

To the Board of Supervisors:

I have composed a letter to you regarding the issue of the Phase Three Ordinance and my displeasure at the lack of enforcement, active personnel, and conviction that Mendocino County has exhibited in the past few years when it comes to a coherent approach to legalizing marijuana growing. I still have that letter, and may send it still, but fear it will be like so many others, which will surely lead to fatigue and the glazing over of your eyes. I sincerely hope that you will hold off on any Phase Three enactment until the issue of the original applicants is taken care of, and those that have jumped through all of your hoops will be moved forward to official legal status. I also hope that no further permits to grow are issued until there is enough county personnel in environmental code enforcement to abate the problems that are already plaguing several rural areas.

To allow you some change from the many letters you are receiving, here is a poem for you:

Growing

You can drive down to Cloverdale,
rolling hills cloaked in fabulous green spring,
road coiling and curving past Frog Woman Rock,
the perpetual roadwork
holds hope that men's toil will stand
against the force of nature

Who will stand? To hold the rivers,
the streams, the creeks to remain full
With the silvery sleek bodies of steel head
and salmon, to hold the skies and treetops
alive with osprey and bald eagle?

Kayakers once bobbed with hearts in throats
Over the roiling waters at Frog Woman Rock
Today the waters pass, slowly, calmly
Sorely diminished from drought and abuse
The kayakers roam with boats atop cars
Searching for water that soon will be gone

Summer families with ice chests, folding chairs
and inflatable swimming wings for the wee ones
will park roadside and look over the highway's edge
Turning back to the hot car the only option
The water is gone

Why not pursue the huge gain to be made
From acre after acre of plastic hoop house,
Mile upon mile of poly pipe, millions upon
millions of plastic bags emptied of soil brought
from where?

Where does this optimum soil come from?
Why isn't it here? Have we lost all of ours?
Why isn't the river running? Why the algae
that paralyzes and kills the labrador retriever,

aching to chase that thrown stick?

This land has a beauty far and wide renowned,
Do we heed that meaning? Do we care? Or do
the excuses continue, always appeasing the illogic
of what we have already done?

We build yet another version of concrete wall
or boulder pack to hold the soil at Frog Woman Rock
Nature will decide to what purpose
And nature will decide when an end has come to water,
When the wells will run dry, when the grapes and buds will
Shrivel and waste away.
Then we can take all that money
and show it to each other.

Wendy Jackson