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“Let the Barbaric Flowers Live: Nature and Poetry”

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The subject of poetry and nature is so vast that I hardly knew how to make it small. I finally settled on weeds—or more prettily, wildflowers—as a focus: the weediness of what-is. A poem by Emily Dickinson lists all the exotic, valuable things she *could* offer and then describes a wildflower she’s brought instead. I wonder whether any of the gardeners here can identify the flower? She says it’s topaz-colored (which probably meant a darkish yellow-orange). The word “bobodilo” toward the end refers to a 16th-century Spanish viceroy of the Indies, Francisco de Bobadilla.

I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to—
 But You have enough—of those—
 I could bring You Odors from St. Domingo—
 Colors—from Vera Cruz—

Berries of the Bahamas—have I—But this little Blaze
 Flickering to itself—in the Meadow—
 Suits Me—more than those—

Never a Fellow matched this Topaz—
 And his Emerald Swing
 Dower itself—for Bobadilo—
 Better—could I bring?

Emily Dickinson is on record as loving wildflowers best of all, followed by Daphne and Jasmine, which she must have grown in her indoor conservatory. “Daphne always seems to me a more civic arbutus,” she wrote, “though the sweet Barbarian will forgive me if the suggestion is invidious . . .”

As I write, I’m distracted by the sweet barbarians in the garden, though “garden” is a hyperbole for my attempts. We’ve planted great blue lobelia, astilbe, lamb’s ears, pincushion flowers, pulsatilla, coreopsis, baby’s breath, and chrysanthemums. But there’s this interloper, this *thing* a previous gardener left behind. “I think it’s a weed,” I tell my husband, Hank. “It’s too happy, too thriving.” Its bell-shaped blooms are subtle—a ghostly, sickly yellow-gray and hidden under the leaves. A cultivated plant would be showier. But my husband is the plant’s advocate. He thinks it’s pretty, and I have to admit it looks better than many perennials I’ve tried to grow. We decide to keep it in case it’s something nice. Still, I wish I had a name for it. A. R. Ammons writes in *Glare*:

if I don't know what it is it could

be anything—a slue-footed, coned,
tail-bent galligarngion: so it is
helpful when words pinpoint . . .”

Sunday, August 31, 2003: Hank found a bird with a broken wing by the side of the house. We're not sure what kind of bird it is; I'm guessing a juvenile robin. It's Labor Day weekend, and the Cornell Animal Hospital is closed till Tuesday. The SPCA doesn't accept wild animals, but they directed us to Marcia Zgola, who helps injured birds. She's away till tomorrow night, so Hank put the robin in a cage. Then he learned it might hurt itself thrashing against the wire, so he transferred it to a cardboard box. He tried to feed it sugar water with an eye dropper, but it wasn't interested. At last, he left it a few earthworms, some bread, dried cherries, sunflower seeds, and a bowl of plain water. Now he's worried that he shouldn't have intervened; we don't know anything about rescuing wild birds. All our experience has been with dogs and cats.

When we lived in the country, people were always dumping their inconvenient pets near our old farmhouse. The big meadow in back of that house was our best garden. Every spring, the vanilla-scented autumn olives, trees regarded as weeds, made our walks euphoric. And in the fall, acres of goldenrod and purple asters would effortlessly upstage whatever starved and stricken flowers I'd planted. The meadow gave so freely; it was perfect for a theoretical gardener like me, someone who'd rather read a gardening book than pick up a spade. A short but charming verse by Dickinson describes such conceptual gardening:

To make a prairie, it takes a clover and one bee,
One clover, and a bee,
And revery.
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.

The only thing better than having a meadow is having the chance to dream about one. Reverie. Consciousness. In *Glare*, A. R. Ammons describes consciousness as:

a kind of planet, inscribed
on the outside with whatever's seen or done,

trekked or swum, climbed or scrambled down,
while inside the molten moves (drives, slow

shifts) redispense how the surface lies: we're
wardens, gardeners, waterworkers of the self

keeping the circulations clear and the light
bright. . . .

And a poem from my book *Felt* celebrates our ability to think and understand: to witness meadows, flowers, failure, the whole weedy maximalist everything.

