

THOREAU

MARGARET YOUNG

Was an efficient man.
Instead of horses or the train
he rode his own canoe, carved
with a pencil sharpener,
keeping beat on a watermelon,
humming a Buddha hymn.

He never washed his beard
but used it to grow beans.
He loved his books, shared them
with mice, who had none of their own.

He used his ax for everything:
signing his manuscripts, tying his boots,
eating berries he'd picked that morning,
licked dark juice from the blade.