

IS THE PATHETIC FALLACY TRUE

by Elizabeth Brewster

When I was a child

the stones were living.

Hot under my hand, they felt like flesh,

and sands slipped through my fingers

with a caress.

Yes, everything was alive;

the clumsy, roaring wind

stepped on the flounced pink dress

of the apple-tree,

tearing it to shreds

the puffed cheeks of clouds

the brook with its pebbled tongue

and the hoarse old grave old sea

its gravelly song

and eath itself a brown warm girl

turning and tanning in the sun.

All false, all wrong,

somebody told me:

winds are not lovers

clumsy or gentle.

There's no blood

in stones,

no tears in water.

Nevertheless

sometimes lately when I touch a chair or table

I think I feel atoms stir

under my fingers

and at night in dreams I hear

the small remote voices of grains of dust

or the inaudible whispers of stars

as they will speak to me some time

when i lie with the living grass about me

and the wind my old lover

singing me to sleep

and to wake