

Week 2: Epiphanic Poems; Breakthroughs; Joy



“Poetry’s job is to discover wholeness and create wholeness, including the wholeness of the fragmentary and the broken” *Jane Hirshfield*.

From Blossoms

Round jubilation



Li-Young Lee



"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

— Isaac Newton
Said to have been uttered a" little before he died."

Part 1 : Introduction/ Life/Braidwood *Notes at Edge*



Connections

The tiny clusters of whitebeard heath are in flower.
Their scent has drawn to them moths from how far away?

When I look up at the stars I don't try counting,
but I know that the lights I see can pass right through me.

What mind could weave such a complicated web?
Systems analysis might make angels giggle.

A child, I buried the key of a sardine tin.
Resurrected, I thought, it might unlock the universe.

Picking up shells on the beach, said Isaac Newton.
Catch a modern physicist using such a comparison.

I can smell the whitebeard heath when it's under my nose,
and that should be enough for someone who isn't a moth;

But who wants to be a mere onlooker? Every cell of me
has been pierced through by plunging intergalactic messages,

and the cream-colour moths vibrate their woollen wings
wholly at home in the clusters of whitebeard heath.



Whitebeard heath



Leucopogan Parviflorus



Lepidopatora Moth



Pingasa Chlora

Daisies by Mary Oliver



“The Windhover”



How does “gash gold-vermilion” bring the poem to a powerful resolution?

