



Tiziano Fratus  
**SOUL FORESTS**  
poems

## AUTHOR'S PRAYER

Tiziano Fratus (Italy, 1975) is a Rootman who travels in Landscape. Meetings Remarkables Trees, in Ancient Forests, everytime he loses his voice. He has published books in prose and books in verses, in Italy and in other points of the Planet. Readers, please, close your eyes and try to imagine the sound of a Big Wave breaking against Rocks, the flight of a Swallow, the slow development of a Root under a Giant Oak!

Translations by Francesco Levato and Gail McDowell.

© 2008-2016 Tiziano Fratus

© 2016 | [www.homoradix.com](http://www.homoradix.com)

## BLURBS

«*Tiziano Fratus is a passionate poet with a clear, distinct voice and a keen awareness that history opens the door of our future. We have much to learn from these engaged and engaging poems, much for which to be genuinely grateful*» Sam Hamill - Poets Against War

«*Fratus' poetry explores what it means to be a young Italian poet today in the shadow of historical, cultural, and traditional forces*» Francesco Levato - The Poetry Center of Chicago

«*In his writing, Fratus is guided by an uncommon urgency and unconditional faith in poetry; his writing doesn't hold back on its energy*» Antonello Borra - University of Vermont

«*Tiziano Fratus is a storyteller, and a very compassionate one at that. His books, although structured as collections of poems, have the narrative interest and scale of novels. He has an uncanny, instinctive way of entering other lives, and this is what gives his writing its amazing detail*» Mani Rao - University of Nevada

«*Creaturing by Tiziano Fratus is the book of a citizen who is able to look at History through its abstractions and details and find music where others saw propaganda, find humanity where others saw statistics, find remembering alive and afire, among things too many of us are ready to forget [...] Tiziano Fratus is a public Poet, a man unafraid of speaking in a full voice of a grown up, something we in the USA often shy away from*» Ilya Kaminski & Kathryn Farris - Web Del Sol Review of Books

«*He demonstrates one more time the dynamism of the Creativity of the Young Italian Poetry*» Les Citadelles - Paris

Poems from

**A NOTEBOOK OF ROOTS**

[Feltrinelli, Milan 2015]

Translation: Gail McDowell

## WINTER SELF-PORTRAIT

In December root men  
lose their power of speech,  
they take root on their PCs and age  
until springtime.

Hands and mouths pick bones clean,  
they nourish their bodies with black earth,  
they inhabit paper and twilight.

In March they lose their head  
and are reborn on their knees.  
It isn't certain if they are dead  
or resurrected in the land of the borntired

## SELF-PORTRAIT OF LANDSCAPE WITH MULBERRY

I began to breath  
in the hollow trunk of a mulberry,  
I crossed the threshold of adulthood

to once again plumb the landscape  
with the eyes of a child, the vibrant  
fire of a wizened Zen monk

Poems from

**CREATURING. SELECTED POEMS**

[Marick Press, Detroit 2010]

Translation: Francesco Levato

## THE HANDS OF AN OLD RUSSIAN BOTANIST IN VALLE SUSA

resting on a knobby walking stick, he picked up the scent of moss:  
over the years he gathered the signs of their presence,  
writing, without ink, a manual for the collecting  
of wild orchids, in val di susa: he knew  
the right places, near water, humid areas, far  
from roads, they are flowers sensitive to any form of  
pollution: and here is a lady's slipper, a  
*cypripedium calceolus*, they are found here in the park  
of val pesio: sarcastic name to give a flower,  
in greek *orchis* means testicle: the walking stick laid  
on the ground legs crossed he opens the sack, takes  
a few photographs: he stays to watch, to listen to the flower's  
small story: he remembers the first orchid he saw,  
at the botanical garden of the university of leningrad, during the first  
year of studies: the city was about to fall under the siege  
of the germans, nine hundred years of cold, of capitals burned, of  
people dying like flies, even before  
the bombings: he still remembers the taste left  
in the throat by water warmed with pine needles,  
an invention of the war, the only antidote against  
scurvy: his face a hailstorm, only time  
can open eyes and diminish the drama

