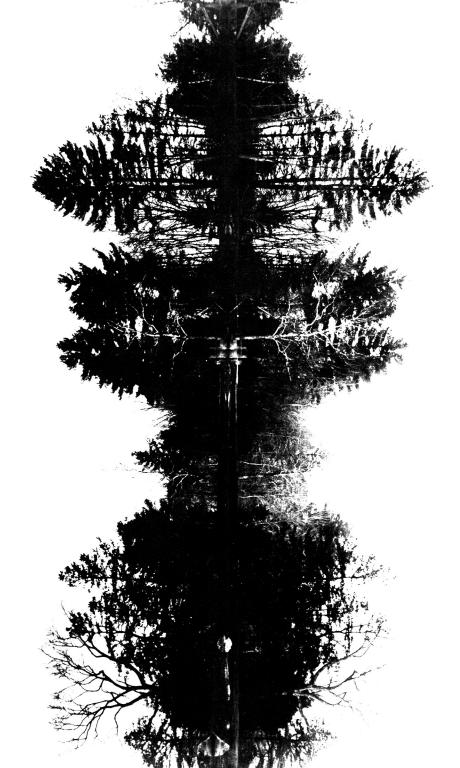
5 Collages from Thoreau's Journal

With images adapted from the Herbert W. Gleason Collection

Jordan Dunn



JOURNAL

My Aster undulatus,

[Nov. 4

and hence A late three- ribbed goldenrod, express my world,

¹ ["Lycopodium dendroideum" substituted for this in pencil.]

is a part of the meaning of the world,

and hence I use a part of the world

to express my world

this relaxation, this aimless life This life in the present

The winds of autumn draw a few strains from the telegraph, after all

it rose into a more melodious and tenser tone it seemed to retire and concentrate itself in the pith of the wood

I put my ear to the post hum

to express my world



Jan. 15. 9 A. M. To woods. This is the effect of music — I am rapt out of myself on the rustling sound of limbs and leaves

from heaven to earth

As you walk in the woods leap over the yoke that drew them to their pagan regularity and beauty *i. e.* ravishment rapture ecstasy and settle back again

on the trail

- transport this is the word I want the truly poetical [it] what others called ______a shrike ______ decided

and ______ that ______ Lepraria ______ Lepraria ______ chlorina a lichen, — the yellow another green (and sometimes yellow) a shrike music expanded I now first feel as if I had got hold of [it] one or two short trails of meadow mice Apparently they work now under the snow The starry flakes or crystals conveniently have partially melted These white veils of their burden

that



CROWFOOT BUDS

If the genius visits me on a dry rock, dreaming I climb the Cliff tinged with How much eternity — how, perhaps, all — I remember this experience that I had long since Pulling up the johnswort on the face of the Cliff,

I saw to-day the sunset sky in the river, with bluish-green patches or coppery under sides

[JAN. 9 1853]

the signs of unceasing growth about the roots,

- fresh shoots two inches long, just beneath white with red leafets, the ground, and all the radical part quite green the blossom-bud, The leaves of the crowfoot, also, It affected me, are quite green, and carry I saw the flames forward to spring in yellow There it patiently sits, The crowfoot buds or slumbers, how full deep in the centre pulling it to pieces, cherishing earth, like a fire, I antici-pate nature but I remember how this experience is like, but less than,

that I had long since



JOURNAL

[MARCH 23

THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE

It is a very pleasing experi- ment to try: The cat-tail down the sensation of warmth it imparts to my hand, as it rolls off and expands when I rub off the down of its spike with my thumb, revealing a faint purplish-crimson tinge at the base of the down, having been so long closely packed, spring open apace to convey the seed afar the fine elastic threading of The cat-tail down puffs and swells in your hand like filling a hat with feathers, puffs and swells like a mist, the expanded down fills your hand to overflowing and like an eruption ¹ for a little Lethe! flushes over it magically,

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[APRIL 23

downy fog, willow bursting forth out of a downy cloud or mist I of sunshine from amidst the pine woods above the rare and more lively yellow the first time, that delicious cool -wetter-wetter-wet' from that small cloud or in the tops of the pines.² woods above the moist, evergreen spring woods. that delicious coolpewee³ on an elm sings now peer-wet' from that small peer-wee'. It is not the simple peer- he pines.²

It is a pleasant sight, among the season, to see the first reddish catkins of our earliest willow upper sides like rays of sunshine fog, turning more and more appears, — like a flash of first reddish our earliest willow burs like rays of sunshine from this season, to see turning a more and more lively — like a flash of sulphurues like rays out of a *downy* cloud or mists