

gender quest



THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF KINDRED SPIRITS

SPRING 2000

A Call to Joy

by John [REDACTED]

Springtime is anything but subtle. Clouds of white and rosy dogwoods line the streets. Fuschia and peach and scarlet azaleas hug in beneath them. Carolina jasmine climbs the trees and pops out blossoms like eager sunshine even before the winter slips back north. It's like all of Nature has donned rose-colored glasses and doesn't want to think about anything but celebration. Springtime calls the world to the essence of Joy.

Joy is the energy of life. Imagine it as a tiny flame alive in every cell, ready to dance outward at the first hint of permission. It's universal. Birds feel it and so do all those bees. Trees feel it, too, as they release their precious cargo to the wind. Squirrels feel it. Ants. Elephants. And humans. Boy do we feel it!

Part of the energy is sexual, yet there's a lot more. Joy is erotic in the broadest sense, a creative force that infuses every interaction with others and the world. It inspires us to bring forth new life wherever we turn our attention. Maybe we let this energy inspire us to create through art or other forms of personal expression. Maybe we let it infuse our jobs, our relationships, even our dreams, with passion and spontaneity. Joy raises the quality of *any* experience.

At it's core, Joy holds us all together. It pushes us to seek meaningful connections outside ourselves. "All the world loves a lover", you've heard it said. Yet, if you've ever been in love, you know that a lover also loves the whole world. The pair of bluejays cooing as they weave a nest in the magnolia beside the porch, the two women from the next block smiling as they walk up the street with a stroller, the elderly couple holding hands on a bench in the park... all these become extensions of our own joy. Opening to the joy in ourselves joins us with the whole, multitextured fabric of life.

Joy isn't just about happiness -- it's more about connection. We can feel Joy at a funeral within the deep connecting of grief shared with others. We can find it in the smile of a passing stranger or the compassion of people who dig deep to help others after a disaster. We humans are social beings. Without connection, we starve. Is it an accident that one of the worst punishments handed out in prison is solitary confine-

ment? Long-term isolation (as opposed to "alone time" or intentional retreat) saps our spirit -- and ultimately our health -- by robbing us of Joy.

Chinese medical practitioners have a word for it -- *shen chi*. *Shen chi* is a basic life energy defined by the quality of our relationships with family, friends, and the natural world. Translators call it "Joy". Associated with the heart, *shen chi* is held to be equal in importance to the energy we receive from food, air, and inheritance. True health is considered impossible in the absence of loving, nourishing relationships.

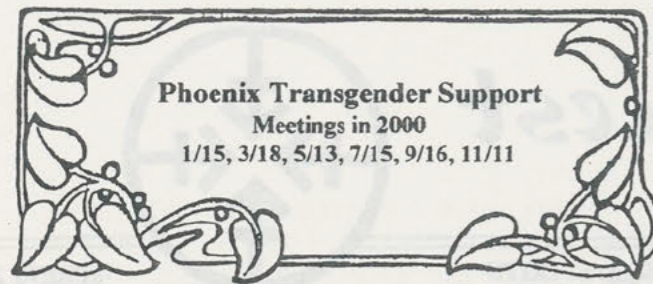
How can you increase the joy in your own life? One way is to open to the joy around you. Take moments to show down and appreciate the beauty in your surroundings. Maybe there's a flower. Or the lines in an old woman's face. Take time to appreciate your relationships. Hug your lover. Spend time with friends. Get out of the house or the office and commune with the natural world. Go to places that feed you. Breathe deeply.

To nurture your relationship with yourself, there's a tool I love to share -- the Joy Journal. The concept is a gift from a wonderful artist and teacher named Paulus Berensohn. "There's enough pain and grief in the world," he says. "Do yourself a favor. Save and savor every bit of Joy. This is what feeds you!"

Start each day by filling a page in your journal with whatever gives you Joy. You might copy a poem. Sketch the fresh daffodils along your driveway. Record the words to a song that moves you, or glue in a photo of your newborn niece. Can't think of anything? Problems too big to feel joyful? The Buddhist monk, Thich Nhat Hanh, suggests an antidote -- start by giving thanks to your eyes. Take five minutes to appreciate the gift of vision. Then your ears. Then your hands. Then the air. A few minutes is all you'll need. Joy is here, all the time, and will answer your invitation.

