Word Worth® **Word Worth** On Line Magazine Of Ideas and the Arts

March 2002 Volume II Number 3

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April Issue coming out March 28

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It is the artist's task... to make it new. The poet must say what has been said thousands of times but say it differently, say it so that the harp string in the core of a person is struck and vibrates with recognition, so that they think and feel as they did when they first saw something, as discovery first wafted over them.

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We are honored to be able to present Alastair Reid reading his poetry: Click Reid

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Cover

The Poetry of Alastair Reid

by M H Perry

Alastair Reid's authorized poetry—those poems which he judges worthy of continued existence—comprise a slim volume, prompting speculation as to whether such a slim representation will allow these poems to find their position among the treasured collections in the history of poetry. Yet, as we look back, some of the best known poets, especially of the recently departed century, left work which was not voluminous, but rather was exquisitely crafted. T. S. Eliot, most notably, left a very small volume of poetry; Frost's poetry is not much larger, and those to which his admirers return number fewer yet; the much loved Plath had few years to produce her work; Roethke's volume is short; and looking at previous centuries, we see that the poems brought forth from the masters through the ages are a few selections quoted and published repeatedly that represent the finest of their work.

The greatest art cannot be judged in terms of quantity, but must measure up to a standard of perfection, and in order to measure up to that standard, poetry must be the exemplar of four things—the first three of which are craftsmanship.

There is indisputable truth in the adage, "there is nothing new under the sun." Thousands of years ago, an ape-person stood looking at the majesty of a sunset filling the world with glory and contemplated the fleeting quality of beauty, of life, and of humankind's place in the cosmos. Those thoughts are repeated in the earliest epics, repeated in the works of the Greeks, are repeated by the masters who represent the treasures of human culture. It is the artist's task, however, to make it new. The poet must say what has been said thousands of times but say it differently, say it so that the harp string in the core of a person is struck and vibrates with recognition, so that they think and feel as they did when they first saw something, as discovery first wafted over them.

The ability to create discovery and rediscovery through the written word requires a development of and dedication to craftsmanship. The implements and techniques of the craft must be learned and honed until, as in the words of Alexander Pope, *the sound must seem an echo to the sense.* The technique that most people think of first when poetry comes to mind is rhyme. Rhyme can be used very badly, however, and usually is. At the turn of the previous century, there were books of hundreds of poems, all of which rhymed and rhymed very badly. Each "poem" was comprised of the most shallow, obvious, and stretched rhyme imaginable. As a result, those who truly loved poetry began to shun rhyme, and when they used it, varied it, used off-rhyme and rhymed irregularly. Rhyme was relegated to shallow verse. Those who couldn't tell the difference between poetry and verse, the poetasters, were the only ones who rhymed regularly. As a result, there are generations of graduate students who can't tell the difference between good and bad rhyme, who will dismiss the greatest of poetry *because* it rhymes. It has become canon that all rhyme is bad poetry. This, of course, is as absurd as the previous canon that all poetry rhymes, that in order for something to be a poem, it must rhyme. Rhyme is a technique of poetry, and one who wishes to master the craft of poetry must master the technique of rhyme.

The poet, however, must master the rhyme; the rhyme must not master the poet. Alastair Reid demonstrates this throughout his work. Rhyme is used remarkably to capture wisps of thought and echo them. He begins the poem, *Weathering,*

> I am old enough now for a tree
> once planted, knee high, to have grown to be
> twenty times me,

The rhyme is what we call *a a a* rhyme scheme: the last word in each line rhymes. Looking more closely at the stanza, however, one will notice that there is internal rhyme as well: *knee* rhymes with the end rhyme as does the last syllable of *twenty.* The end-rhyme forces an emphasis on each line; it slows down the pace of sound; it functions as a period would without the interruption of thought-flow that a period would create. At this point, the poet has rhymed each line in the first stanza, and must make the decision as to whether or not to continue the pattern. Rhyme is very difficult in English, unlike the case in the Romance Languages where one has to work at not rhyming. Highly skilled poets have created very tightly rhymed poems, but the danger lies in having the pattern take hold of the poem, of the sound not being, as Alexander Pope said so well, "an echo to the sense," but in constricting and crippling the sense. Reid chose to break the pattern with words that don't rhyme in the next stanza, and then in the remainder of the poem to use off rhyme in words such as: *aware, tear, far,* and *equilibrium, calm, name.* Throughout his poetry, Reid demonstrates the craftsman's ability to use his technique. When rhyme is used, it plays through the meaning, it enhances, it demonstrates, it emphasizes. One does not see the instances that abound in poor craft where rhyme was stumbled across in an unlucky accident and left because the versifier was seduced by cute.

