

# Earth

## I. SEASONS

Text by Kai Hoffman-Krull

Why are seasons  
no longer the seasons  
of before?

The farmer bent low  
to find obsidian shaped to tip of arrow.  
He wondered if it happened here  
when these fields were forest before his grandfather  
grasped the saw across from his brother  
the day spent making rhythm and shavings  
until the sound of gravity taking  
the tree's weight, life, more.  
He wondered if death  
happened here  
hand holding arrow still  
hunter finding breath of doe until  
he knows himself in her and lets her go  
like sun kneeling to horizon, its daily bow.

Frost from the night before coats pasture  
each crystal's edge holding the morning.  
Sheep come in ushered with a gesture  
a young cutting of willow  
while grasses bow low  
in wind and light showers  
like monks praying the hours  
giving to the weight of the unseen.

There is air  
we can taste  
soot in our mouths  
and the throat  
of this world.

Steam in the field after plowing.

Branch of apple, Gravenstein  
still holding morning spring rain  
dappled with new shoots of green  
becomes a part  
of what roots held through the dark  
like a piece of ourselves hidden  
until it is safe again.

Spring beans curled towards soil  
as though longing for where they came.

Branches bow with fruit's weight  
apple skins carrying dusk light  
like a bird whose feathers have taken  
shapes and colors of the forest they live within.

Why are seasons  
no longer the seasons  
of before?

The barred owl lives beyond the farmer's sight  
unknown but for the long pulse in the fall night  
or the sound of a field mouse

caught looking for fallen grain  
or the feeling of being seen  
at dusk after coming in  
the farmer looking  
as though for his shadow's shadow.

Just as a bird makes a nest  
lacing one strand into another  
so too do seasons fold into seasons  
and years into years.

—

Why are seasons  
no longer the seasons  
of before?

The air  
speaks back to us  
with words of change

Seedlings germinated a day ago  
and last night a late frost came.  
Maybe you too have had something  
grow cold.

The crops that survived  
winter wheat, brassicas, lettuce,  
onions, garlic, radishes  
grow as they know how.

Heat can feel like water  
dripping into the crevasses  
of the mind  
eyes blurred  
by the rain of heat waves  
pouring upwards.

Dust becomes confused  
for air.

In spring the fir trees  
grow cones, not branches  
seed for the coming generation.  
The tops of maples  
do not bud green  
branches like fingers of bone  
grasping for the sky.

Why are seasons  
no longer the seasons  
of before?

In every farmer there is a parched space.

Fourth year of drought  
and the well runs dry.  
Plants in the field sag  
edges of leaves becoming  
the colors of sun.

One morning a thick mist on pasture  
grasses now like pages of an old book.  
Rain comes in with the evening  
does not stop for nine days  
land carved by streams as though stone  
to sculpture. Wheat in the barn begins  
to grow colors—  
black, dust gray, green.

The farmer spends his days  
sorting through rotten grains,  
washing those still firm.  
Each night he makes his family bread.  
They eat without looking  
each other in the eye.

What are seasons  
when patterns  
brake  
heat when once frost  
frost when once heat  
thirst then drowning.  
Disturbance is an echo  
carried through the valleys  
of time repeating each moment  
we forgot our life  
is made from the living

—

Even the falling light rises  
along the edge of branches  
waiting at the end with fullness  
as though trying to return  
back to the sun.

Once all was wilderness  
when humans  
did not forget  
our bodies  
are made of soil.

We lose the structure of our own wilderness  
that sows seeds to the wind  
rather than the row.

*Yet the rains will still come  
the land will turn green  
and lupin under trees  
will open themselves  
to the movers of essence  
coming to the tip of each curled bloom  
cups curling into the stem to hold water  
for the dry times.*

The sun comes closer.  
May we be like leaves  
forming matter from light.

## II. FAREWELL

*Text by William Wordsworth*

*From "Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour. July 13, 1798"*

For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

## **Goblin Market**

*Text by Christina Rossetti*

Morning and evening  
Maids heard the goblins cry:  
"Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy:  
Apples and quinces,  
Lemons and oranges,  
Plump unpecked cherries—  
Melons and raspberries,  
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,  
Swart-headed mulberries,  
Wild free-born cranberries,  
Crab-apples, dewberries,  
Pine-apples, blackberries,  
Apricots, strawberries—  
All ripe together  
In summer weather—  
Morns that pass by,  
Fair eves that fly;  
Come buy, come buy;  
Our grapes fresh from the vine,  
Pomegranates full and fine,  
Dates and sharp bullaces,  
Rare pears and greengages,  
Damsons and bilberries,  
Taste them and try:  
Currants and gooseberries,  
Bright-fire-like barberries,  
Figs to fill your mouth,  
Citrons from the South,  
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye,  
Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening  
Among the brookside rushes,  
Laura bowed her head to hear,  
Lizzie veiled her blushes:  
Crouching close together  
In the cooling weather,