Sequel

The universe's ignorance of me is privacy.
I know the endangered meadow in a way
it will never know itself.

Must be the cosmos wanted something
to hear the splendornote
and find the fossil data,

to take an interest
in extinction events and ask
what pulsation is this

exserted from, what What.
I don't know about purpose,
the why of why

we're here, but we seem to witness
with a difference.
To think is to exercise

godheat. Haven't I been given
everything, my life?
I might as well revise

the opening to read
the universe adores me.
It leans. It likes. It feels

no one could fail in quite
the same way as I've.
It gives burnish

when what is worthy of it.
The cosmos must have wanted something
to provide ovation

and disdain and inquire
under whose auspices
comes applause and hiss

and ask whose modulations unscroll
in flowers so immoderate that many
fewer would be none the less

a form of excess.

It's no stretch to say Emily Dickinson was a botanist, at least by the standards of her day. She studied botany in school, and her poems are full of the specialized language of horticulture. As a child, she created an exquisitely detailed herbarium, a book of collected flowers species, now in Harvard's Houghton Library. Of this book, biographer Richard Sewall writes, "Take Emily's herbarium *far* enough, and you have *her*."

After Dickinson's death, a friend remembered the young Dickinson this way: "I have so many times seen her in the morning at work in her garden where everything throve under her hand, and wandering there at eventide, that she is perpetually associated in my mind with flowers—a flower herself." And her sister-in-law, Susan Gilbert Dickinson, wrote, "So intimate and passionate was her love of Nature, she seemed herself a part of the high March sky, the summer day, and bird-call."

In fact, Dickinson's nickname for herself, both in poems and letters to close friends, was Daisy. And more than a nickname, Daisy was her persona; in this way, she constructed herself as a weed. The flowers in her work can be read as synonyms for the poet or poem, but however we read them, to be a flower is a high calling. As she wrote:

The Clover's simple Fame
Remembered of the Cow—
Is better than enameled Realms
Of no-ta-bi-li-ty.
Renown *perceives* itself
And that degrades the Flower—
The Daisy that has looked behind
Has compromised its power—

What an Orphic Daisy she is here! Like Orpheus, whose backward glance cost him Eurydice, those who look after renown are degraded by self-consciousness. Dickinson advised her sister-in-law, Susan: "Cherish Power—dear—Remember that it stands in the Bible between the Kingdom and the Glory, because it is wilder than either of them." Power, to her mind, was associated with the untamed, and Nature's power was the ultimate, stronger than words. Thus she wrote of Nature: "We conjugate her Skill / While She creates and federates / Without a Syl-la-ble."

A. R. Ammons pays similar tribute in a short poem describing his own poetics:

Project

My subject's
still the wind still
difficult to

present
being invisible:
nevertheless should I
presume it not
I'd be compelled
to say

how the honeysuckle bushlimbs
wave themselves
difficult
beyond presumption

In another early poem, Ammons uses a weed to enact the vibrating, back and forth resonance of perception. This poem is like a Zen koan. It's so short it can go by before you begin to listen.

Reflective

I found a
weed
that had a

mirror in it
and that
mirror

looked in at
a mirror
in
me that
had a
weed in it

Walt Whitman describes his own weedy project in "Song of Myself." Here's the last section:

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift in lacy jags.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I am somewhere *waiting* for you.

In 1874, Whitman wrote of a giant redwood tree being chopped down to make way for commerce and industry. He gave the tree a “A murmuring, fateful, giant voice, out of the earth and sky, Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense.” The tree speaks of:

. . . joys 'mid rain and many a summer
And the white snows and night and the wild winds;
O the great patient rugged joys, my soul's strong joys unreck'd by man,
(For know I bear the soul befitting me, I too have consciousness, identity,
And all the rocks and mountains have, and all the earth,) . . .

Whitman continues in his own voice:

. . . In the echo of teamsters' calls and the clinking chains, and the music of
choppers' axes,
The falling trunk and limbs, the crash, the muffled shriek, the groan,
Such words combined from the redwood-tree, as of voices ecstatic, ancient and
rustling,
The century-lasting, unseen dryads, singing, withdrawing,
All their recesses of forests and mountains leaving,
From the Cascade range to the Wahsatch, or Idaho far, or Utah,
To the deities of the modern henceforth yielding.