The second element of great poetry is craftsmanship. The poet is a sculptor of air. Poets must chase sound waves and capture the phonemes to which we attach meaning and crystallize them into art. In order to do this, mastery of the craft of rhythm is required—the rhythms of traditional forms, and even more, the rhythms of breath. A paragon of this occurs in the poem, *Curiosity.* The title of the poem is also the first word of the first sentence—a technique which Reid uses rarely, but which is effective when infrequently used. Reid wishes to place particular emphasis on the word, and succeeds in doing so by avoiding repetition, but flowing the title into the first line and weighting the word with double usage. In this poem, Reid is writing about the artistic spirit, and using cats and dogs to demonstrate an essence. The line length varies as emphasis is required, and the poetic technique of line break as a powerful form of punctuation is skillfully used. Reid employs relatively normal line length in the first two stanzas, and then shortens the line length in the third which emphasizes his point in an understated manner:

> Face it. Curiosity
> will not cause us to die—
> only lack of it will.
> Never to want to see
> the other side of the hill
> or that improbable country
> where living is an idyll
> (although a probable hell)
> would kill us all.

The third element which distinguishes poetry from verse is craftsmanship. The poet must put together all the techniques of the craft—alliteration, assonance, parallel structure, and so on—and more important, cut out all that diminishes the work, all that relegates it to the superficial which rather than leading to understanding, leads to false knowledge, to assumptions, to the masking of truth.

In the poem *A Lesson in Music,* the speaker is addressing a pupil playing a tune, and instructs the player to

> …try to be
> nobody, nothing, as though the pace
> of the sound were your heart beating, as though
> the music were your face.

The craft must be learned so well, that it can then be let go and simply be, be a part of the artist through whom it flows.

The fourth and final element which the great poets must have and must bring to their poetry is the visionary capacity of the seer. Hours, days, months, and years of constant work and

dedication can yield nothing unless the poet develops the capacity *to see*, as in the words of William Blake, "To see a World in a Grain of Sand,/ And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,/ Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,/ And Eternity in an hour." This is the area in which Reid's poetry excels and reaches everyone. Whether he writes about a father's feeling for his child; about arguments on the personal level, child level, or international level; or about his admiration for cat-like temperaments that are able to elude peer pressure—he reveals the world in the grain of sand; there is infinity in his pen.

[Editorials] [Columns] [Arts]

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Word Worth® Columns On Line Magazine Of Ideas and the Arts

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Cover

Lotusland

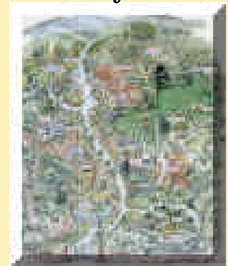
by Susan Johnson

Seeing a garden that captures at its heart the passion of its designer makes its viewers forever-after dissatisfied with anything less.

That's the effect that Lotusland has on those who see the Montecito garden created by Madame Ganna Walska. Visitors are sent away thrilled by the settings that she created to display daring combinations of plants, textures, colors, and hardscape materials; and for the rest of their lives, their expectations for all gardens are raised to a level that is difficult to duplicate.

Madame Walska c1920

Despite space limitations, Madame Walska's 37-acre work of art points out time and again the power of massing the same, though admittedly exotic, plants. After passing through the wrought iron gates and past the Japanese gardens and the blue gardens, the entrance drive leads one around a curve, planted entirely on one side with cactuses and the other side with euphorbias, to a hidden destination that, once revealed, is a small stone courtyard surrounded on two sides by dragon trees.



Opposite the dragon trees are the doors to the Main House, a large pink stucco building that is now used for lectures and offices. On either side of the entrance, and in severe contrast to the straight lines of the building, are impossibly tall and grotesquely twisted euphorbias, their tips unexpectedly drooping, Daliesque-like, to writhe on the ground.

At the same time that Dali was in the midst of his surreal period, Madame Walska was in her matrimonial period. She acquired six husbands in her lifetime, each except the last one, richer and more indulgent than the previous occupant of the position. The last, however, is not to be denigrated for his relative poverty for it was he, an American yogi, who persuaded Madame to use money gleaned from the first five husbands to buy the property that is now Lotusland.