## STEGOSAURUS REMAINS ON SAN GIORGIO

*Look at this land, isn't it solemn and majestic*  
King Vidor

the summit doesn't want to break, even if the sky  
would fray the heavens: listen the breathlessness gives rhythm  
to the conifer forest, that you can reach  
from the symphony that rises from the plains, to the base  
of the alpine foothills: to the shoulders, the plates  
of a stegosaurus, in stone, expelled millions of years ago  
from the ferment of the earth: covered in moss  
and barely touched by the thought  
of rain, unaware of modern history, unaware  
of ancient history: they were here before man  
and probably even after: he raises  
his eyebrows and shakes his head: he looks around  
surprised, no one noticed: he knows a new  
meaning for *hanging oneself on a stick*

## SAINT FRANCIS IN OXFORD STREET

in the litter there is always some cub that distinguishes itself,  
that doesn't accept following the pack, survival can  
mean camouflaging yourself: there are those who have counted from  
one to seven

thousand two hundred twenty seven: you need only admit to being  
a bastion of contrariness, to invert mathematical logic, add  
to accumulate – almost – never to subtract: and wake yourself one  
morning in two thousand one, wash your face, dry yourself, look  
in the mirror, slap cheeks, leave to go to a  
supermarket on oxford street and give away everything: birth  
certificate, passport, house keys, car, works  
of art: resetting the precipice of time, imploding  
the complex equations of financial economics in the  
bestial economic stew, attempt the road of anonymous  
freedom, breaking the mirror into pieces and stopping it from  
reflecting any image, listening to the body breathe and stop  
responding to the pressure of the absence of:  
letting go the work of lawyers and bankers, returning to  
hands painted on the walls of caverns, even if the birds,  
probably, don't seem intent on dialogue

## UTAMARO AT THE FOOT OF MONVISO

The cherry branch is in bloom,  
wind climbs from the sea and pushes it  
towards the Alps which spring has  
laid bare: her back is reflected  
in the window pane, her neck  
sprouts from the top of her spine,  
a delicate stroke of  
slender white moving upwards, and her  
hair, a black comma, compact,  
in the opposite sense: your body semi  
nude reflects in a circular  
mirror that rests on the floor,  
a box of lacquered beech:  
the white towel wrapped  
like the sheath of a sword,  
compressing a small breast,  
that breathes with eyes closed: for  
an instant I see your eyes  
searching for me, they melt fluid in mine  
and disrupt the fragile rules  
of my Franciscan grammar,  
parting your lips you say *leave me*  
*alone*... : I breathe heat into my  
hands rubbing, swallowing: I  
kneel down with my kneecaps against  
your buttocks, press chapped  
lips on the skin of your neck,  
without overreaching, I listen  
to your response which keeps secrets  
in breath and in the tremors of flesh:

I remove the black pencil that you  
wove into your hair, the steam  
spreads the balsam perfume that  
you sprinkled after your bath: birdlike:  
a hand presses your chin,  
while my face disappears under  
the roots of your hair: your teeth  
make themselves felt, indelicately, lacerating  
the thick skin of my index finger, while  
I listen to my teeth grind,  
sense the sound of plaster and its taste:  
you laugh: I use the blood that flows without  
any drama to inscribe  
the ideogram FIRE  
on the mature part of your back,  
the one the towel doesn't hide,  
I notice that you turn your face towards me,  
biting your lip, a drop of  
blood collecting on the cotton: the cherry tree  
has stopped swaying, Monviso  
outlined towards the south, on the profile of  
its summit: the tongue traces centimeters  
of skin erasing what blood  
had marked: I sense that you watch me  
in the mirror: *my fire burns for you*

Poems from

**DOUBLESKIN**

NEW POETIC VOICES FROM ITALY AND SINGAPORE

[Ethos Books, Singapore 2009]