Whitman said his disposition was “out of hopeful green stuff woven,” and in “Song of the Redwood” his optimism takes the form of a noble progress narrative; if you read the entire poem,

you'll see that his tree is surprisingly self-sacrificing and fatalistic about its own demise. Of course, neither Whitman nor Dickinson had seen the countryside despoiled by industry. While she was away at school, Dickinson wrote to a friend, reminding her of the wildflowers they used to find on their rambles in Amherst: "the trailing arbutus, adder's tongue, yellow violets, liver-leaf, blood-root, and many other smaller flowers."

Maybe poets love weeds because they have such great names. Pigweed, for instance, is also known as lamb's quarters, fat hen, and white goosefoot. It grows to six feet and is said to be delicious when cooked as creamed spinach (if creamed spinach is delicious). One of my early poems used "pigweed" to talk about the charms of the upclose and personal. Like Whitman's "Song of the Redwood," this poem has a big tree with a dryad in it. I was living in Manhattan at the time and preferring the particular and small to the abstract and vast.

Yours & Mine

Through your lens the sequoia swallowed me
like a dryad. The camera flashed & forgot.
I, on the other hand, must practice my absent-
mindedness, memory being awkward as a touch
that goes unloved. Lately your eyes have shut
down to a shade more durable than skin's. I know you
love distance, how it smooths. You choose an aerial view,
the city angled to abstraction, while I go for the close
exposures: poorly-mounted countenances along Broadway,
the pigweed cracking each hardscrabble backlot.
It's a matter of perspective: yours is to love me
from a block away & mine is to praise the grain-
iness that weaves expressively: your face.

I guess this would be a good time to admit that despite certain poets' fondness for them, there's a downside to weeds. Weeds have great names, but they can be nasty, selfish, destructive things. We all know about the lovely but wanton purple loosestrife; we know how nonnative weeds can shove out other plants, destroy wildlife habitats, and increase topsoil erosion. But some weeds are more ambiguous. Until recently, for instance, common milkweed was considered a pest. However, its banishment almost extinguished the monarch butterfly, which feeds exclusively on it. And now it seems milkweed is classified as a native flower in every state but Maine.

The dictionary calls weeds "superfluous" and "offensive." It describes them as "unsightly" and uses words like "detriment" and "disfigurement" when defining them. It calls them "rank." "Give me life coarse and rank," Whitman commanded. In a poem published in 1860, he celebrates a state that sounds remarkably weedy:

Native moments—when you come upon me—ah you are here now,
Give me now libidinous joys only,

Give me the drench of my passion, give me life coarse and rank,
 To-day I go consort with Nature's darlings, to-night too,
 I am for those who believe in loose delights, I share the midnight orgies of young
 men,
 I dance with the dancers and drink with the drinkers,
 The echoes ring with our indecent calls, I pick out some low person for my
 dearest friend,
 He shall be lawless, rude, illiterate, he shall be one condemn'd by others for deeds
 done,
 I will play a part no longer, why should I exile myself from my companions?
 O you shunn'd person, I at least do not shun you,
 I come forthwith in your midst, I will be your poet,
 I will be more to *you* than to any of the rest.

No wonder Dickinson wrote of Whitman, "I never read his Book—but was told that he
 was disgraceful—" Still, we mustn't take her at her word. She was writing to the editor of *The
 Atlantic*, and her brother Austin, who knew her well, said she definitely posed in those letters. Of
 course, Whitman *was* shocking; he still is, to his credit. But Dickinson also was disgraceful. Her
 religious unorthodoxy is well-documented. To her confidante, Mrs. Holland, she wrote: "The
 Days are very hot and the Weeds pant like the centre of Summer. . . . Vinnie (that was her sister)
 rocks her Garden and moans that God won't help her—I suppose he is too busy, getting 'angry
 with the Wicked'—every Day."