That the first five were rich is lucky for all of us. Much of the money that came to her from them was used by Madame to create and sustain the gardens. And when the supply of money ran short, she sold $1 million worth of the jewels they'd given her so that she could buy and install the world's second largest cycad collection.

The garden actually began over sixty years before Madame arrived in Montecito, a rarefied community adjacent to Santa Barbara. Owned in the 1880's by a prosperous nurseryman, R. Kinton Stevens, many of the property's palm trees and other specimens were planted during this period. In the 1920's the swimming pool, which today houses the garden's spectacular water lilies, Indian lotuses, and papyrus, was designed by George Washington Smith. In addition, semi-formal Italian-style gardens were installed at that time.

It was in 1941 that Madame bought the property, determined to act on both her spiritual teachings and her husband's prompts to turn it into a retreat for Tibetan monks. But the monks never came and Theos Bernard, number six, didn't last. Madame was left alone in her idyllic compound, just a mile or so from the Pacific Ocean.

The Polish-born would-be opera singer had, many years earlier, changed her name from Hanna Puacz to the stage name of Madame Ganna Walska. She had performed in the U.S. and Europe and had lived in St. Petersburg, Russia, Paris, and New York City. Alone for the first

time in years, her life must have suddenly seemed rather quiet. Finished with husbands at this point, Madame turned her attention to well-known landscape architects and designers whom she acquired with equal alacrity.

Not content to create a garden with one theme, Madame and her designers installed over a dozen different gardens that take visitors on a horticultural whirlwind tour of the world. That Madame relished being on an elaborately staged set is clear for she constructed formal and informal outdoor backdrops to suit any mood, every season, and all times of the day and night.

Immediately behind the house are tightly snipped hedges guarding roses near an exquisite little tiled runnel emanating from a Moorish fountain set amid the manicured lawn. A few steps further and there is a large horticultural clock with a burgeoning topiary zoo looking on. A stroll across the lawn takes visitors to the theater garden where a reasonable person might expect a bust of Shakespeare or perhaps a weathered statue of Terpsichore.

However, once again Madame makes her point that she is "an enemy of the average." Scattered about the theater, and without symmetry or order, is a tribe of vile-looking 18th stone dwarves who leer from beneath heavily-lidded eyebrows. It's clear that their nefarious activities have been abruptly interrupted and will be resumed the moment they're left alone again.

A few steps further and you've left all formality behind. Lush vegetation must be pushed aside to traverse a winding path. More than 20 genera of bromeliads cluster near a long-hidden grotto, leading towards the succulent garden.

From there, the path leads to the million dollar cycads and their huge pineapple-shaped cones. The collection includes over 400 specimens representing 10 of the planet's 11 living genera. Another twist in the road and the Japanese garden comes into view.

Towering nearby is a forest of bamboo that rustles in the breeze and then you find yourself near a shallow pool of water that is encrusted with iridescent abalone shells and fed by two triple-tiered giant clamshell fountains. Surrounding the pool are over 130 varieties of aloe. Water gardens with lotuses and lilies and the fern garden lie beyond. Other gardens include orchid cacti underplanted with ginger and bananas, an Australian garden, and a fruit orchard entered through a fragrant lemon arbor.

It isn't known what sent her out into the garden for the first time, but this fascination with plants that struck Madame suddenly, lasted for the rest of her life. She died three months before her 97th birthday in 1984, leaving Lotusland to the public for everyone to enjoy.

Upon her death, the Lotusland Foundation launched a nation-wide search for a Director whose responsibilities would be far from simply overseeing one of the world's most intricate gardens. Their search was both successful and fortuitous for it led them right back to Santa Barbara and to Dr. Steven Timbrook, whose Ph.D. is in Botany, and who was, at the time, the Coordinator of Education for the Santa Barbara Botanic Gardens.

Before even one visitor could step onto the grounds, Dr. Timbrook had six years of petitions and paperwork to complete before an operating permit was granted. Situated squarely in the middle of the most expensive residential real estate in the U.S., Lotusland has as its next-door neighbors, movie stars and millionaires who weren't at all sure that they wanted an entity that was open to the public nearby.

