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## Two Poems: "Wind Scene" and "Touch / The radicle thus endowed"

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## Wind Scene

Keats writes in a letter to his friend Reynolds: “Let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive [ . . . ] I was led in these thoughts, dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness – I have not read any Books – the Morning said I was right – I had no idea but of the Morning.”

The beauty of the morning, its transparency, becomes thought.

Dissolves identity in reception, in feeling an idea of the Morning.

This feeling belongs to no one in particular; “a sense of Idleness” is as much the beauty of the Morning’s as Keats’ own, Keats who becomes for the morning the Morning.

How astonishingly abstract the body and soul are by comparison.

The Morning sends out a small wind, carries a bee along, and Brushes pollen from the combs of the bee’s legs.

Pollen lingers in a swirl and surfaces on the open cup of a poppy.

## **Touch / The radicle thus endowed**

Tenderness is a kind  
of touch. When you touch me  
and I'm looking at the orchid  
tenderness moves between us  
as an electrical current.

The orchid may respond  
with infinitesimally small  
movements as it moves

in response to light, gravity, heat, moisture, electromagnetic  
fields, electrical  
flux, and wind.

As it responds to touch.

When you look at me as I'm watering the orchid  
Tenderness moves between us  
as water moves  
through the roots  
of the plant

the roots determining which signals to honour.

Perception and action  
occur  
so gradually

that they are often too subtle  
to be  
noticed  
by our senses,  
accustomed to such different  
speeds.

To follow their motion, Darwin attached small instruments  
to plants, tracing  
their intricate movements  
on glass.

**JULIE JOOSTEN** grew up in Marietta, Georgia. She has an MFA from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and a PhD from Cornell University. She lives in Toronto. *Light Light*, her first book, was shortlisted for the 2014 Gerald Lampert Memorial Award and was a finalist for the 2014 Goldie Awards in the Poetry category.

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