

DIE URPFLANZE

Discard your theories,
tired philosopher,

and learn in the myriads
to make analogies.

And never forget
what they are.

Does this light
spoil the fruit?

Or make it
ever ripe?

The artichoke heart
is what it is—

it is not its leaves,
and it is not the artichoke.

The seed of fruit
is not the fruit,

but is the seed
of the fruit.

From a seed
there may be blossoms,

but in its brilliance,
in its soft, pillowy fragrances,

do not call
the blossom the seed—

never reduce pink flowers
to scraggly weeds.

PHILIP BOLD