

Wooden clogs



It must have started with passion.
It usually does.
Then came a blistering idea,
a squeezed-out brilliant thought,
full of mystery, inspiration, desire—
and you feel the craze
and the itch down to the toes.
So tell me. Have you been swept off your feet,
tugged right out of your wooden clogs?
Have you left them outside the farmhouse door?

What puts you on the road to Tarascon?

Does your body feel the force of wheat ripening,
feel the surge of sage, the rage of words,
feel the fuse of a thousand silvery green spears
bending in the mistral winds of Provence?
Does your body feel the splashing of thyme,
the opening of irises and sunflowers,
the blanketing of tarragon and lavender?
In this maniacally bright field,
do you feel the life force of the almond tree,
its every branch and limb about to blossom?

Ah, but those wooden clogs left behind.
Do they dance on red tiled roofs
and yellow floor boards?
Or do they footslog through the mire clumping
on the pre-stretched canvas of a peasant's life?

The vine indurates,
the leaf darkens,
the grape ripens
in a field of light, heat, earth, wind, and fire.
The world is hungry as a wolf,
and all feet run toward desire.

You stand there watching, taking notes,
Sketching,
the idea of yourself still forming.
You will probably learn that *chiaroscuro* is merely a technique—
a trick of light and dark
to create an illusion of depth.
Beauty is often little more
than a random act of nature,
and passion is a short, hot, impatient season.
Where in the world
did your feet take your mind
since the day you dropped
your wooden clogs
outside the farmhouse door?