

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  
                    in one big mass  
not creating  
    but regenerating.  
i too have come to be a lover.

3.

rain  
splash  
    my thighs!  
touch me!  
we are friends.

the summer is warm  
    soft rain,  
                    and your touch is freedom...

i laugh  
    and sing  
i am your friend.  
splash and love!  
it is permitted.

4.

how beautiful the tall grass.  
never have i known you so.  
i roll in you and feel you surround my body.  
you hide me,  
    grand protector.

What's this?  
you harbor slugs and cutworms?  
    you imperfect  
            i imperfect--  
but there is no ugly lover.  
each lover has a thousand faces  
    a handful of them irresistable.  
(a grass pompom touches my nipple).

a pink flower--  
    wild geranium.  
such children i can never bear.  
and yet my rolling body  
                    knocks off petals  
                            sows the seeds.

5.

Stream  
    wash my feet!  
as a child  
    i loved  
                    the mud between my toes.  
cold stream, you are  
cold  
cold enough to forget me  
warm enough to receive anyone  
who can take your spirit.

6.

and here all ages are the same.  
you never said, old walt,  
that i could not love you  
when you are a hundred years dead.  
and here i am,  
a hundred years and more your junior.

let me stroke your long beard  
                    and follow  
    the individual hairs  
                    to my future and ancestry.  
though you bathed in manhattan's waters  
    i, in coventry lake  
but here all waters are the same.  
if Jesus so wills  
then this stream be my jordan  
and i emerge  
naked, cleansed and pure.

7.

you birds are naked.  
come, let me be naked with you.  
my body imperfect  
    your bodies imperfect.

for you there is no imperfection.

just success--

raising new birds and watching them fly free.

but i am plagued by perfection

and what i am not.

let me stop for a minute

and be what i am with you.

i

am all i have to give.

is that not enough?