3 1851.12.29, 30, 31 dTR

Transcribed by Beth Witherell, 2020

Black text is in ink in the manuscript; gray text is in pencil. Originally-written material is in 14 point type; material added later is in 11 point type. Marginal notes and notes in square brackets have been supplied by the transcriber. Curly brackets indicate that the text is illegible or that a reading is uncertain.

I've made a diplomatic transcription of only the sections related to going to the Deep Cut to see the sand foliage. These sections are in entries for December 29, 30, and 31. My interpolations are bracketed; omissions are indicated by ellipsis dots. I have not related passages to paragraphs in the fluid text.

I've added two vertical lines that are probably in pencil. The available image of the MS is poor; there may be more material in pencil.

[December 29

Transcription begins half-way down the page]

. . .

In the afternoon to Saw Mill Brook

with W. E. C. Snow all gone from

Minott's hill side– The willow at the

red house shines in the sun. The boys have

come out under the hill to pitch coppers

Watts sits on his door step. It is like

the first of April. The wind is west.

At the turnpike bridge water stands a

foot or two deep over the ice– Water spiders

have come out and are skating against

the stream. How much they depend on

[new page]

January thaws! Now for the frozen

thawed apples. This is the first chance

they have had to thaw this winter.

It feels as warm as in summer– You

sit on any fence rail and vegetate

in the sun & realize that the earth

may produce peas again. Yet they say

open & mild

that this ^ weather is unhealthy–that

is always the way with them. How

admirable it is that we can never

foresee the weather–that that is always

novel. Yesterday nobody dreamed

of to-day–nobody dreams of to-morrow–

Hence the weather is ever the news.

What a fine & measureless joy

the gods grant us thus–letting us know

nothing about the day that is to dawn.

This day yesterday was as incredible as

any other miracle– Now all creatures

feel–it ~~even~~ even the cattle chewing

stalks in the barn yards. & perchance

it has penetrated even to the lurking places

of the crickets under the rocks.

The artist is at work in the deep cut.

The telegraph harp sounds.

[December 30]

Mem. Go to the Deep Cut. The flies

now crawl forth from the crevices

all covered with dust, dreaming

of summer–without life or energy

enough to clean their wings

. . .

[December 31]

. . .

I am too late perhaps, to see the

sand foliage in the deep cut–

–should have been there day before

yesterday–it is now too wet & soft.

Yet in some places it is perfect.

I see some perfect leopard's paws

These things suggest–that there

is motion in the earth as well

as on the surface; it lives & grows.

It is warmed & influenced by the

sun–just as my blood by my

thoughts. I seem to see some

of the life that is in the spring

bud & blossom more intimately

–nearer its fountain head–the

fancy sketches & designs of the

artist. It is more simple &

primitive growth. As if for ages

sand and clay might have thus

flowed into the forms of foliage

–before plants were produced

to clothe the earth. The earth I

tread on is not a dead inert

mass. It is a body–has a spirit

[new page]

is organic–and fluid to the influence

of its spirit–and to whatever particle

of that spirit is in me. She is

not dead but sleepeth. It is more *vertical mark in pencil*

cheering than the fertility & luxuriance

of vineyards–this fundamental fertility

near to the principle of growth.

To be sure it is somewhat foecal

and stercoral–. So the poet's creative

moment is when the frost is coming

out in the spring–but as in the

case of some too easy poets–if

the weather is too warm & rainy or

long continued it becomes mere diar-

rhea–mud & clay relaxed. The

not

poet must ^ have something pass

his bowels merely–that is women's

poetry.– He must have something

pass his brain & heart and bowels

too, it may be, altogether.– so he

gets delivered– There is no end to

the fine bowels here exhibited–heaps

of liver–lights & bowels. Have you

no bowels? Nature has some bowels.

and there again she is mother of

humanity. Concord is a worthier

place to live in–the globe is a

worthier place for these creations

This slumbering life–that may

wake.. Even the solid globe is

permeated by the living law. It

is the most living of creatures.

[new page]

No doubt all creatures that *vertical mark in pencil*

live on its surface are but

parasites.

. . .