It's easy to feel joyful in springtime, so start now. Journal your joy. Feed your relationships. Listen to the wisdom of your flesh. Start habits that let you call up a piece of this gorgeous, erotic, love-filled season *any* time of the year.

[reprinted from Gay Spirit Visions newsletter]



BodhiTree House to Open with Solstice Circle

Many chapters in the construction saga have unfolded since the last newsletter. For instance, during a three-week period of being ice-bound, a crew of three kindred spirits from all over the East Coast visited for a week to install the electric wiring. Evenings were spent drumming around the woodstove. Easter weekend, three more came to stucco the exterior during a cold snap. Another angel is here for two weeks in May hanging sheetrock with us. Many thanks...

Thanks also to the many who have contributed funds to keep us going. One dear soul funded a fine woodworker and a blacksmith to craft the spectacular door to this Nature Temple (shown here). Others have donated plumbing fixtures, a heating system, countertops, etc. This new home that is being created for Kindred Spirits would not be possible without such strong and loving support.

And so as long as your support continues, and our weary bodies don't fail us, we will open the BodhiTree House with the Solstice Circle, slated for June 23 - 25. We will consecrate the space with ceremony, with our personal sharing in circle, and with hiking and feasting and celebration. Check-in time is 5-7:00 pm Friday, with departure after brunch by 1:00pm on Sunday. You can reserve your space by sending a check or M.O. for \$130 to Kindred Spirits (at the address shown bottom right). Full information will then be sent to you. We hope you can join us.



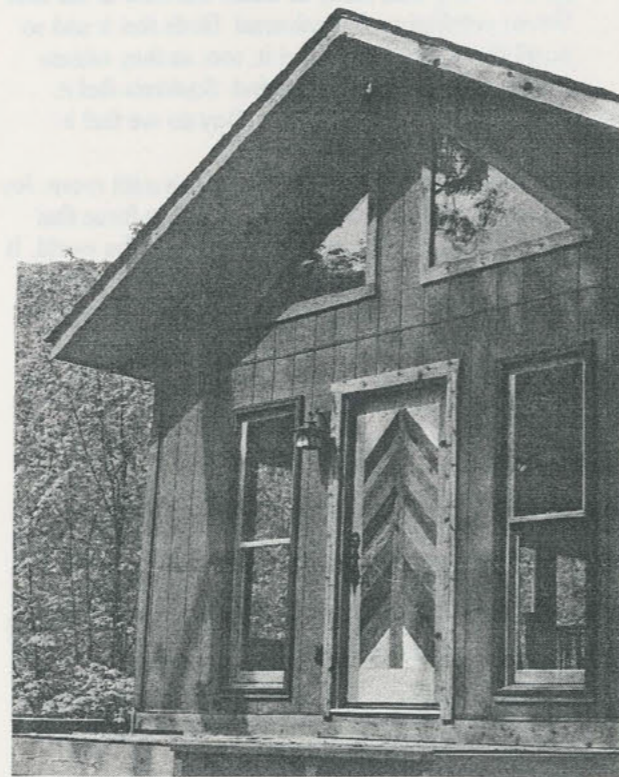
A Guest House by Rumi

This being human is a guest house, every moment a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all! even if they're a crowd of sorrows, who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture, still, treat each guest honorably. He may be clearing you out for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in.



Kindred Spirits Retreats & Guest House

Founded in 1993, and dedicated to the spiritual, emotional, intellectual, and physical well-being of all transgendered people. We address these concerns through regional gatherings, guest facilities, a traveling medicine show, electronic and print media. Submissions to this newsletter are always welcome. Send simple text (no attachments) to: hollyfairy@juno.com, or hard copy to: Kindred Spirits, c/o 395 Lakey Gap Acres, Black Mountain, NC 28711-9558. Any issues to which you have contributed will be free of charge. A year's subscription to *gender quest* (4 issues) costs \$8. Make check or money order payable to: Kindred Spirits. For more information, you may phone: 828-669-3889 (9:00am - 9:00pm)

Traveling Medicine Show at IFGE Conference in Washington

In honor of the theme of the day, "religion and politics", ten Kindred Spirits performed a ten-minute ritual theatre piece, entitled "Blessings from Our Ancestors", at Friday's luncheon on March 24. Each performer wrote their own speech, following a pre-designed format.

