

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

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a game in green and nothing flat

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—Gertrude Stein in *Tender Buttons*

nothing flat, indeed, because green is circuitous and certainly cubic and you need ask only Mondrian, Beckett, or Monet for the certitude that green has nothing to say of flatness, whether horizontal or vertical or even in planes—nothing at all as silent as the game of spring hiding behind blue winter

green—playing the complement of magenta and seldom hiding from sight in trees and sprouts and stems
green—shining as an impulse in the new and yet to become green—as the *élan vital* or the end of joy as jealousy when the green-eyed monster claims its bounty in envy

green invites, cajoles, makes us believe in youth and rebirth lingers in emerald seas and rivers of regeneration as the god Osiris bids us to believe; but *nothing gold can stay*, as Frost knows and eternity echoes—and nothing *green* can stay before the endless fading to gold and eventual decay

in the twilight, in the fall of evening, green is a kiss, a dance spun by the faeries, who know that, within each shamrock, is a beating heart of the mystical, the celestial, that blesses the poet, the bard, with voice and song; green as the holy, green as everything complex and lovely and nothing flat