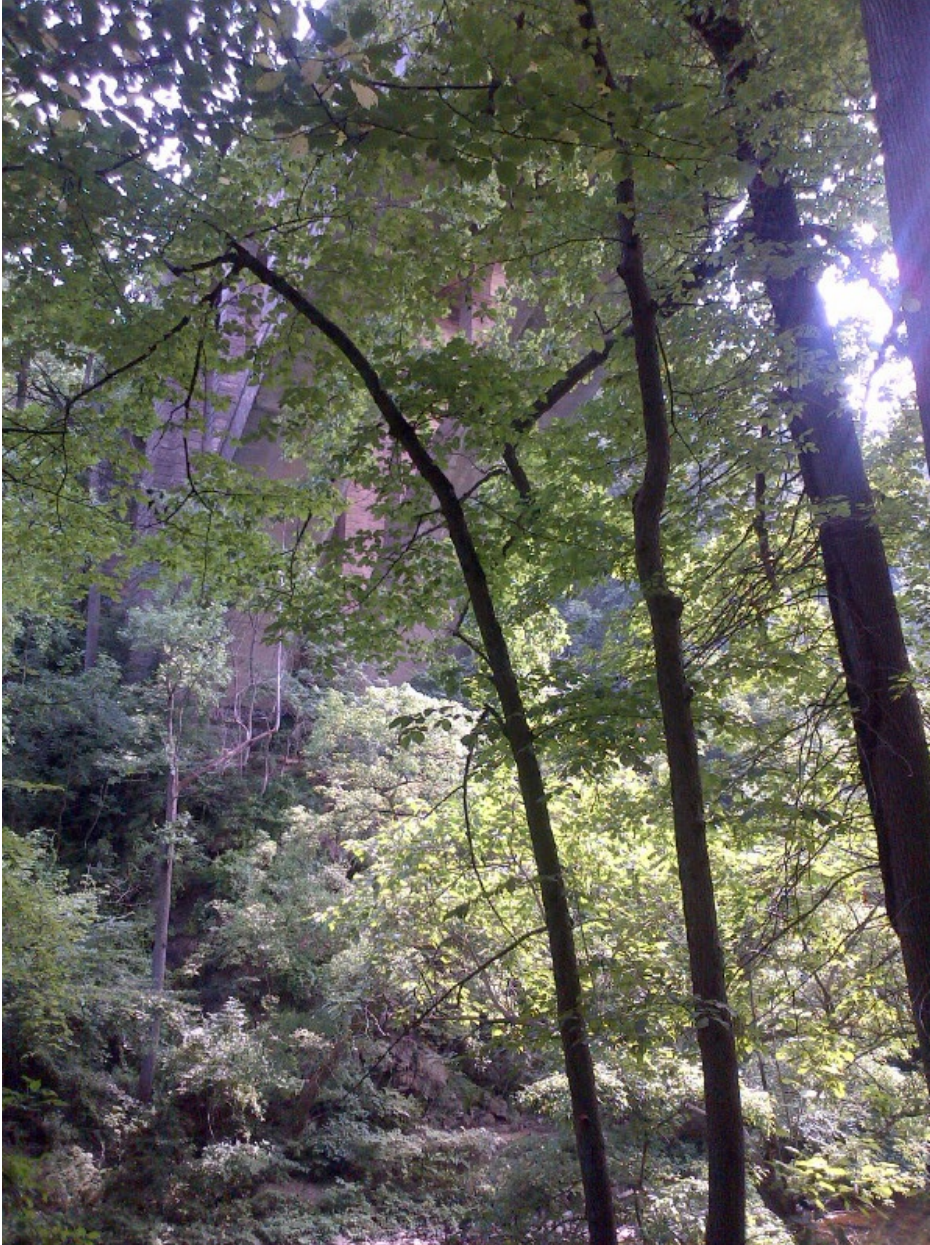


**because they are forbidden but forbidden because they are**  
*Notes on the Wissahickon, Philadelphia, July 2013*

### **1. Forbidden Drive**



I ask someone why it's called Forbidden Drive.  
He says it has to do with the Revolution.

Wissahickon schist a book unstitched.  
Shudder cricket truck patter.

Up ahead a marker  
says drivers were restricted from driving here in 1899.  
For 30 more years drivers fought the park to change the rules.  
They failed. A different revolution but a revolution nonetheless.

Rust buzz a bridge rumble.  
Tree limbs stumble a squirrel skirmish.

I am getting dirty. I am beginning to ripen.  
The flies are getting bigger. They might be wasps.  
I can't find the hermit's cave. That's OK, it was never really his.

## 2. Rittenhousetown: America's first paper mill



The town is now a house then another.  
A house then another without a mill.

Very little is known about the first few years of the mill.  
Very little is known about how they made their papers.  
Some of what is known comes from a poem.  
The first poem printed in the middle colonies.  
The first poem printed on their papers.

*from Linnen Rags good Paper doth derive  
the first Trade keeps the second Trade alive*

Flax rags pulp then paper.  
A stamping machine to turn the rags.  
A wheel to turn a stamp.  
A creek to turn a mill.  
A stamping machine like a music box hammering rags to stuff.  
A vatman to scoop stuff from a vat.  
A vatman with a shake.  
A vatman to a coucher couching papers between felt.  
A rhythm to press and then rest.

Very little is known about the last years of the mill.

What little is known may come from wasps.  
From watching wasps spin paper from trees.  
A method of milling the mill couldn't do.  
So it didn't.



### 3. Markers



This bench tells me to live the life I have imagined. This bench tells me every thing changes always. This bench tells me Bob loved leisure. A raspberry bench. Some foragers. A bench where I stop somewhere waiting for you. Here we wait and here you are.

A heron.

This bench is for Mitchell my present husband. This bench is for Brian who was 6 and lived to picnic. This bench is for Sarah who loved it here and Michael who loved Sarah. This bench is for Buzz on the 10th anniversary of his 40th birthday.

A nameless chief.



This rock may be ancient. There are butterflies everywhere. The water rushes without rushing. This is writing.

I have an email device. It tells me what the people at work are working on. But I don't give a fuck cause I'm on a rock in the middle of the Wissahickon. The water looks clean but of course it isn't. Look closer a whirlpool.

The people of the park made this possible. The people of the park reclaimed it from industry. Reclaimed it from industry they tore down the industry. They made it forbidden to drive here. The people made this possible. The people of the park made this possible. The people of the park preserved it. They preserved this rock this memory this whirlpool.