"Our first phased permit was finally granted in 1992," said Dr. Timbrook. "It allowed us 5,000 visitors per year with gradual increases to 9,000. Today, that's been modified and we're allowed 13,500 per year with the possibility of increasing to 15,000. We live up to the letter and spirit of the agreement and this has helped us maintain quite a good relationship with our neighbors."

Though this restriction on visitors, who face six-month plus waiting lists, can seem frustrating, it probably is the reason that the gardens look as fresh and untouched as a private

estate.

Red tape wasn't Dr. Timbrook's only challenge. Madame Walska did not use organic gardening methods, a situation that the horticultural staff is in the process of changing. "When you're growing plants in a chemical environment, the soil has none of what it needs. Not even worms. Our strategy is to apply more practical horticulture and to create a sustainable situation. We've added insectary plantings to attract beneficial insects which we then gather using a bug vacuum to suck them up and release them wherever they're needed. We don't use sprays or chemical fertilizer and we've begun introducing beneficial mycorrhizal fungi that are destroyed if soil fumigants are used to control nematodes and pathogenic fungi, and without which plants do poorly, showing nutrient deficiencies. Even the smallest change helps. For instance, we're constantly looking at how we can move sustainability beyond the garden by doing things like using recyclable material and two-sided copies."

Dr. Timbrook also faced a serious crisis with the garden's priceless and irreplaceable cycads. "The cycads were planted in the late 70's and just thrived in their location - even during the seven-year drought that began in 1986 and didn't break until 1993. But, when the weather returned to normal, they suddenly started getting root-rot."

"It turned out that with the advent of additional moisture - their roots were finally able to get down into some old eucalyptus roots that had infected the soil with *Armillaria* pathogens."

"We've had to relocate all of the cycads, provide them with especially good drainage away from their root zone, excavate the infected soil and spread it out in the sun to kill the pathogens, grind out all of the woody material that was in there, and finally to change the cycads' surroundings from ground cover to mulch to decrease the amount of watering. Our work on the area isn't finished but the project is going well and it's given us an opportunity to work on the paths in that particular area too."

Other improvements to the gardens include a new irrigation system for the Japanese gardens which will free the staff from watering chores so that they can perform more critical work like pruning and propagating.

"I've been fortunate to inherit and retain high-quality people. We have four people who are still here from Madame's time. They bring along the younger staff by working with them in teams. For instance, there's a team that works on the Japanese garden so that they can learn their individual responsibilities in that area and so that they can also come to really know that particular collection. Frank Fuji works in this area and he worked with his father in 1972 to install the garden. He's 83 years old and still works four days a week.

"Then there is Mr. Lafleur who started working here in 1970 when he was a young man going to college at night. He's still the most intellectually curious, the most interested in new processes. He's the one who moved us into integrated pest management and sustainable methods. His enthusiasm is infectious."

Lotusland is opened for guided 1 1/2 to 2 hour walking tours from mid-February through mid-November Wednesday through Saturday. All tours are guided and all visitors must have advance reservations. All reservations include on-site parking. All visitors must be 10 years of age or older. For reservations, please call (805) 969-9990.

"We don't have anyone on our staff who doesn't want to be here. Our only problem in hiring qualified people is economic—that is, finding people who can afford to live here. It's impossible to buy property. Luckily, many of us, myself included, bought houses here years ago when it was still affordable."

Staff economics aren't the only financial concerns for Dr. Timbrook. Lotusland costs over $2 million a year to run. Only a little more than half that sum is covered by the endowment left by Madame, the other half must be generated through admissions, grants, fund-raisers, and donations. Recently, a special campaign raised funds to re-create a topiary garden that once was part of the gardens.

"Virginia Hayes, our Curator of the Living Collection and Lori Ann David, a landscape designer who for years was one of our docents, collaborated on the topiaries. Lori Ann designed all of them using Lotusland's archives with Ralph Stevens' original sketches," said Dr. Timbrook. "We have other projects on the list as well. In the next five years, we'd like to add a modern horticultural facility for propagating and for education and staff use. That alone will cost between $2 and $3 million."

A Level I membership to Lotusland costs only $50 per year, the Levels go up from there to Level IV at $1,000 and beyond to a Garden Benefactor Level at $5,000. Only Levels III and above allow members to come at their own convenience albeit with a reservation. Levels I and II must wait, along with nonmembers, for a future reservation. All memberships include free admissions to the garden, the quarterly Lotusland Newsletter, and advance notice of special events, lectures, and classes.