With clasping arms and cautioning lips,  
With tingling cheeks and finger-tips.  
"Lie close," Laura said,  
Pricking up her golden head:  
We must not look at goblin men,  
We must not buy their fruits:  
Who knows upon what soil they fed  
Their hungry thirsty roots?"  
"Come buy," call the goblins  
Hobbling down the glen.  
"O! cried Lizzie, Laura, Laura,  
You should not peep at goblin men."  
Lizzie covered up her eyes  
Covered close lest they should look;  
Laura reared her glossy head,  
And whispered like the restless brook:  
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,  
Down the glen tramp little men.  
One hauls a basket,  
One bears a plate,  
One lugs a golden dish  
Of many pounds' weight.  
How fair the vine must grow  
Whose grapes are so luscious;  
How warm the wind must blow  
Through those fruit bushes."  
"No," said Lizzie, "no, no, no;  
Their offers should not charm us,  
Their evil gifts would harm us."  
She thrust a dimpled finger  
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:  
Curious Laura chose to linger  
Wondering at each merchant man.  
One had a cat's face,  
One whisked a tail,  
One tramped at a rat's pace,  
One crawled like a snail,  
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,

One like a ratel tumbled hurry-scurry.  
Lizzie heard a voice like voice of doves  
Cooing all together:  
They sounded kind and full of loves  
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck  
Like a rush-imbedded swan,  
Like a lily from the beck,  
Like a moonlit poplar branch,  
Like a vessel at the launch  
When its last restraint is gone.  
Backwards up the mossy glen  
Turned and trooped the goblin men,  
With their shrill repeated cry,  
"Come buy, come buy."  
When they reached where Laura was  
They stood stock still upon the moss,  
Leering at each other,  
Brother with queer brother;  
Signalling each other,  
Brother with sly brother.  
One set his basket down,  
One reared his plate;  
One began to weave a crown  
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown  
(Men sell not such in any town);  
One heaved the golden weight  
Of dish and fruit to offer her:  
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.  
Laura stared but did not stir,  
Longed but had no money:  
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste  
In tones as smooth as honey,  
The cat-faced purr'd,  
The rat-paced spoke a word  
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;  
One parrot-voiced and jolly

Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly";  
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:  
"Good folk, I have no coin;  
To take were to purloin:  
I have no copper in my purse,  
I have no silver either,  
And all my gold is on the furze  
That shakes in windy weather  
Above the rusty heather."  
"You have much gold upon your head,"  
They answered altogether:  
"Buy from us with a golden curl."  
She clipped a precious golden lock,  
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,  
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:  
Sweeter than honey from the rock,  
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
Clearer than water flowed that juice;  
She never tasted such before,  
How should it cloy with length of use?  
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more  
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore,  
She sucked until her lips were sore;  
Then flung the emptied rinds away,  
But gathered up one kernel stone,  
And knew not was it night or day  
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate  
Full of wise upbraidings:  
"Dear, you should not stay so late,  
Twilight is not good for maidens;  
Should not loiter in the glen  
In the haunts of goblin men.  
Do you not remember Jeanie,  
How she met them in the moonlight,  
Took their gifts both choice and many,  
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers  
Plucked from bowers  
Where summer ripens at all hours?  
But ever in the moonlight  
She pined and pined away;  
Sought them by night and day,  
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew gray;  
Then fell with the first snow,  
While to this day no grass will grow  
Where she lies low:  
I planted daisies there a year ago  
That never blow.  
You should not loiter so."  
"Nay hush," said Laura.  
"Nay hush, my sister:  
I ate and ate my fill,  
Yet my mouth waters still;  
To-morrow night I will  
Buy more," and kissed her.  
"Have done with sorrow;

I'll bring you plums to-morrow  
Fresh on their mother twigs,  
Cherries worth getting;  
You cannot think what figs  
My teeth have met in,  
What melons, icy-cold  
Piled on a dish of gold  
Too huge for me to hold,  
What peaches with a velvet nap,  
Pellucid grapes without one seed:  
Odorous indeed must be the mead  
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink,  
With lilies at the brink,  
And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head,  
Like two pigeons in one nest  
Folded in each other's wings,  
They lay down, in their curtained bed:  
Like two blossoms on one stem,  
Like two flakes of new-fallen snow,  
Like two wands of ivory  
Tipped with gold for awful kings.  
Moon and stars beamed in at them,  
Wind sang to them lullaby,  
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,  
Not a bat flapped to and fro  
Round their rest:  
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast  
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning  
When the first cock crowed his warning,  
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,  
Laura rose with Lizzie:  
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,  
Aired and set to rights the house,  
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,  
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,  
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,  
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;  
Talked as modest maidens should  
Lizzie with an open heart,  
Laura in an absent dream,  
One content, one sick in part;  
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,  
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came—  
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;  
Lizzie most placid in her look,  
Laura most like a leaping flame.  
They drew the gurgling water from its deep  
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,  
Then turning homeward said: "The sunset flushes  
Those furthest loftiest crags;  
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,  
No wilful squirrel wags,  
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."