Translation: Gail McDowell

## A SUMMER EVENING THINKING ABOUT CORSICA

as you lick the blade  
I notice the handle is mauve  
like the flowers that weigh down the flowering mint in pots on  
the living room window sill  
they claim no toll from the breeze that blows through them as it  
wafts up from the river  
the whole house is scented and our nostrils struggle to tolerate the  
tangle of smells  
onion garlic fennel thyme minced on the cutting board in the kitchen  
the fragrance released by your skin that is tinged by two months of  
fickle sun  
the sweat that drops like pollock's paintings onto the sheets  
and the mint that baptized this adulterous story of ours  
a cutout like those paper dolls holding hands  
every now and then you enjoy insinuating the suspicion that  
your father is a corsican terrorist  
this is why you press your tongue on the knife blade  
and then the blade on my belly

Poems from

**MUSIC FOR FORESTS**  
**POEMS IN SHAPE OF A SEED**

[Mondadori, Milan 2015]

Translation: Gail McDowell

## THE SEED OF GOD

The seed falls into the earth, it moves when it is still nothing, it generates life that has yet to be. God invented it because he wasn't able to become a tree, he had too many tasks to be able take root in the form of stone.

The seed is God who's unable to stay still.

## THE SEED OF THUNDER

As  
the storms  
knock at the city's doors  
you wash my feet in a basin of tears.  
You shed them in a week of penitence,  
while I was traveling abroad.  
*I miss you*, you repeated on the phone.  
And you cried. I kept silent,  
like a sparrow which has lost its nest,  
unsure whether to disappear from the world  
or race back, sending everything to hell.  
I heard you wipe away the tears,  
fabric chafing face, lips drying and like  
a sucker detaching from a pane of glass.  
Now you're crying again, because we are here,  
together, slashed by lightening that shatters  
this darkness in which you drown the house.  
I feel your tongue, your warmth.  
Looking at you better I see  
once more the face  
of my mother,  
standing there  
staring at me,  
as though  
criti  
ciz  
ing  
this  
silent  
stillness

## EVERY SEED CARRIES A JOURNEY WITHIN

Seeds are journeys whose destination is  
already set at departure: make yourself  
comfortable, it's like going to school  
by teleportation

## THE SEED OF NIGHT

May the night continue  
to give birth in the shadows  
of the trees

## THE PARADOX OF THE GOD OF SEEDS

Seeds are suitcases  
full  
of  
thoughts

## EVERY SEED CARRIES A JOURNEY WITHIN

Seeds are journeys whose destination is  
already set at departure: make yourself  
comfortable, it's like going to school  
by teleportation

## THE SEED OF THE SHEPHERD

You were sitting by the wayside, variously colored  
goats scattered like seeds along the road, we had to stop,  
studying the horns one by one to avoid hitting them.  
You looked at us from behind your tough-guy eyes,  
two black moons planted there before the crisis,  
before Karamanlis and the dictator-twins,  
before Minos, and Jason and Achilles.

Whether we were in a car  
with four wheels  
or in a buggy pulled by a white horse  
the nuisance was the same. I'd like  
to sit with you and ask about your dreams, the dreams,  
I imagine, of a boy who is a shepherd, of a soul as big  
as a pin-head in this world

## THE SEED OF SATISFACTION

You who tread the earth  
with your weight sowing doubts and mysteries,  
questions without answers, incendiary criticism,  
have you ever tasted the seed of satisfaction?

It neither grows on the highest fronds, nor ripens in the fruit  
on the branches, nor is it painted by the poets who crisscross  
the countryside wearing only a left shoe. It isn't  
smoothed by woodworkers' rough hands in  
a chunk of walnut,  
it isn't tossed into the air by the beak  
of a swift arriving from lands across the sea.

You don't have to look  
far, beyond the borders, beyond the paranoia you alleviate  
keeping it at bay with sturdy ropes and which you're afraid to let go.

Narrow your eyes, listen to that sea blowing within,  
raise the hands of your mind,  
the seed of satisfaction blossoms in your silence:  
it is a slate wiped clean, a minimalist grammar,  
a smack of the lips.

