Poetry as Eco-Vessel

Leonard Zawadski

‘build therefore your own world’
-- Ralph Waldo Emerson

I.

to lay

one-self dow
n beside the water -- in th
e thick, warm
grasses; residing there am
ongst the ple
asant -- oh, the quietude o
f this! how m
asterful: its shore-line, w
ith these tre
es up-grazing the sky; a tr
ue, and beaut.

II.

oh, bl

ue sky; oh, g
reat-big, blue sky; oh, wan
derer through
the field of yellow days -
- each flower
is a day... each pebble is
a year! and
ocean: an eternity! and eac
h is each, al
so -- yes, each -- like the
dew of morni.
III.

how eloquent: the stars tonight -- oh, the expression of themselves; and, how open is the sky in which they sit, beside the wide, and gleaming moon; so simple -- so complex! and how the light rests, upon the head, whit.

IV.

not without: the mountain; not without: the forest -- and not without: the ocean, the desert, nor the sky; not without: the feather, and the foot-print in the mud -- so, not without: the sand, the leaf, the stone, nor m.