

plant to fruit to harvest to compost, to soil again. When cared for the circle sings with an energy that may harmonize with that of the sun. The author of "Leaves of Grass" admits to be "terrified at the Earth," but as he withdraws he sees the "annual, sumptuous crops. He does not hesitate to speak of the shadow side of matter, with emphasis: "Is not every continent work'd over and over with sour dead?" Whitman can waken us to the wild beauty of raw materials with words that pinch, but to enter into the community of seed, soil, vegetable, animal and human, we need to see, seed, harvest, prepare food, to compost.

One walking through our early autumn leaves of grass would find a full bouquet of buckwheat, millet, oats, vetch, bell beans and red clover all greening in a soil improved by years of compost. Inviting a community to take part in the process we can cultivate lush growth in the simple grasses to feed the earth as well as the one who sows. Of the earth the good grey poet notes: "It gives such divine materials to men, and accepts such leavings from them at last."

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