

The Goose

Volume 13 | No. 1

Article 30

8-11-2014

Two Poems: "Wind Scene" and "Touch / The radicle thus endowed"

Julie Joosten

 Part of the [Literature in English, North America Commons](#), [Nature and Society Relations Commons](#), [Place and Environment Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Follow this and additional works at / Suivez-nous ainsi que d'autres travaux et œuvres:

<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose>

Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Joosten, Julie. "Two Poems: "Wind Scene" and "Touch / The radicle thus endowed"." *The Goose*, vol. 13 , no. 1 , article 30, 2014, <https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol13/iss1/30>.

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

Cet article vous est accessible gratuitement et en libre accès grâce à Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Le texte a été approuvé pour faire partie intégrante de la revue The Goose par un rédacteur autorisé de Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Pour de plus amples informations, contactez scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

Wind Scene

Keats writes in a letter to his friend Reynolds: “Let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive [. . .] I was led in these thoughts, dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness – I have not read any Books – the Morning said I was right – I had no idea but of the Morning.”

The beauty of the morning, its transparency, becomes thought.

Dissolves identity in reception, in feeling an idea of the Morning.

This feeling belongs to no one in particular; “a sense of Idleness” is as much the beauty of the Morning’s as Keats’ own, Keats who becomes for the morning the Morning.

How astonishingly abstract the body and soul are by comparison.

The Morning sends out a small wind, carries a bee along, and Brushes pollen from the combs of the bee’s legs.

Pollen lingers in a swirl and surfaces on the open cup of a poppy.

Touch / The radicle thus endowed

Tenderness is a kind
of touch. When you touch me
and I'm looking at the orchid
tenderness moves between us
as an electrical current.

The orchid may respond
with infinitesimally small
movements as it moves

in response to light, gravity, heat, moisture, electromagnetic
fields, electrical
flux, and wind.

As it responds to touch.

When you look at me as I'm watering the orchid
Tenderness moves between us
as water moves
through the roots
of the plant

the roots determining which signals to honour.

Perception and action
occur
so gradually

that they are often too subtle
to be
noticed
by our senses,
accustomed to such different
speeds.

To follow their motion, Darwin attached small instruments
to plants, tracing
their intricate movements
on glass.

JULIE JOOSTEN grew up in Marietta, Georgia. She has an MFA from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and a PhD from Cornell University. She lives in Toronto. *Light Light*, her first book, was shortlisted for the 2014 Gerald Lampert Memorial Award and was a finalist for the 2014 Goldie Awards in the Poetry category.

Poems reprinted from *Light Light* (BookThug, 2013).