Spring has returned. The earth is like a child that knows poems.

- Rainer Maria Rilke

He is mowing the lawn, again.  
Again it is unnecessary.  
Like pulling grey hairs from  
A greying head.  
On another warm November evening  
I put down the newspaper with  
The interminable stories on emissions trading,  
The growing number of climate change sceptics,  
To watch him do what he does  
Every other Sunday:  
Go at it like there’s no tomorrow.

I want him to stop mowing the parched lawn,  
But his body moves with such speed and purpose  
That I fear he is afraid of grass  
And its slow and chthonic growth.  
I want him to take the lawn clippings collected  
(Like analects) in the grass catcher,  
And spread them at the foot of the tree  
Leaning into the corner of his garden.  
I want to shake him like the wind shakes his cottage garden  
When it blows hot and hard from the north.  
I want him to enter his house  
When he has finished using the edge trimmer  
And pick up a dictionary  
And look up the word concinnity...  
I need him to listen to the earth,  
Know poems.