The piece begins with a ceremonialist and drummer entering and consecrating the space. The audience is then asked questions like, "Who are you? Where are you from? Who are your ancestors? Do you have their blessing?"

We are then visited by transgendered ancestors from the four corners of the world: a Wiccan Priestess from Old Europe, an Amazon Medicine Woman from South America, a Mahu Kahuna from Polynesia, and a Shaman Shapeshifter from Siberia. Each tells their story and imparts a blessing.

Activists then rise from the audience, each from a quadrant of the United States, to tell of their struggles for gender rights, employment security, marriage and custody rights, and protection from hate crimes. They also share the spiritual lessons they're learning, and express solidarity within the Transgender Community.

The ceremonialist then thanks them for standing up and making a difference, saying "You, too, will become an ancestor, and the life you're living now will be a blessing to all who follow." All exit dancing to the drum.

The Cast (l-r):

Stephanie [redacted]
Kara [redacted]
Yvonne [redacted]
Jessica [redacted]
James [redacted]
Nancy [redacted]
Cheryl [redacted]
(above),
Christina [redacted]
(below),
Zantui Rose,
Holly Boswell

Photo by
Mariette
Pathy [redacted]



My Altars

Notes from the Ceremonialist, Zantui Rose

Alter #1:

I tried to make my kitchen sink windowsill a place of positive vibration. If I am to stand before one of the altars of food service -- the dirty dishes receptacle -- and transmute these dishes into useable containers, then I will find peace in the chore.

Place is everything according to Aboriginal belief. The place I work with food and the containers for food are important to me. The vibrations of the food itself and the vibrations of the preparation of the food can enhance or detract from the food value.

So, while I stand at the altar of my sink, I focus on and extract from: two figurines of Yoda (my guide), one alien (my clan), one crystal ball (a magic tool), one picture of my dog (a Buddha if ever there was one), one crazy medicine witch (from "The Nightmare Before Christmas"), a button that says "I'm just visiting this planet" (a comfort to me), another button that says "I do whatever the little voices tell me to do" (my disclaimer), some cat-o-nine-tails from the place my form was born (some measure of grounding), a figure of a 1" tall man in bib overalls (because I decided "it's good to have a little man around the house), one cactus (representative of nature and its bounty, of which the food and I am a part), one well-written paragraph by a friend stating the potential of every act to enhance the wellbeing of humanity, and a card from my lover stating the importance of kissing. What else is there????

Stay tuned for Altar #2.

Are We "Two-Spirits" ?

A few months ago, the Kindred Spirits listserv was buzzing in response to this question, which has lingered within our circles for some time:

I am Gabrielle, a transgender spirit currently working at Duke University, which has an LGBT site. There were recent inquiries about this "two-spirit thing", what was it, how can we identify with Native Americans when we aren't born with a genetic fraction of native blood, etc. Will someone offer a statement describing what it is to be a Two-Spirit?

from Yvonne [REDACTED]

Without the words of our elders to guide us with their own voices, we, the transgendered of today, must rely solely on the path of the shamanic journey. Go to the path of the "upper world" and seek out a two-spirit elder, then ask your question. To define the gift of your essence is to put a box around yourself. Ask if you really need the box. Then ask if anyone will want to hear what is in the box.

I do think we are right to look for opportunities to explain ourselves to others. When others are seeking out their place in today's culture, they may look to the Transgender Shamans who are of Two-Spirit essence. Our boxes are the first things they will look for, and our boxes are bountiful.

from Annie [REDACTED]

For me, two-spirit is about claiming the ground of both male and female. Changing sex is recognized widely in cultures that still have shamans, as one of 4 ways to become a shaman. Shaman's and other religious leaders have long been recognized for their androgyny, including many descriptions of Jesus by Christian writers. They are able to be open, sensitive, connected, and as a result very understanding. Out of this understanding comes the ability to act with surety and strength in the most appropriate way. The feminine empowers the masculine by providing the insight, wisdom and understanding to be able to be a powerful person in a sensitive, appropriate and loving way. As the Wiccan dance, the Tslagi, says, "Open the left hand of understanding first, that you may open the right hand of action with wisdom".

