## New Poetry by Mary Ann Dimand: "Earth Appreciation" and "Lusting, Stinting"



THIRSTED FOR SWEET / image by Amalie Flynn

## EARTH APPRECIATION

Behold this clod, umami of mould and mineral, worked by millipedes, slowly digested to a richness by mycelium—and fruiting, fruiting with an explosion of possibility.

If I could put a frame around the wind a thin one, black, a way to point out wonder—then we could see the paths of gnats and sparkling moths, amazement of maple key and mated dragonflies, tiny rainbows in fog and flake and droplet. How we thirsted for sweet achieving, to have the world gush warm reward. Or drip, or trickle, even ooze—some something to fulfill the easy augurings that graceful makings yield swift returns. They yield, in fact, to power, and to time that's flowed by us while we labored and we crafted worth.

And so we climbed to pierce time's trunk, so carapaced it seemed indivertible, a steely force to move unwilling worlds. The spile that wounded that fierce power drew life from every hand it touched, spilled spirit that sighed forth and wreathed the ray of time. But we succeeded.

Drop by stiffening drop the instants fell, encasing empires, globing moments—each honeyed gall, each bittered rapture. I don't know—the others may be suckling sweet. But here in my eternity, I feel the sucking wound that is my life, steaming into snow. How I wanted. How I failed, in getting.