taking over such an area easily accommodates the framing requirements, she, of straight ramps, curved ramps, and irregular sites,

often requiring a caretaker, she, of lawns and of sidewalks,

a caretaker, she, of regulated spaces that invade and disturb the local ecosystem,

she, of parking structures and their native wildlife, causing harm or even death,

Out upon the Bay, A flower expected everywhere, It floats away in the grass, A bumble-bee-star, Somewhat of nods and at the bough’s uttermost end, the naming of meadows is brief but patient, A flying seeded across the whole width of the street, furnished with wings and marked with rich grain, The junction of the roadways and the pavements is 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.