On a more person level, I find that I am a teacher just by being out there and open about who I am -- an emotionally healthy and secure individual who claims both masculine and feminine energies. I am able to



move back and forth comfortably between groups of men and groups of women. I find myself working with the guys at church, and am able to be part of the men's community in these settings. But then I can get up and walk into the kitchen and work with the women and be just as, maybe even more, accepted there. Because I am comfortable in both worlds, and because people from both worlds are comfortable with me in those worlds, I am honored and respected in a way that is different. I am considered to be a special person for my ability to bridge masculine and feminine energies, male and female communities. Our sameness provides little value. Our differences are what give us worth in our communities.

Concerning the Native Two-Spirit thing, first, it isn't just Native American. Roles of various descriptions have existed in many cultures outside of the Americas. Perhaps some of these folks will have heard of archetypes? My own opinion is that the "two-spirit" role is archetypal, and is genetically part of what it is to be human. It is something that seems to have existed in most every culture throughout history, in spite of Western culture's best efforts to stamp it out. The other reason we can feel justified in claiming to be two-spirit, is that we were challenged to accept the role by the Lakota Sioux Two-Spirit, Rena Swift-hawk, in her workshop at the 1992 IFGE convention in Houston.

from Angela Bightfeather

I can only speak of Two-Spirit as I know it, because it comes to some in one way and others in a different way. I think that everyone must get the vision differently, and perhaps that is the most gifted and fascinating part of it all. We know the decision did not come from a shallow point on our horizon of being. It came and spoke to us deeply, into the very DNA that is us.

It came to me as a vision. I looked in the mirror the first time I was able to completely dress into a somewhat passably feminine person, and I saw two beings looking at me -- two spirits -- two types of everything that made up a composite of two beings. They were so together they almost looked as one, but looking directly in the eyes, there was a goddess and a god. They are both there, all the time, and share everything together. They live together, and will be together until the end. I think that they are a reflection of my soul and spirit.

The deepest thing about being transgendered to me is the moment that we each recognize the god and goddess in ourselves. It is a defining moment in our lives. It makes us more aware of the fact that we may see things others don't, and in a very special way. We have that gift.

I also think that the thing that makes us Two-Spirited Kindred Spirits, is that we have the desire and ability to heal. The combination of having the ability to see things others don't, and the desire and ability to heal, makes me a Two-Spirit Transgendered Shaman. Most all the transgendered people I've ever met know that the Two-Spirit resides in them, and they are healers in their tribe, community or barrio. They believe in giving healing to others -- something that will be needed in our community for a long time to come.

from Holly [REDACTED]

I would like to speak to this from my intuitive awareness. Beyond blood lineage or cultural heritage, I acknowledge the spiritual calling. When we open ourselves to the dimension of spirit, we become informed from within. Isn't it remarkable that so many of us awakened to this self-awareness as "two-spirited" (I prefer "whole-spirited") *without* the support of any tradition(s) within our culture? Most of us only learned of our spiritual ancestry *after* this awakening. We had no elders to teach us the old ways.

We are re-emerging spontaneously and authentically from within the great collective unconscious of humanity. We are connected by the truth of our

nature to every other "two-spirit" being who ever existed. Our truth is being tested every day by the resistance of the dominant culture that has forgotten who we are. What greater proof could there be?

What I especially honor is that this awareness is naturally accessible through spirit, which transcends lineage and culture. We transgendered may get there sooner, but the path is open to all. I pray for the continuing awakening of my queer sisters and brothers, and of *all* beings.

from Kara [REDACTED]

Any division of Self feeds the old patriarchal structure of regarding this earth walk as linear. I see physical existence as a sphere, with unlimited tangents from the center of sacred god/dess self. We must break the strangle hold of the either/or, right or wrong, female or male polarity mindset that has infected our playground. To do this we need new words, and a clarity that I can only change my self. I need the help of our circle to help my self-change and to create enough thought-form density of this new paradigm to affect real-time changes, to liberate the rest of my "self", and free us all to unlimited play.

