

play: first, the blessedness of the squall, natural and poetic; of waters gathering in the mountains and in the bay; of clumps of wildflowers; of seeds collected in the wild; of visiting a friend; of poppies; of a sunrise-colored stain; of the poem itself, and then the blessing of dispersal—of rain, snow, snowmelt, rivers, bird droppings, leavetakings. The waters begin to flow in Dead Man's Creek, for the spirit of the poet, like that of nature, is resurrected by spring's advent; by the last lines of the poem there is an intimation of mortality, which focuses our attention on a kind of beauty that, like the prose rhythms of Hass's poem, is "casual and intense"; like life, it will not last long.

POEM



Gary Snyder

ACROPOLIS HILL

Once long ago,
drawn to this hill,
I walked up it,
watched the clouds and the moon,
slept the night.

Dreamed of a grey-eyed girl
on this rocky hill,

no buildings—
then.

3.XII.98