



(Photo: Mountain Meadow, Just Before Mowing; 1300 meters—the Alps (July aspect))

Knowing

Summer mountain, magic meadow,
the mysterious weave of flowers
and grasses, and weeds—
the hard question of what is native
to this place, and what is not.

But does the botanist in me always have
to point his finger inwardly, tapping off
whole indices of the species of pastures
and fields like some might look for
all the A's or B-flats in a symphony,
neatly sorted, counted, placed in a row?

If you ask him to sing the note
of a particular plant, always,
his pitch must be perfect.

So he'll probably never confess to you,
although he'd like to, that, the more
he seems to know, the more difficult it is to
admit freely like a child to others, that,
this plant, the name of which seems
to elude him, he now sees for the
very first time.