The year was 1944. The setting was a farm in the Netherlands that I have only seen in portraits in my mind, a collection of ideas of where the beans grew and the fruit trees stood and the pond waited. The story was the Germans came down the road with horses and wagons; the great German war machine. That summer, the Dutch men on the farm relieved themselves on one cabbage blossom in particular. And when the Germans came again demanding cabbage for their Kohlentopf, my grandfather’s father, grinning like Hitler had walked himself into the North Sea, picked the special cabbage for that special moment... if those Germans, wondering why their cabbage soup tasted a little different than their Rhineland variations, had knocked on that farm door demanding answers I may not be here now. Here as a place I am always escaping and then returning to, like a fox whose home is the wilderness but hunts near the chicken coop from time to time. But only if to catch a hen he must first jump a barbed fence and outrun the dumb hound and only if we can understand wilderness to mean, used here, as a place where all the collective art is being made this moment, now living, growing at the touch of sunlight beamed out of knowing fingers, dripping from the end of brushes into streambeds. I, like the fox, am pulled between warm waiting eggs and what is possible in the wilds where we belong. Earth as a wilderness I am breathing in, exhaled numbered like miles crossed over the Atlantic and over states in a new VW bought with egg-money, miles traveled to the south bend of a river. I saw a fox loping down Erskine as I returned from what is one half of this gravity, the wilderness a port below brick and windows, a desk and clear intentions. Earth as a wilderness. The fox just clever enough to survive the winter.