

Structure in the Landscape

Peter Goin

Interventions

The land, he said, is out there.
It starts here and goes all the way
to the horizon.

Minds and minds - meanders,
heathers, heaths. Monads, cut
banks, turf, sandhills. Places
in thought alone.

Winds and more winds - blown
branches, bowers, blooms,
copses, hillocks, hedgerows.

Hares, he said, forage for the
fun of it.

*On the other end of the world
where the land meets the
land, and there's no need,
the earth is soft and
secure. On this end, where
the world comes apart,
there isn't any wind.*

Or so he said ...

And I believed, I took it all
in, made it my own. I built
buildings on the land and the
hares still did it for fun.
The buildings stood in places,
but only some of the places
were.

He said that the land lay out
there for the asking. Did he
know?

Dale A. Bryant