Open your wings and fly away: seeds are legitimate offspring of the angels

## YOUR SCATTERED SEEDS

With my teeth I gathered  
your seeds scattered on and inside  
your belly, I counted them one by one,  
setting them in single file. Your earth is dug up,  
your field cracked as though by burning sun, sunk by a spider web  
of shadows. I'm the spider of your time, I wait for you in silence,  
in a corner, my church detects  
even the faintest of winds

## THE SEED OF GOLD

Break the bread  
orans of the day,  
surrounded by the kind  
spirits which have dressed you in light,  
with their words, a gesture, a small  
courtesy, a caress on your face,  
a breath wafted into your hair,  
an unexpressed desire  
which has left  
a mark on  
your skin

## THE SEED OF THOUGHT

Saint Lucy divine mother of Light  
in your litanies remember  
the draughtsmen  
of roots  
like us, have pity  
on our souls of wood,  
warm the seed that pulses instead  
of a heart, we are nothing other than a thought  
of birth and rebirth. The mind of humanity never sleeps

## THE SEED OF HATE

Oh seed of hate which entered  
through the eyes and now circulates accelerated  
and fiery in the blood blistering organs and spreading chaos  
in the valley of comforts, placate your maddening fury, your desire  
for unfettered destruction, that hunger for storms, that devilish strength which  
would like to burn every world and every space, each God  
leafless in autumn and every  
church blanketed by snow. Sun of suns, inverse Moon, mighty  
Jupiter and Saturn in collision,  
fall into this sylvan center of mine, become a root that rests underground,  
condense the sugars, prepare yourself for the new season,  
it will be a joyous springtime with flowers dangling  
from the mountains, the bears will dance again,  
wolves and foxes will marry  
ruffling their fur,  
and humans,  
the few who  
remain,  
will adore you for your blind splendor, as they do living statues, to begin  
a new era might prove to be more gratifying than destruction for the simple  
pleasure of blazing. Expressionism isn't the only path to follow on a stage

## THE SEED THAT CANCELS EVERY DESERT

Your father's hands choose the acorns, study them and discard them with a miner's gesture. A sundial opens like a lightning bolt on your cheek, it pulses like a slash wound, a thug impressed by revenge. Wine flows lucidly at the back of your eyes. Your pity is called solitude, your wife wears down the sunset air with the ancient call of the Indians.

Tomorrow you will

plant a forest

where the

desert

rests

## THE SEEDS OF DEMOCRACY

The round seeds of democracy are in short supply,  
they rot easily, they let themselves be devoured by mouths  
of darkness, low defenses and easy hybridization.

On Sunday morning the farmer goes to church  
to pray to Our Lady of the Holy Harvest,  
not having money he leaves coins of mud  
at her feet, or doubloons carved  
from a chunk of poplar.  
I'll be back to exchange  
them when the harvest  
will be ripe,  
he promises with his hand  
on his heart, I pledge my children's souls.

Like everything borne of the earth the farmer knows that peace  
is better than war, you aren't sent to the front to be massacred,  
you can continue toiling beneath a hat of straw

## WINGED SEEDS

Seeds too like to fly  
just before evening composes itself  
    in a cyanide pact:  
    crows or magpies,  
    spotted nutcrackers  
    or sparrows,  
    great tits  
    or rock partridges,  
    the army  
    of conveyors  
spreads out like a fan.

*Eat me* they murmur *eat me*,

take me to the crisp, before a wheel  
    breaks me, before a shoe splits me.

