

1977

# Weed

Robert Hass

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## Weed / Robert Hass

Horse is Lorca's word, fierce as wind  
or melancholy, gorgeous, Andalusian:  
*white horse grazing near the river dust;*  
and parsnip is hopeless,  
second cousin to the rhubarb  
which is already second cousin  
to an apple pie. Marrying the words  
to the coarse white umbels sprouting  
on the first of May is history  
but coveys nothing; it is not the veined  
body of Queen Anne's lace  
I found, bored, in a spring classroom  
from which I walked hands tingling  
for the breasts that are meadows in New Jersey  
in 1933; it is thick, shaggier, and the name  
is absurd. It speaks of durable  
unimaginative pleasures: reading Balzac,  
fixing the window sash, rising  
to a clean kitchen, the fact  
that the car starts & driving to work  
through hills where the roadside thickens  
with the green ungainly stalks,  
the bracts and bright white flowerets  
of horse-parsnips.

## *Like Three Fayre Branches from One Root Deriv'd* / Robert Hass

I am outside a door and inside  
the words do not fumble