I *know* I am a whole being, and yet a fractile of the whole at the same time. My search for authenticity has led me to the farthest corners of polarized gender. From doing "what was right" as a child, and by attempting to be someone I was not, I have learned who I am. We are not victims, we chose this path. Goddesses and gods? Maybe. The polarity disturbs my sense of our true potential, for the space between goddess and god is vast. Is "balance" in our best interest? To be balanced implies that anything short of balance is "less than". By the same measure, anything short of male or female is also "less than". By using the polar ruler, we are limited to four roles: female, male, balanced, and less than. I have been "less than" my entire earth walk, this time around.

Might we be perfect right where we are, right now? As Carlos Castaneda had to do, we must find our "spot" before journeying further. My sense is that there are as many spots as grains of sand, and then some.

from Michael [REDACTED]

I embrace in-betweeness as Third Spirit. ("Two" refers to a blend of m/f, and alludes to more than One -- a split.) I am not split, or a blend. One is the presence of all, much of which has been split or so blended into

oblivion. One is in the position of Third, in relation to Spirit, Body, Mind, in-between the splits and blends; Background of institutions.

My fluvial waves of Being freely communicate... Spiral and Connect intuitively, feelingly I observe and honor these Intuitions. I am feeling, perceiving, interacting with Life as the all-ness of One, as Holy. Sacred. given-over to Ritual observances, to making of myself, Chosen Offerings. I start, live, and complete my day with a mantra of affirmations: I exist; I affirm; I breathe a sonorous field of vision; I texturize reality with loving sense.

My sense of Third Spirit is more a 'doing' than passive 'being'. In the acts of 'doing', I have had to deliberately displace gender-centricity from my Self -- in order to relieve my Sensualities of 'standardization'. I muse myself by observing life, refusing to create judgement -- which is the activity of nonviolence. Agape Love -- this is to "willingly" tolerate my own discomfort in order to help prevent violence and suffering. As a matter of Holiness. Walking in humility. Talking in truth. Saying "I" rather than a nonspecific "we", "us", "our", of power-over.

This is the difficulty for me in trying to provide you with an articulation of Third Spirit as my Holistic Holiness. I believe that Spirituality resists being standardized. Religion has the propensity for standardizing Spirituality, which is as futile as trying to capture life in a photograph.

from Angel [REDACTED]

There is only ONE life. Non-Amerinds share common DNA with Amerinds. Humans share DNA with chimpanzees, with cows, with reptiles, with amphibians, with fish, with plants... It is the DNA that connects us all and points to our common ancestry. Life was created once and it still exists in the myriad forms we see today. We are all related. Once we realize that all life is our life, then we have no recourse but to love everyone unconditionally.

As for describing what two-spirit means, this is only commentary and quite unnecessary. Each of us embodies every life that has ever been lived, and is being lived today. Whether we say there are two-spirits or 6 billion it doesn't matter -- there is only One.

And you are as qualified as anyone else to comment on this, for inside you (and me and everyone else) is the common heritage of all life.

Artistry in Youth Activism

by Michael [REDACTED] (ed. by Holly Boswell)

You should have seen all the young people in DC during the weekend of protests against the IMF World Bank. Ritualistic children of light and love, winning my heartfelt support. I filmed them in their spiritual protest, their street rhythms, drums made out of five gallon plastic containers, tin cans, constant tribal staccato filling the ether of 17th & K with synergistic vibrations.

Using artistry to demonstrate their portrayal of international exploitation of countries over-powered by capitalist giants. A 12-foot tall papier mache three-headed serpent was made by Thomas of San Francisco to demonstrate his point. The tail twisted and twitched behind him for 6 feet or so, as he slithered through the city streets with pagan bands of musicians and dancers. Every ten minutes or so another colorful wave of pagan protestors followed, contrasting DC's usual drab and mournful attire in a way seldom seen since the 60's. They converged at street intersections and merged onward into the rain-drenched ocean of human concerns for the Earth, and for laborers in nations who were not there to represent themselves, as the highly secretive IMF World Bank agenda-setting meetings were taking place.