But Laura loitered still among the rushes  
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,  
The dew not fallen, the wind not chill:  
Listening ever, but not catching  
The customary cry,  
"Come buy, come buy,"  
With its iterated jingle  
Of sugar-baited words:  
Not for all her watching  
Once discerning even one goblin  
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;  
Let alone the herds  
That used to tramp along the glen,  
In groups or single,  
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come,  
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look:  
You should not loiter longer at this brook:  
Come with me home.  
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,  
Each glow-worm winks her spark,  
Let us get home before the night grows dark;  
For clouds may gather even  
Though this is summer weather,  
Put out the lights and drench us through;  
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turned cold as stone  
To find her sister heard that cry alone,  
That goblin cry,  
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."  
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?  
Must she no more such succous pasture find,  
Gone deaf and blind?  
Her tree of life drooped from the root:  
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;  
But peering thro' the dimness, naught discerning,  
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;  
So crept to bed, and lay  
Silent 'til Lizzie slept;  
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,  
And gnashed her teeth for balked desire, and wept  
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,  
Laura kept watch in vain,  
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.  
She never caught again the goblin cry:  
"Come buy, come buy,"  
She never spied the goblin men  
Hawking their fruits along the glen:  
But when the noon waxed bright  
Her hair grew thin and gray;  
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn  
To swift decay, and burn  
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone  
She set it by a wall that faced the south;  
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,  
Watched for a waxing shoot,  
But there came none;  
It never saw the sun,  
It never felt the trickling moisture run:  
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth  
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees  
False waves in desert drouth  
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,  
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,  
Tended the fowls or cows,  
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,  
Brought water from the brook:  
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook  
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear  
To watch her sister's cankerous care,  
Yet not to share.  
She night and morning  
Caught the goblins' cry:  
"Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy."  
Beside the brook, along the glen  
She heard the tramp of goblin men,  
The voice and stir  
Poor Laura could not hear;  
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,  
But feared to pay too dear,

She thought of Jeanie in her grave,  
Who should have been a bride;  
But who for joys brides hope to have  
Fell sick and died  
In her gay prime,  
In earliest winter-time,  
With the first glazing rime,  
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter-time.

Till Laura, dwindling,  
Seemed knocking at Death's door:  
Then Lizzie weighed no more  
Better and worse,  
But put a silver penny in her purse,  
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze  
At twilight, halted by the brook,  
And for the first time in her life  
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin  
When they spied her peeping:  
Came towards her hobbling,  
Flying, running, leaping,  
Puffing and blowing,  
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
Clucking and gobbling,  
Mopping and mowing,  
Full of airs and graces,

Pulling wry faces,  
Demure grimaces,  
Cat-like and rat-like,  
Ratel and wombat-like,  
Snail-paced in a hurry,  
Parrot-voiced and whistler,  
Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry,  
Chattering like magpies,  
Fluttering like pigeons,  
Gliding like fishes,—  
Hugged her and kissed her;  
Squeezed and caressed her;  
Stretched up their dishes,  
Panniers and plates:  
"Look at our apples  
Russet and dun,  
Bob at our cherries  
Bite at our peaches,  
Citrons and dates,  
Grapes for the asking,  
Pears red with basking  
Out in the sun,  
Plums on their twigs;  
Pluck them and suck them,  
Pomegranates, figs."

"Good folk," said Lizzie,  
Mindful of Jeanie,  
"Give me much and many";—  
Held out her apron,  
Tossed them her penny.  
"Nay, take a seat with us,  
Honor and eat with us,"  
They answered grinning;  
"Our feast is but beginning.  
Night yet is early,  
Warm and dew-pearly,  
Wakeful and starry:  
Such fruits as these  
No man can carry;  
Half their bloom would fly,  
Half their dew would dry,  
Half their flavor would pass by.  
Sit down and feast with us,  
Be welcome guest with us,  
Cheer you and rest with us."  
"Thank you," said Lizzie; "but one waits  
At home alone for me:  
So, without further parleying,  
If you will not sell me any  
Of your fruits though much and many,  
Give me back my silver penny  
I tossed you for a fee."  
They began to scratch their pates,  
No longer wagging, purring,  
But visibly demurring,  
Grunting and snarling.  
One called her proud,  
Cross-grained, uncivil;  
Their tones waxed loud,  
Their looks were evil.

