

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?	