

**Helicopter in the Morning Sun**

The hefty family men who punch down trees  
do not live in leaking tents. The winter  
is their time, when frozen roads support  
thick-armed machinery, and in the cold, wild night  
these men drink coffee, shoot pool, trade jokes, and swear,  
in shiny trailers warm under the moon.  
In summer come the gypsies: boys, young men  
with boots and shovels to plant small trees, and women  
too, and wanderers with guitars, Australians  
even, all come and go and struggle in the  
rough hard land to make big bucks and plant  
small trees, and bears invade their camps at night  
to eat the garbage left around and are shot;  
shot, then wrestled into nets and hauled away.

*Andrew Sinclair*