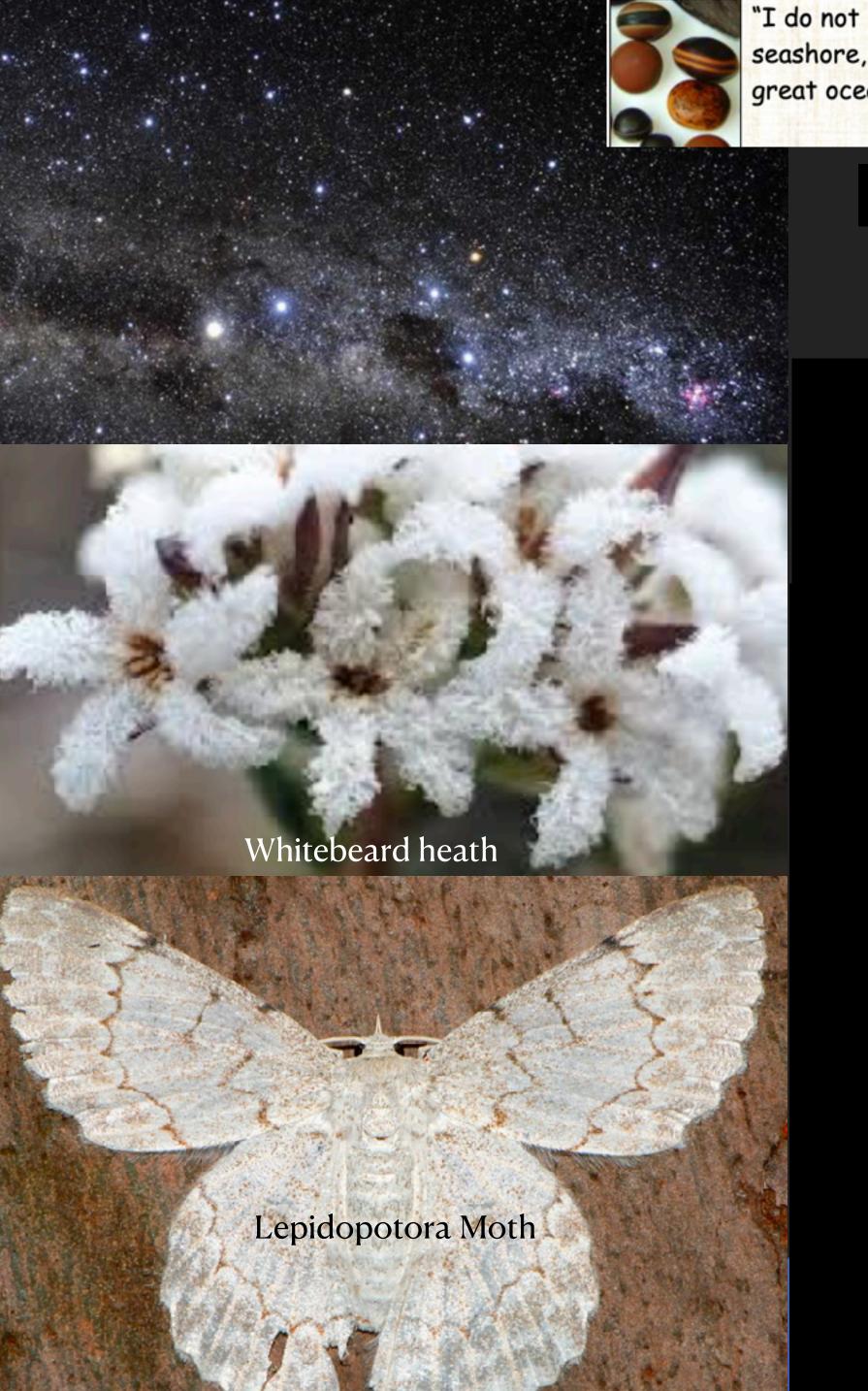
## Week 2: Epiphanic Poems; Breakthroughs; Joy



"Poetry's job is to discover wholeness and create wholeness, including the wholeness of the fragmentary and the broken" *Jane Hirschfield*.





"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."

Said to have been uttered a little before he died

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



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.







