

John Burroughs: The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty
feet and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum
the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the f

Earth Nest yes We Dance in Wonderball of yr. Changes



autumn. smokestack lightning following lonely gut
flutter. in shades of cold, fade unfold into

winter. howl of snow bare. bone dance on stone
whiteness is winter. cringing are we are shells
then opening to

spring. we rave
dancing to glide - slide of your seasons your
birth be spring leave us sing - your glory be spring
your fruit come

Summer. come cherry blast of sun high god, come
festival of spanshive freedom
spring to summer
dance into wonder J.C.O.

The Marsh

The marsh is an entire world in itself
ON the world of earth. A different world
which has its own life, its settled inhab-
itants and its passing travellers, its voices,
its noises and above all its mystery. No-
thing is more impressive, nothing more dis-
quieting more terrifying occasionally than
a fen.

HOME

A place I have not yet seen
with my eyes
as real as my mind
as strong as my thought
as beautiful as my spirit
and as unconquerable
is my home
the place where I was born
and the place where I
smiling will die.

be as relentless as the sea
as the oceans that desire the land
and covet the dry soil with its whole soul
and the waves that crash to shore
like cupped hands.
that daily grind stone
into powder and sand.

and splashes merrily over children
and gurgles in the rocks
and forever spawns life
in its deeps
that weathrs the shoreline
with sea-green frocks
and devours the land as it weeps
and cries for the land as it reaps.

ZANZAL

I will not bring you there
who are unworthy.
I will not share it
with you who claim it as your birthright
and will not make it real.

I shall guard it jealously
for I have given it life
and it is mine.

My life, my child,
my earth.

- Erica Bramescio

Autumn has come invisibly
Only the wind's voice is ominous

TOSHIYUKI

a home in grapes
we were all
NAKED there coner
our bodies coner
made love in the
for all (not all) c
and music
like love (our own)
there was no out
We made
our own our me
and our friends
and danced (on
or cried
When our music
(Only in grapes)
cry when the
there we learn
about living (o
how we try
to (make it) w

We washed our
and its air was

The wind I
across the
that man h
an empty
lies dry
in remer
of the