Because of Lotusland's visitor and vehicle limits, reservations are necessary for all garden visits at all levels of membership.

While Lotusland may not have been endowed with excess funding, it was endowed with plants that ensure eager visitors.

"We have exotic specimens that have been growing here for over 100 years, like the Chilean wine palms. So you see them here on a scale that you couldn't otherwise. The question becomes: Is a plant rare in the wild or is it rare in collections? The Chilean palms are becoming increasingly rare in their native habitat due to wine production. We have a variety of *Encephalartus* that has only been found once in the wild. We've maintained ours from clonal material. But, this is a plant that's not particularly rare in collections. We have others that are almost never found in collections."

"Of course there are many plants that we simply cannot grow. If a plant requires a long cold dormancy," said Dr. Timbrook, "forget it, we can't grow it. Alpine plants are similarly impossible and no tropical palms that want hot nights. It gets below 55 degrees F. here and they don't like that. Neither will things grow that want a very hot and arid desert climate, like saguaros."

Though it's always tempting to try to adapt new plants to one's climate, Lotusland's current collection leaves little to be desired. In fact, what the garden does leave you with is a strong desire to see it again—to see once more the living characterization of a surreal dream world brought to life by a woman who was faithful only to her love of the extraordinary.

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Cover

Selected Poetry by Alastair Reid

Black Holes Curiosity Scotland The O-Filler Daedalus A Lesson in Music Weathering

Black Holes

It happens on a walk. Quite suddenly
a black hole of horror opens in the road

as I recall a cruelty I did
and gasp as the hole engulfs me, the horror chokes me.

I cry out at the memory. The shame
grows hot enough to sear me.

I keep a collection of those painful moments.
Shame's a proper servant of clarity.

Sweating, I usher a surprised old woman
across the road, avoiding the black hole.

Black Holes Curiosity Scotland The O-Filler Daedalus A Lesson in Music Weathering

Curiosity

may have killed the cat. More likely,
the cat was just unlucky, or else curious
to see what death was like, having no cause
to go on licking paws, or fathering
litter on litter of kittens, predictably.

Nevertheless, to be curious
is dangerous enough. To distrust
what is always said, what seems,
to ask odd questions, interfere in dreams,
smell rats, leave home, have hunches,
does not endear cats to those doggy circles
where well-smelt baskets, suitable wives, good lunches
are the order of things, and where prevails
much wagging of incurious heads and tails.

Face it. Curiosity
will not cause us to die—
only lack of it will.
Never to want to see
the other side of the hill
or that improbable country
where living is an idyll
(although a probable hell)
would kill us all.
Only the curious
have if they live a tale
worth telling at all.

Dogs say cats love too much, are irresponsible,
are dangerous, marry too many wives,
desert their children, chill all dinner tables
with tales of their nine lives.
Well, they are lucky. Let them be
nine-lived and contradictory,
curious enough to change, prepared to pay
the cat-price, which is to die
and die again and again,
each time with no less pain.
A cat-minority of one
is all that can be counted on
to tell the truth; and what cats have to tell
on each return from hell
is this: that dying is what the living do,
that dying is what the loving do,
and that dead dogs are those who never know
that dying is what, to live, each has to do.

Black Holes Curiosity Scotland The O-Filler Daedalus A Lesson in Music Weathering

Scotland

It was a day peculiar to this piece of the planet,
when larks rose on long thin strings of singing
and the air shifted with the shimmer of actual angels.
Greenness entered the body. The grasses
shivered with presences, and sunlight
stayed like a halo on hair and heather and hills.
Walking into town, I saw, in a radiant raincoat,
the woman from the fish-shop. "What a day it is!"
cried I, like a sunstruck madman.
And what did she have to say for it?
Her brow grew bleak, her ancestors raged in their graves
as she spoke with their ancient misery:
"We'll pay for it, we'll pay for it, we'll pay for it!"

Black Holes Curiosity Scotland The O-Filler Daedalus A Lesson in Music Weathering

The O-Filler

One noon in the library, I watched a man—
imagine!—filling in O's, a little, rumpled
nobody of a man, who licked his stub of a pencil
and leaned over every O with a loving care,
shading it neatly, exactly to its edges
until the open pages
were pocked and dotted with solid O's, like towns
and capitals on a map. And yet, so peppered,
the book appeared inhabited and complete.