Lashing their tails  
They trod and hustled her,  
Elbowed and jostled her,  
Clawed with their nails,  
Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,  
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,  
Twitched her hair out by the roots,  
Stamped upon her tender feet,  
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits  
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,  
Like a lily in a flood,  
Like a rock of blue-veined stone  
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—  
Like a beacon left alone  
In a hoary roaring sea,  
Sending up a golden fire,—  
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree  
White with blossoms honey-sweet  
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—  
Like a royal virgin town  
Topped with gilded dome and spire  
Close beleaguered by a fleet  
Mad to tear her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,  
Twenty cannot make him drink.  
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,  
Coaxed and fought her,  
Bullied and besought her,  
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,  
Kicked and knocked her,  
Mauled and mocked her,  
Lizzie uttered not a word;  
Would not open lip from lip  
Lest they should cram a mouthful in;  
But laughed in heart to feel the drip  
Of juice that syruiped all her face,  
And lodged in dimples of her chin,  
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.

At last the evil people,  
Worn out by her resistance,  
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit  
Along whichever road they took,  
Not leaving root or stone or shoot.  
Some writhed into the ground,  
Some dived into the brook  
With ring and ripple.  
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,  
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,  
Lizzie went her way;  
Knew not was it night or day;  
Sprang up the bank, tore through the furze,  
Threaded copse and dingle,  
And heard her penny jingle  
Bouncing in her purse,—  
Its bounce was music to her ear.  
She ran and ran

As if she feared some goblin man  
Dogged her with gibe or curse  
Or something worse:  
But not one goblin skurried after,  
Nor was she pricked by fear;  
The kind heart made her windy-paced  
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste  
And inward laughter.

She cried "Laura," up the garden,  
"Did you miss me?  
Come and kiss me.  
Never mind my bruises,  
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices  
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,  
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.  
Eat me, drink me, love me;  
Laura, make much of me:  
For your sake I have braved the glen  
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,  
Flung her arms up in the air,  
Clutched her hair:  
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted  
For my sake the fruit forbidden?  
Must your light like mine be hidden,  
Your young life like mine be wasted,  
Undone in mine undoing,  
And ruined in my ruin;  
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?"  
She clung about her sister,  
Kissed and kissed and kissed her:  
Tears once again  
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,  
Dropping like rain  
After long sultry drouth;  
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,  
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,  
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,  
She loathed the feast:  
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,  
Rent all her robe, and wrung  
Her hands in lamentable haste,  
And beat her breast.  
Her locks streamed like the torch  
Borne by a racer at full speed,  
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,  
Or like an eagle when she stems the light  
Straight toward the sun,  
Or like a caged thing freed,  
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at her heart,  
Met the fire smouldering there  
And overbore its lesser flame,  
She gorged on bitterness without a name:  
Ah! fool, to choose such part  
Of soul-consuming care!  
Sense failed in the mortal strife:

Like the watch-tower of a town  
Which an earthquake shatters down,  
Like a lightning-stricken mast,  
Like a wind-uprooted tree  
Spun about,  
Like a foam-topped water-spout  
Cast down headlong in the sea,  
She fell at last;  
Pleasure past and anguish past,  
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.  
That night long Lizzie watched by her,  
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,  
Felt for her breath,  
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face  
With tears and fanning leaves:  
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,  
And early reapers plodded to the place  
Of golden sheaves,  
And dew-wet grass  
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,  
And new buds with new day  
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,  
Laura awoke as from a dream,  
Laughed in the innocent old way,  
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;  
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of gray,  
Her breath was sweet as May,  
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years  
Afterwards, when both were wives  
With children of their own;  
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,  
Their lives bound up in tender lives;  
Laura would call the little ones  
And tell them of her early prime,  
Those pleasant days long gone  
Of not-returning time:  
Would talk about the haunted glen,  
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,  
Their fruits like honey to the throat,  
But poison in the blood;  
(Men sell not such in any town;)  
Would tell them how her sister stood  
In deadly peril to do her good,  
And win the fiery antidote:  
Then joining hands to little hands  
Would bid them cling together,  
"For there is no friend like a sister,  
In calm or stormy weather,  
To cheer one on the tedious way,  
To fetch one if one goes astray,  
To lift one if one totters down,  
To strengthen whilst one stands."