Take me far away, show me the world of the emigrants,  
    expatriate me. Seeds aren't under probation, like  
    cats they inhabit several houses in one life

## THE SEED OF A HOUSE

Where does the seed of a house grow?  
In the head of its architect?  
In the arms of the workmen?  
In the ankles of those who live in it?  
In the pupils of those who admire it?  
Geographers and scientists have discussed  
it for decades, split into factions that sometimes  
can turn violent, they constantly  
demolish some, to dissect  
beams capitals balconies basements.  
The solution does  
not appear  
to be around the corner

## POISONOUS SEEDS

    Poisonous seeds are race cars,  
    glossy bodies, they roll far away, they have no time  
    to lose. If necessary they disguise themselves as stones or candies,  
    they change color, obfuscate and hypnotize.  
    You can mistake them for pearls and make  
        chokers, highly useful in case of  
            invasive lovers,  
            insistent lawyers,  
            grasping politicians.  
        But:  
        you don't fish them  
            out of the sea

## THE SEEDS OF THE CUT

The seeds of the cut you peel  
with your nails, they are razors  
tinted with melancholy,  
for better or worse  
they facilitate intelligence  
enhance selective ability,  
addicts include chess players,  
butchers and bullfighters.

They were banned in  
wartime, they were needed  
for the officers at the front,  
the soldiers received them  
by mail from their wives  
and their mothers. A cut  
a day keeps  
the doctor  
away

## THE SEED CHERISHED BY ICARUS

The seed of flight was cherished by Icarus,  
the son of Daedalus and of all the complications  
of Minoan civilization. It obfuscates caution,  
accelerates heartbeats and sparks impatience,  
it increases self-esteem and galvanizes the  
aesthetic taste for Hawaiian shirts.

It even makes you dance in line  
at the supermarket.

Not by chance it's the fellow adventurer of  
daredevils careening on skis down icy mountains,  
denizens of wingsuits and free climbing champs.

It's the right seed for those in search  
of risk at all costs

## WATER SEEDS

The water seed  
melts at first glance,  
there's no need to touch it, squash it  
or stare at it a long time.

The power  
of thought  
serves for  
naught.

All it takes is  
a reflected  
flash  
and the  
solid  
state  
yields  
to the  
sweet  
water  
sea

## SEEDS WHICH HAVE SAVED THE WORLD

Seeds are  
oceanic boats  
that journey without a  
flag, they plough the distances  
while ignoring the passage of time,  
they fertilize other continents,  
they open the secret rooms  
of the imagination.

Noah saved the  
animals and mankind  
aboard a  
coconut

## THE POETS' SEEDS

Of all the poets' seeds not one  
is like the others, sometimes  
they grow under chestnut trees,  
sometimes under pines,  
or in abandoned kitchen gardens.  
Even their shapes change, from seed  
to seed. No need to swallow them  
to begin composing verses:  
that is a venereal disease,  
the Russians discovered it  
journeying in space.  
Nobody recalls  
the origin  
of the  
name

## THE DAY-AFTER SEED

The day-after seed is a window opening onto the sea,  
a veiny wind that is baptized in the bittersweet perfume  
of a lemon freshly crushed between your fingers.

The truth lies in the unsaid things  
that neither need  
to be said nor  
noted

## THE SEED OF THE KISS

It bears the  
curved shape of a fish hook,  
and pricks the fingertip of those who play  
with it. Lovers exchange it on Valentine's Day  
from mouth to mouth, ready even for the most severe  
corporal punishment. In fact: it's what they want. In turn long  
and thorny vines will flutter from wrists and ankles,  
intertwining and obliging the lovers to kiss  
for hours and hours, passionately and  
ultimately wearily.

Again and yet  
again

## THE SEEDS OF SUMMER

They bloom on the skin  
and are gathered with the lips.

Sweet and light, they melt in the mouth  
like ripe strawberry tree fruit, in November.  
A song by the Dire Straits, the guitar strings  
kick back in a desert crushed by the dog days. A  
cat that year after year gets older on your knees.  
A soccer game at the field behind the cemetery,  
sweaty, tired, bare-chested, stuck at 3 to 3.

