1977

Weed

Robert Hass
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

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