On several occasions, she called herself a Pagan. "I am standing alone in rebellion," she
 wrote in 1850, a year of religious revival in Amherst, when many of her friends and relatives
 joined the Elect. Twelve years later, she said of her family: "They are religious—except me—
 and address an Eclipse, every morning—whom they call their 'Father.'" In a poem dated 1883,
 three years before she died, Dickinson celebrated a blasphemous bobolink. There's one unusual
 word in the poem, "Decalogue." It means a set of authoritative rules, like the Ten
 Commandments. "The Bobolink is gone—the Rowdy of the Meadow—And no one swaggers
 now but me. The Presbyterian birds—Can now resume the Meeting he boldly interrupted that
 overflowing Day—when supplicating mercy, in a portentous way, he swung upon the Decalogue
 and *shouted* let us pray—."

Monday, Sept. 1, 2003: Our foundling robin seemed perkier today, but it still won't eat.
 We've learned there are licensed wildlife rehabilitators in New York state, good souls like
 Marcia Zgola, who help injured animals. Barb Cole, another rehabilitator, lives about an hour
 away. She's leaving on a trip and can't take the bird, but she said to wrap it in a towel and try to
 force feed it soaked cat food when it gapes. But the bird won't gape. Tonight, thank God, we
 heard from Marcia Zgola, just back from her trip. She called the Cornell Wildlife Clinic, and
 they told us to bring the bird over, even though it's 9:00 p.m. They also said they'd send a letter,
 telling us whether they were able to help it.

Whitman wrote, "This hour I tell things in confidence, I might not tell everybody, but I
 will tell you." I have to admit: Emily Dickinson brings out the weed in me. There was a time

when I couldn't drive through Amherst without trespassing on the grounds of the Dickinson Homestead. I didn't live nearby; I didn't know when I'd pass through again; and guided tours were given only on Tuesdays. Those were my feeble excuses. Once I was evicted like a weed, some wandering noxious anapestic loosefoot, from Emily Dickinson's barn, which had been turned into a gift shop full of Dickinson tchotchkes—tee-shirts, coffee mugs. I was looking at postcards of her famous white dress when I discovered, of course, the dress is part of her legend, but as I wrote in my poem "Maidenhead":

how hard
it would be to keep *ink* off a white dress
or keep black cake crumbs or lily pollen off,
how difficult to have only one dress and that one
white. Unlike really, likely
to be a myth.

The white dress was Dickinson's official regalia, her weeds, in the sense of garments that indicate a person's occupation, situation, or position, like the black veils known as widow's weeds. This old meaning of "weeds" has all but disappeared, but it's still a useful word, maybe one we should revive. Weed as garment goes back to the Middle English word for "cloth," which can be traced, in turn, to ancient verbs for weaving. But the current dictionary also defines "weed" as "something that resembles an outer garment: flesh." I was surprised to find that somewhere, in the recesses of the English language, weeds are flesh.

I mentioned that Dickinson used flowers as metaphors for the poet or poem. In one of her "Master Letters," she wrote, "You asked me what my flowers said—then they were disobedient—I gave them messages." We never think of her as a poet of conscience, particularly, but around 1865, she playfully described a flower's accountability.

Bloom—is Result—to meet a Flower
And casually glance
Would scarcely cause one to suspect
That minor Circumstance

Assisting in the Bright Affair
So intricately done
Then offered as a Butterfly
To the Meridian—

To pack the Bud—oppose the Worm—
Obtain its right of Dew—
Adjust the Heat—subdue the Wind—
Escape the prowling Bee

Great Nature not to disappoint
Awaiting Her that Day—

To be a Flower, is profound
Responsibility—

But what is the *nature* of that responsibility? Could Whitman's word, "barbaric," enter into it somehow? He sang the body electric: a body that seemed closer to nature than to culture, celebrating a shocking sexuality; Dickinson, like her arbutus, was a sweet barbarian: a self-described pagan in a Puritan-Calvinist culture, who found God in nature rather than in Church; and Ammons admits the most unsavory, even disgusting aspects of nature to *his* poems, aspects that seem, as he says in *Glare*, vulgar. American poets have a debt to pay to barbarism somehow, and it better not be taken lightly; something must be at stake, lest the barbaric be nothing more than brattiness. As Ammons wrote:

we shouldn't worry so
much about consciousness as unconsciousness by
the conscious. . . .