In the summer, happiness is a  
swift-handed game

## THE SEED OF EXERTION

You pray  
so as not to feel alone,  
like a blade of grass which shrills  
when the wind blows or a cloud arrives.  
The voice completes that *you*,  
written it is so small, minuscule,  
almost ready to disappear, to turn white  
under a blanket  
of snow.  
The sea flows within,  
it is a disorderly tide,  
you sense the smell  
of wax. Silence  
takes  
ef  
fo  
rt

## THE SEED OF A NOCTURNAL THOUGHT

The  
breath  
of the mountain  
descends on the house,  
it caresses like a mother,  
the curtains flapping inward: naked before the mirror  
she slowly massages her breasts, first with eyes  
wide open, then half-closed. She had seen  
such big breasts only on her mother,  
who churned out seven children not  
two. She sees her in her  
own bustline, two sizes larger  
than the girl she once was. Sweat  
trickles her belly, she massages it, she  
likes herself better since she became a mother.  
At this time of night she likes to taste her own warm  
milk. She smiles thinking of what her husband would have  
thought if he saw her doing that which he secretly dreamt of doing

Poems from

**A ROOM IN JERUSALEM**

[Farfalla Press / McMillan & Parrish, New York 2008]

Translation: Gail McDowell

## RESPONSIBILITY

you're more silent than usual today  
I can't even manage to offend you

the news is showing hamas militants entering the al fatah headquarters  
the dark heads with the green scarves occupy gaza  
I know you're worried  
you're a good soldier and you'll do whatever needs to be done  
the government knows this and for years they have depended on it  
*so it's abstinence today?* I ask peeved  
I turn off the tv but you put up some resistance when I undo your trousers

## THE LAND

the point is  
how many centuries of war and conquest  
of siege and cloaks laid on the holy sepulcher  
how much vanity freely bestowed by men bolstered with goodwill  
be they the sons of god or the descendants of the word of allah  
the heirs of psalms and of prayers of exile  
the city that is thrice holy and thus thrice blessed and tormented  
even legions of angels and devils have gone out of their way  
to conquer this suspended city where fake arches and wells  
repose in every courtyard  
the point is  
how is it possible that in sixty years they haven't been able to find a key  
a focal point of enervation  
a scalpel that can circumscribe the irregular perimeter of the tumor  
and piece by piece remove  
every malignant cell  
every thought of blackmail and vendetta  
today's families are constrained by physical conditions  
the presence of the new wall that shatters all illusions  
the friends killed or imprisoned  
the children immortalized in long black lines with fluttering green flags  
like the ones that used to wave as the crusaders came ashore  
the point is  
how many more times will the temple have to be knocked down  
how many times will the pressure that is exerted cause the  
material to collapse  
with bloodbaths and seepage of animal misery  
the point is  
they call this nation that runs on the dna of soldiers and terrorists a democracy

a land which after kippur and the six days is alternately run by former mossad agents  
who took part in the uganda assault in july of seventy-six  
in the name of golda meir's "commission z"  
surgical bombing raids and crushed flesh like at shatila  
the point is  
the desert paths are lined with billboards for the upcoming primaries  
netanyahu peres sharon and barak on one side  
arafat and hamas and al fatah on the other  
two poles that attract and repel each other  
two opposing sides of the same ancient coin  
double just like the suicide of a girl loaded down with tnt at the market in ramallah<sup>1</sup>  
the suicide of a mother and father's love and the suicide of a country's future  
the point is  
which is more costly the sacrifice of a nation born of the will to rescue its own people from protracted persecution on the continents  
or the sacrifice of a people banished from the land of their fathers in the name of a story that is written down in a book  
which is precipitating faster the desire for an identity or the desire for shelter  
in a land where no one is really sure they're safe  
which ones are the children of the pelican that gives its life's blood to nourish those who risk dying?  
the point is  
you have to perceive the marvel of a land  
that is once again in the hands of its people after two thousand years of roman pillage  
of conflagrations which have left behind only a dilapidated wall— ha katel  
that faces west and where people go not to cry but to remember and hope for that which history did not want

el mabka the place of wailing the arabs have renamed it  
an open-air synagogue in whose presence women must stay with women  
and men must stay among men

small caper plants work their way into the cracks between the blocks  
where messages chew each other up and who knows how god  
will manage to read them

the point is

ha aretz is the land where god gave origin to creation  
it is the land where christ shed his blood to save man from his sins  
it is the land where modern history founders struck to the heart  
without remembering why

the point is

that the point in question is out of control and is losing itself in the dark of ages  
those at the center of europe and of an ancient empire felled by its vices  
who only understand what they want to understand  
or rather who only understand at intervals  
don't understand yerushalaim at all

