

Poetry as Eco-Vessel

Leonard Zawadski

'build therefore your own world'
-- Ralph Waldo Emerson

I.

to lay

one-self down
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 el

loquent: the s
tars tonight -- oh, the exp
ression of th
em-selves; and, how open is
the sky in-w
hich they sit, beside the w
ide, and glea
ming moon; so simple -- so
complex! and
how the light rests, upon t
he head, whit.

IV.

not wi

thout: the mo
untain; not without: the fo
rest -- and n
ot without: the ocean, the
desert, nor t
he sky; not without: the fe
ather, and th
e foot-print in the mud --
so, not witho
ut: the sand, the leaf, the
stone, nor m.