A 1999 study by the Center For Sustainable Living at Johns Hopkins concluded: "The way we breed animals for food is a threat to the planet. It pollutes our environment while consuming huge amounts of water, grain, petroleum, pesticides, and drugs. The results are disastrous." This inconvenient knowledge loiters within me. Ammons wrote:

I can't tell
you what I care about: I care too much: can

you listen around the edges a little, if you
care, and take up anything you find and want

as yours . . .

I can't speak about nature and the environment without considering a few unpoetical facts:

- that passing up one hamburger saves as much water as taking 40 showers with a low-flow nozzle;
- that a day's production of food for a vegetarian uses 300 gallons of water as compared to more than 4,000 gallons for a carnivore;
- that grazing cattle eat more native than nonnative plants, transport weed seed on their coats, and create a nitrogen-rich soil favored by nonnative species;
- that meat production annihilates valuable native predators and destroys habitats;
- that the meat industry creates virulent bacteria and contaminates and depletes the watershed,
- that the meat industry contributes to global warming and human starvation.

It might be unseemly to mention these things, but listen around the edges a little, if you care, and take up anything you find and *want* as yours. Ammons says of truth that it

has about as
much chance as a slender of wheat in weeds:
but, of course, weeds are the truth, too, just
not the truth we want to keep . . .

In truth, my own reasons for avoiding meat are in the spirit of this section from “Song of Myself”:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

How far this is from the language of factory farms, where animals become “production units;” how far from our plates where they become bacon, broilers, babyback ribs. It’s interesting that the only *literal* barbaric yawp sounded by Emily Dickinson—or, I should say, the only one documented—was uttered on behalf of an animal. Her sister Lavinia described the moment in a letter to their brother, Austin:

Oh! dear! Father is killing the horse. I wish you’d come quick if you want to see him alive. He is whipping him because he didn’t look quite “umble” enough this morning. Oh! Austin, it makes me so angry to see that “noble creature” so abused. Emilie is screaming to the top of her voice. She’s so vexed about it.

Well, most of us love animals—or at least some form of animal. And in addition to being bad for the environment, carnivorism is bad for animals. When you really think about it—oh, inconvenient knowledge!—it seems deeply cruel. And I guess that was it, my barbaric yawp *du jour*, directed more to myself than to you, as I try to heed what Whitman called “The potent, *felt*, interior command, stronger than words.”

I called my last book, *Felt*, because of the interplay of the noun and verb. The textile *felt* is made by tangling or pressing fibers together into a cloth that can’t unravel. To me, this suggested the complex weave of humans, animals, and planet, the way our every move sends shivers through the fabric of what-is. It’s intimacy in the big sense. And the emotion this stirs—empathy, compassion—is suggested by the verb *felt*.” When we consider the noun and verb together, “felt,” like the word “weed,” suggests a *living* cloth, a flesh.

And I’ll read a poem that came out of all this.

The Permeable Past Tense of Feel

Let the barbaric flowers live, I'm living.
I'm liking the meadow blobbed with bird's-foot trefoil,
with earth-gall and the creeping wheatgrass
anciently known as felt. I mean nonelites
that live in disturbed soils, nuisance shrubs
whose fragrance exceeds exaggeration. Isn't it green.

These days everyone wants
two acres gated with herbicide. Everyone wants
to eat high on the food chain while—

Contain yourself. We need less
impervious surface per person

beginning with the mind.
Oh, the blisters sustained
while blaming others. The indignation of!
Only the sky has a right to such
disdain. Isn't it blue, my companion
animal said. And doesn't the body extend

into other endowed stuff. Feeling things
with blue irises and pink or brown
fleshy hairless ears
enrobed in fat and skin
that chew and breathe and joy themselves
by twisting, aerodynamic, when they jump.
That have soulweight and intestines.
That like Mozart,
which is played to calm them since calm
things are easier to kill.

