

POEM

Breathing earth

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Am I ready
to greet the breathing Earth?
She's ready.
Past ready.

How shall I reply
to the passionate planet –
vermilion in the west
and the hill brooding indigo?

Green ground in the morning,
generous and strong,
rosebay willow herb,
fat apples and mallow?

I am plagued by the gravity
of this sacred charge
to praise her,
to state her case.