

# 5 Collages from Thoreau's Journal

With images adapted from the Herbert W. Gleason Collection

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My *Aster undulatus*,  
and hence A late three-ribbed goldenrod,  
express my world,

<sup>1</sup> [*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  
— — — — —  
evergreen — decided  
— — — — — that  
and — — — — — that  
— — — — — ecstasy — *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



## CROWFOOT BUDS

If the genius visits me  
on a dry rock, dreaming

[JAN. 9 1853]

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,  
the signs of unceasing growth about the roots,

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

just beneath — fresh shoots two inches long,  
the ground, white with red leafets,  
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 anticipate nature  
but I remember how this  
experience is like, but less than,  
that I had long since

## 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 <sup>1</sup>

for a little Lethe!

flushes over it magically,

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* amount of seed in *Tribune*, Mar. 16, 1860.

*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.<sup>2</sup> woods above the  
*moist, evergreen spring* woods. that delicious cool-  
 pewee<sup>3</sup> on an elm sings now *peer-wet'* from that small  
*peer-wee'*. It is not the simple *peer-* he pines.<sup>2</sup>

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