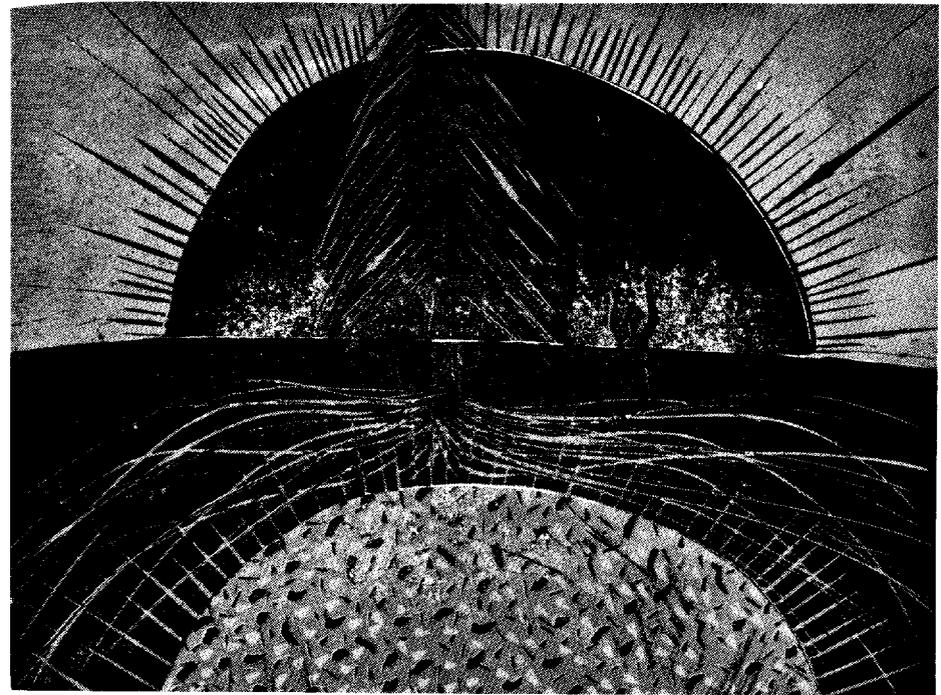




**Robert Bly**

### EARTH AND LOVE

With you and the bear's cabin I come to earth.  
There are limits. Among all the limits  
we *know* so few things. How is it I know  
one river only — its turns — and one woman?  
The love of woman is the knowing of grief.  
There are no limits to grief. The loving man  
simmers his porcupine stew. Among the timber  
growing on earth grief finds roots.



### A RAMAGE FOR WAKING THE HERMIT

Early in the morning the hermit wakes,  
hearing the roots of the fir tree stir beneath his floor.  
Someone is there. That strength buried  
in earth carries up the summer world.  
When a man loves a woman, he nourishes her.  
Dancers strew the lawn with the light of their feet.  
When a woman loves the earth, she nourishes it.  
And earth nourishes what no one can see.