Trophic Cascade

Everything on earth has blossom:
A pale pink or purple passionflower that gives life to the hummingbird or bee—
or as the bee to the fuchsia—
or as the fuchsia to the seed.

Even wolves in their bloodstained fur give life:
  snarling—
  running into racks of ribs—
  tearing and pulling—
  ripping down, around,
on to the ground,
yet out of the wolves come blossom.

How could such viciousness bring virtue?

  When vegetation is lost within the stomach of the elk
  or whitetail—
  when the flourished life of the forest floor is no more—

Then out of the wolves’ kill sprout aspen….
emerge the beavers, and the cottonwood:
  shrikes soar.

“Nothing attested, everything sung”
- H. L. Hix