William Candasan

BLADE OF GRASS

Blade of grass
you
and your numberless kin
turn
and part like gates
before the push of the
vernal breeze.

Blade
your greenness which is lost
in the meadow's vastness
ever bright
and still growing rich
bends the sunshine.

Blade
you are the spring robin
on a mossy slab
in an opened field, in a budding tree
or village green.

You rise from the earth
the source and end
in all her shapes and images
and you are
an only one
one that will never be again
and many seed you have left.

As the sun peaks
you stretch toward the endlessness
and the light is touched.

You
0 blade of grass
are as common as the
sun, moon and earth
in a line
and as vital to me.

Juniper Violet

LOVE SONG TO THE EARTH

1.
on a weekday
people are working.
when it rains
old disapproving bitches
are inside complaining about the weather.
i come, forest,
undressed and free.

quiet place.
surrounded by ferns
and brambles
and i too am afraid of snakes.
but i have come through brambles and ferns.
i have come to love you.

2.
i know you have many loves
and i love them all.
i read Walt Whitman in the newborn morning.
i know you have many loves,
forest
women and men
they are all the same to you.
and i love them all with you--
our souls all loving
not creating
but regenerating.
i too have come to be a lover.