That whole afternoon, as the light outside softened
and the library groaned woodenly,
he worked and worked, his o-so-patient shading
descending like an eyelid over each open O

for page after page. Not once did he miss one,
or hover even a moment over an *a*
or an *e* or a *p* or a *g*. Only the O's—
oodles of O's, O's multitudinous, O's manifold,
O's italic and roman.
And what light on his crumpled face when he discovered—
as I supposed—odd words like *zoo* and *ooze*,
polo, *oolong* and *odontology*!

Think now. In that limitless library,
all round the steep-shelved walls, bulging in their bindings,
books stood, waiting. Heaven knows how many
he had so far filled, but there remained
uncountable volumes of O-laden prose, and odes
with inflated capital O's (in the manner of Shelley),
O-bearing Bibles and biographies,
even whole sections devoted to O alone,
all his for the filling. Glory, glory, glory!
How utterly open and endless the world must have seemed to him,
how round and ample! Think of it. A pencil
was all he needed. Life was one wide O.

And why, at the end of things, should O's not be closed
as eyes are? I envied him, for in my place
across the table from him, had I accomplished
anything as firm as he had, or as fruitful?
What could I show? A handful of scrawled lines,
an afternoon yawned and wondered away,
and a growing realization that in time
even my scribbled words would come
under his grubby thumb, and the blinds be drawn
on all my O's, with only this thought for comfort—
that when he comes to this poem, a proper joy
may amaze his wizened face, and, o, a pure pleasure
make his meticulous pencil quiver.

Black Holes Curiosity Scotland The O-Filler Daedalus A Lesson in Music Weathering

Daedalus

My son has birds in his head.

I know them now. I catch
the pitch of their calls, their shrill
cacophonies, their chitterings, their coos.
They hover behind his eyes and come to rest
on a branch, on a book, grow still,
claws curled, wings furled.
His is a bird world.

I learn the flutter of his moods,
his moments of swoop and soar.
From the ground I feel him try
the limits of the air—
sudden lift, sudden terror—
and move in time to cradle
his quivering, feathered fear.

At evening, in the tower,
I see him to sleep and see
the hooding-over of eyes,
the slow folding of wings.
I wake to his morning twitterings,
to the *croomb* of his becoming.

He chooses his selves—wren, hawk,
swallow or owl—to explore
the trees and rooftops of his heady wishing.
Tomtit, birdwit.
Am I to call him down, to give him
a grounding, teach him gravity?
Gently, gently.
Time tells us what we weigh, and soon enough
his feet will reach the ground.
Age, like a cage, will enclose him.
So the wise men said.

My son has birds in his head.

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A Lesson in Music

Play the tune again: but this time
with more regard for the movement at the source of it
and less attention to time. Time falls
curiously in the course of it.

Play the tune again: not watching
your fingering, but forgetting, letting flow
the sound till it surrounds you. Do not count
or even think. Let go.

Play the tune again: but try to be
nobody, nothing, as though the pace
of the sound were your heart beating, as though
the music were your face.

Play the tune again. It should be easier
to think less every time of the notes, of the measure.
It is all an arrangement of silence. Be silent, and then
play it for your pleasure.

Play the tune again; and this time, when it ends,
do not ask me what I think. Feel what is happening
strangely in the room as the sound glooms over
you, me, everything.

Now,
play the tune again.

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Weathering

I am old enough now for a tree
once planted, knee high, to have grown to be
twenty times me,

and to have seen babies marry, and heroes grow deaf—
but that's enough meaning-of-life.
It's living through time we ought to be connoisseurs of.

From wearing a face all this time, I am made aware
of the maps faces are, of the inside wear and tear.
I take to faces that have come far.

In my father's carved face, the bright eye
he sometimes would look out of, seeing a long way
through all the tree-rings of his history.

I am awed by how things weather: an oak mantel
in the house in Spain, fingered to a sheen,
the marks of hands leaned into the lintel,

the tokens in the drawer I sometimes touch—
a crystal lived-in on a trip, the watch
my father's wrist wore to a thin gold sandwich.

It is an equilibrium
which breasts the cresting seasons but still stays calm
and keeps warm. It deserves a good name.

Weathering. Patina, gloss, and whorl.
The trunk of the almond tree, gnarled but stiff and fruitful.
Weathering is what I would like to do well.

Black Holes   Curiosity   Scotland   The O-Filler   Daedalus   A Lesson in Music   Weathering

[Editorials] [Columns] [Arts]

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