

The title poem offers an unusual perspective on the forests we take for granted. Trees gave us building materials and fuel we needed for survival. They gave us the wheel to pull wagons, and ships for trade and exploration. Trees have provided so much over the ages. Without them, for example, we would not have paper for books. One could say that trees helped teach us how to read.

We choose the face we want to see, and be seen, like the mysterious Dr. X in "Five Not So Easy Pieces". In the theater of life, you can watch "The Garden Of My Summer Playhouse", then wander backstage and listen to songs of romantic imagination like "The Dancing Wind".

In "The New Wave", we hear the cry of a Telecaster mourning the loss of a president. Visit the haunting reflection of postwar dreams in "Purple Heart Row". Find redemption in "The Music Room", as well as defeat and despair in "The Mad Prince".

In "Good Mourning, Starshine", the narrator tells us: "Voices no longer speak the sound. It is the silence I hear... Intuition one cannot express in language could show you wonders, the horrors turned inside out like grand illusion, into flowers."

"When You Can't See The Trees For The Wood" is a collection that tracks the secret storms as well as gentle rains that fall upon the shores of life.

