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
O 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.
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 beatiful 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 irresistible.
(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?

Gail Kadison Golden

the monument

my children climb on song of
the open road as walt whitman, hat in hand,
gazes with eyes of chiseled bronze, away
from
the entrance to bear mountain zoo, into the
tops of spare october trees.

the poem, carved into rock, delights
small fingers
which trace each letter; brush away leaves,
dirt, twigs.
I am told to read aloud from a poster
near the statue's base which duplicates the
words
in a less demanding form.

they check each word with care, hoping to
catch the
stonecutter in some error not detected
till now. he was precise to each period.

leaves blow across the poet's stony coat,
land
by his motionless boots. i envy him, that
his poem has become a rock.

my children climb on 'song of the open road,'
lie across the sunwarmed sentences, feel the
granite print. i rest with the sharpness of
the poem on my back and the sun on my face.