Not since Georgetown was filled with hippies protesting the Vietnam War, marijuana laws and for abortion rights, have I seen such an outpouring of soul with social consciousness. Ironically, I was engaged in a 5-day doctoral seminar nearby at the Union Institute's Office of Social Responsibility and Center for Women. The topic was "creative arts, psychology and social activism", exploring those tensions. Meanwhile cops in full riot gear, everywhere, weapons of human destruction transvesting their bravado, helicopters wrecking the airwaves with a militaristic warning of ultimate machine control. Women in costumes, the statue of Liberty for one, positioned at the front line of barricades, tear gassed, clubbed, fences shoved into their breasts.

Boys laying their fragile lives down in front of raging cop cars, tires crushing a wrist. A local motorcyclist zooms into a group of kids with their arms hooked. Some boys in dresses, long and flowing faeries, resisted together, deflecting the machine and its machismo rider back. He aggressed and charged them as they chanted loudly, "nonviolence, nonviolence, nonviolence..." He picked up his weapon of brutality and rode off, unsuccessful in breaking apart the defiance

of those linked arms in brightly colored artistic costumes laced across that capitol street.

I finished filming, cheering them on, interviewing some, and walked back soaked to act like a doctor in an intense seminar where budding theorists were considering whether "politics compromise the integrity of art" -- clueless about how politics comprise the spirit of the social change artist. Thinkers in bubbles about to be burst, when I show them the footage I have just recorded from two blocks away.

A mother in the group comes out to me. Her only son has pronounced himself proudly gay since grade school while they, his parents, support him as a dancer. But today she says, "I wanted him to be an ordinary gay man... passing -- but now I see that he is also transgendered and proudly so." This happy 19yo has been encouraged to express himself, has been loved, has found a GLBTA community of peers, has parents in PFLAG, and is his parents' pride and joy. That is not only to their credit, but to ours who have made the GLBTA community a reality, accessible, and inseparable.

Our field excursion to the Vietnam War Veteran's Memorial was preceded by a documentary on the 21yo Asian-American woman college student who designed it. If you don't recall the controversy over Maya Lin having won the artistic contest to be the one to construct the monument, you might imagine what some of the more militant and ethnocentric veterans called her -- anything but an American citizen, whose parents are American professors. I stood before Maya Lin's magnificent creation, his first memorial sculpture. His second is the Civil Rights Memorial in Montgomery, Alabama.

Young cultural artists of the 21st century are making their political statements already. That war affected us all in various ways, and Maya Lin found an excellent way to include us. All the names are distinct -- names that once flashed across the evening news in the 60's and 70's -- but our faces reading them remain in the shiny surface looking back at us as we read them.

I was moved by the artistry of the youth who were on the move in DC, but I came home sad for what is ahead. A MMOW that will be a mardi gras parade manipulated by the media and the right wing to proliferate sexually exploitative, political agendas, rather than a civil rights march which is not a party, but a vigil, a fasting, a spiritual act of civil disobedience, a necessary ritual of transcendence of oppres-

ion. What GLBTA youth will get to experience is a theme park atmosphere, complete with capitalist vendors and advertisers. Doubtless the media will gravitate to the most sexual extreme exhibitionists, fueling the right wing for another decade as they try hysterically to prevent the powerdigm shift that is inevitable from the culture of exclusion to the culture of diversity.

These youth represent their greatest fears incarnate. What kind of artistry will we be teaching them in order to affect global social awareness? Who will make our national GLBTA or transgender memorial to those who have died by violence? What will it look like? Whose names will appear on it when we are gone? What will our civil disobedience and march for civil rights look like? Will it occur in our lifetime?