Felt comes from "beat" and from "near."
== As hooks pass through, the fibers entangle
till our presence is a double-dwelling ==

Why must I say they are like
us whenever I say let them live? Speak eco-speak
like eat no flesh and save the watershed, like
maybe the whole blue-green.

How have I inconvenienced myself
in service to this feeling?
Felt is ideal for padding and sealing.

How have I left the earth
uncluttered with more me?

The inhabitant cleans and wipes,
eats and spasms. Cruelty exasperates
reason. At the top of its range,
ah is the only sound
the human voice can make. So felt
takes on the shape of flesh

beyond resemblance
into same, a thou-art-that that oscillates
through pollen-throwing and clasping devices,
ovaries and arms. So lid and lash
close over iris and pupil, dissecting tables drain
into our sweet spot.

The century heaves. Nowever. Who has time?
With primates to raise, important hearts
to hold down.

== When the box is full, hammers beat the felt,
which turns to present a new surface
before it's struck again ==

Lovers, givers, what minds have we made
that make us hate
a slaughterhouse for torturing a river?

As the prescribed burn begins, I see the warmth
sculpture rise higher, twisting from the base.
And though the world consists of everything

that is the case, I know
there must be ways to concentrate
the meanings of felt in one

just place. Just as this flame
assumes the shape of the flesh it covers.
I like to prepare the heart
by stuffing it with the brain.

Saturday, September 6, 2003: We got the letter from the Cornell Wildlife Clinic. "Thanks for bringing in the bird you found. This little one ate well and healed fully. It was sent to a rehabilitator because it is a juvenile, but it should be released into the wild soon." Oh, the letter also said the bird was not a robin but a rose-breasted grosbeak. Why was this slightly thrilling? I

mean, I like robins, but rose-breasted grosbeak sounds more rarified, more poetical somehow. And sure enough, *Peterson's Guide* describes its voice as having rising and falling passages that resemble a robin's song "but mellower, given with more feeling, *as if a robin had taken voice lessons.*" I'm glad we don't eat songbirds or their eggs, glad we don't pluck them for duvets and pillows. I'm glad they have no use except the giving of accidental joy.

And Hank finally identified the mystery plant near our front path. It's a weed, he said. Not only that, it's poisonous, and something's been eating it. What's it called? I asked. Something like clammy crawling cherry. You're kidding, I said. In fact, it was clammy ground cherry, a member of the nightshade family, though only the leaves and unripe fruit are poisonous. The *ripe* fruit can be made into clammy ground cherry jam and pies. Look for it at the farmer's market, or in the bookstore, under Poetry. Clammy ground cherry meets the dictionary's requirements for a weed, a plant "of low economic value" that "tends to grow freely . . .," "an economically useless plant." And I think this gets to the heart of a weed's appeal. A weed is defiantly un-commodifiable! It has a certain kind of power, the kind that has to be contained between the Kingdom and the Glory because it is wilder than either of them.

I'll close with a poem by A. R. Ammons that pays homage to the weedy, unpragmatic, nonutilitarian aspects of nature, things of no mercantile value that can't be sold or sell out.

Conserving the Magnitude of Uselessness

Spits of glitter in lowgrade ore,
precious stones too poorly surrounded for harvest,
to all things not worth the work
of having,

brush oak on a sharp slope, for example,
the balk tonnage of woods-lodged boulders,
the irreparable desert,
drowned river mouths, lost shores where

the winged and light-footed go,
take creosote bush that possesses
ground nothing else will have,
to all things and for all things

crusty or billowy with indifference,
for example, incalculable, irremovable water
or fluvio-glacial deposits
larch or dwarf aspen in the least breeze sometimes shiver in—

suddenly the salvation of waste betides,
the peerlessly unsettled seas that shape the continents,
take the gales *wasting* and *in* waste over
Antarctica and the sundry high shoals of ice,

for the inexcusable (the worthless abundant) the
merely tiresome, the obviously unimprovable,
to these and for these and for their undiminishment
the poets will yelp and hoot forever

probably,
rank as weeds themselves and just as abandoned:
nothing useful is of lasting value:
dry wind only is still talking among the oldest stones