INNOCENCE BY LINDA HOGAN

There is nothing more innocent

than the still-unformed creature I find beneath soil,

neither of us knowing what it will become

in the abundance of the planet.

It makes a living only by remaining still

in its niche.

One day it may struggle out of its tender

pearl of blind skin

with a wing or with vision

leaving behind the transparent.

I cover it again, keep laboring,

hands in earth, myself a singular body.

Watching things grow,

wondering how

a cut blade of grass knows

how to turn sharp again at the end.

This same growing must be myself,

not aware yet of what I will become

in my own fullness

inside this simple flesh.

*Hogan, L. (n.d.). Innocence by Linda Hogan. Poetry Foundation. Retrieved April 21, 2023, from https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/57907/innocence-56d23bd375f1a*

# 

# Author Research

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Title: | Author: |
| Where is this author from? (Country, state, region) | |
| What university did this author attend and what were their areas of study? | |
| What is their tribe and where is that tribe located? | |
| What is the focus of the author’s work? | |
| What is this tribe known for? What makes that tribe unique? | |