

Earth and Wind
John R. Rose

(I)

I am earth.
My thoughts are earth-thoughts.
Dark brown of soil ready for sowing
Auburn of wheat, softness of flower-petal
 Grit of dust, coolness of sweat
 Taste of fruit.
World of hot desire, deserved hunger,
 The swelling stomach.
This is my world; of
 Certain solid assurances, of
The breaking of the bread, of
The work of the hands, of
The bursting of the bud, of
The might of the ox, of
The joyful exercise of strength, mind, heart, of
The inarguable contact of the flesh, of
 What more
 Have I need?
For I am earth.

(II)

I am wind.
I wander where I list,
Known of none
 (Saving only the Father);
Ferocious in love, holy in
 Hate, contemptuous of the
 Perishable, reveling in

The unknown joys of
 The negation of the self, of
 The obedience of the will, of
 The patience under regeneration,
The joys of the dance.
I the ever moving, the insubstantial,
I the first-born, the
 Continual, the
 Eternal,
Will of no desire, speech of no voice
 What is there beside
 His Word?
I am wind.

(III)

Fire and water are not more
 At enmity
 Than we.
Male and female are not more
 One creature
 Than we.
The salt blood, the tongue of fire
 Are put at peace
 When we are one.
He who now embodies both of us
 He of the baptism, the dove, of
 The purification and the resurrection,
He is not more one than we now
Are one.