## PENTATEUCH

*don't you ever ask yourself if what you're wearing that uniform  
for is right or wrong?*

whatever happened before me is of no importance  
it doesn't have anything to do with me  
not directly  
I'm only interested in defending the life  
of my people of my children

## THE SUBSTITUTION

one day as the prayers rose up through the window and were reflected off the wall  
you asked me why I was in jerusalem  
*you have nothing to do with us you said without looking at me*  
*you aren't even jewish* you added after a pause and a couple of coughs  
I would have liked to reply that I had expected a reaction like that  
that as I had told you several times before you and I were only made to spend a few hours in bed together and nothing more  
I knew I was hurting you and I saw your mouth contract in a grimace of disapproval  
I looked you straight in the eye and I expected you to surrender your final resistance  
the last gasps of male chauvinism that a soldier like you still deludes himself that he embodies

*we must refuse everything to the jews as a nation  
and accord everything to jews as individuals*

you felt that I had begun to play with you like a cat with a mouse  
and I felt that you wanted to turn me inside out to see whether I was better on the inside than I appeared to be  
on the outside

my question was very simple it didn't presuppose a discussion of the talmud

it was useless insisting that we weren't talking about words emanating from a sacred text  
I drew near and began to bite your lips  
pulling on them sucking on them until I saw them bleed

the taste of blood is so powerful that it spreads to the back of my tongue

I don't understand what you want from this land

## INDEX

AUTHOR'S PRAYER	2
BLURBS	3
Poems from A NOTEBOOK OF ROOTS	4
WINTER SELF-PORTRAIT	5
SELF-PORTRAIT OF LANDSCAPE WITH MULBERRY	6
Poems from CREATURING. SELECTED POEMS	7
THE HANDS OF AN OLD RUSSIAN BOTANIST IN VALLE SUSA	8
STEGOSAURUS REMAINS ON SAN GIORGIO	9
SAINT FRANCIS IN OXFORD STREET	10
UTAMARO AT THE FOOT OF MONVISO	11
Poems from DOUBLESKIN	13
A SUMMER EVENING THINKING ABOUT CORSICA	14
Poems from MUSIC FOR FORESTS	15
THE SEED OF GOD	16
THE SEED OF THUNDER	17
EVERY SEED CARRIES A JOURNEY WITHIN	18
THE SEED OF NIGHT	19
THE PARADOX OF THE GOD OF SEEDS	20
EVERY SEED CARRIES A JOURNEY WITHIN	21
THE SEED OF THE SHEPHERD	22
THE SEED OF SATISFACTION	23
YOUR SCATTERED SEEDS	24
THE SEED OF GOLD	25
THE SEED OF THOUGHT	26
THE SEED OF HATE	27
THE SEED THAT CANCELS EVERY DESERT	28

THE SEEDS OF DEMOCRACY	29
WINGED SEEDS	30
THE SEED OF A HOUSE	31
POISONOUS SEEDS	32
THE SEEDS OF THE CUT	33
THE SEED CHERISHED BY ICARUS	34
WATER SEEDS	35
SEEDS WHICH HAVE SAVED THE WORLD	36
THE POETS' SEEDS	37
THE DAY-AFTER SEED	38
THE SEED OF THE KISS	39
THE SEEDS OF SUMMER	40
THE SEED OF EXERTION	41
THE SEED OF A NOCTURNAL THOUGHT	42
Poems from A ROOM IN JERUSALEM	43
RESPONSIBILITY	44
THE LAND	45
PENTATEUCH	48
THE SUBSTITUTION	49