I have this one large and pressing wish. Perhaps it is a vision or prophecy. To see us all gathered in the nation's capitol, after having walked as we are able, from our homes across this nation, to the memorials rather than the capital building. Calling upon the spirits of our revolutionary ancestors, to be our guides to civil liberties that are truly egalitarian. I see us all there gathered in our artistic arrays of diversity, flowing throughout the streets amassing to proclaim ourselves freed from heterosexist imperialism. To take those freedoms which are ours to take -- nonviolently.

The sacred shrine where our names are engraved would be ever more vast than the 57,000 Vietnam War veterans. Do the children know this?



The Truth

by Audre Lorde

It would be ridiculous to believe that this process is not lengthy and difficult. It is suicidal to believe it is not possible. As we arm ourselves with ourselves and each other, we can stand toe to toe inside that rigorous loving and begin to speak the impossible -- or what has always seemed like the impossible -- to one another. The first step toward genuine change. Eventually, if we speak the truth to each other, it will become unavoidable to ourselves.

The Moment of Choice

by Diane [REDACTED]

From different tribes and families and nations
we come,
Searching the world for an opportunity
to become ONE.
One with All That Is and will be forever more.
But to accomplish such a task,
we must walk through this door.

The door of sacred mystery is the entryway
to our soul,
But fear says that to do this, we must pay a heavy toll.
A toll that will force us to see
who we really and truly are,
And stop all the separation that has limited us thus far.

To be transgendered in a world full of such pain,
Is to stand totally naked in a sleeting November rain.
A rain that can cleanse us quickly
if we act at this time,
Or freeze us to death slowly
losing the last of our nine.

This year is the millennium
when we must all speak from our hearts.
To let go of our limitations
so we can step up to play our parts.
The timing is divine as this earth makes a sacred shift.
What a wonderful time to heal all the societal rifts!

But to heal our world we must first go deep within,
To determine why it is
we still hold on to our perception of sin.
'Tis time to forgive ourselves and release all this pain,
As we sit contemplatively in a warm summer rain.

Take a moment this day to forgive and release.
To accept that replaying old patterns
must from this moment cease.
Know that we came here to teach others
with our strength and our love.
To do this transforms the earth
as we bring heaven from above.

It is a time of choice,
whether we sit painfully in the past,
Or we step forward into the light
to make our changes really fast.
Listen to your heart
and become the love from your very own soul.
You will never be the same again
for we'll have achieved our own goal.

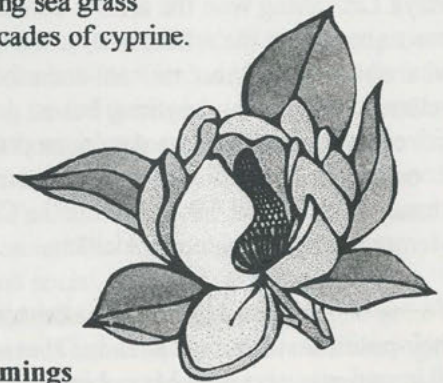
Parthenogenesis (self-generated woman)

by Michael [REDACTED]

Red-Skin Black-Bearded Indigo-Blood
(re)percussions disconnect
swirling compassionate waves over;
frequencies The Voids lower,
draw-bridging into question
(an) Echo's means of access
to a cliff and errant noun:
reference. 1

1. Cherokee\Scottish(ed) gestures braid
prosaic streams as days do nights;
or pulsating synesthesia of Greek Passion
giving rise to God-dess Spirits
~desire turned vibration~
blending mute/polyphonic rhythms,
signs becoming skin : my bones--
the gray wor(l)d refracts thru blue/pink,

broaching yellowed paginal, squint-lidded,
purse lipped
Tongue System's "SoundSound/imageimage"
opening in hir heart prism, a mind's
Narcissus swooning meditation:
A double hair withstands
the sway of furrowed breath
like undulating sea grass
fused by cascades of cyprine.



(untitled)

by e. e. cummings

O sweet spontaneous earth, how often
have the doting fingers of prurient philosophers
pinched and poked thee,
has the naughty thumb of science
prodded thy beauty.
How often have religions
taken thee upon their scraggy knees
squeezing and buffeting thee
that thou mightest conceive gods.

But, true to the incomparable couch of death
thy rhythmic lover
thou answerest them only with spring.