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Forest

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FOREST

Macchia. It is a climax forest in the Mediterranean. Some seeds sleep centuries and later a fire reaches them. They explode in the heat and grow then. Those are the words he spoke tugging the pine brush. Sea gleamed below, spread out, with two dark freighters at the horizon. Somewhere higher there'll be a church. Near sea, everyone keeps prayers. He uttered other penetrating things as we climbed. Over our heads, sound rose, greater and greater. Palms bent and wind roared. Nothing eats trees, he said. Given how nature works, it's paradox. They alone have towering, peaceful lives. He was above me, shoulders, legs, ahead. I was following him. Then on rocks no different from steps before, the wind's perimeter overtook me.