

"Earth,"

by [Jean Keskulla](#) in the [June 26, 2007](#) issue

I heard the Irishman on the radio say,
only it didn't sound the way we'd say it:
commonplace, like dirt under the nails.
He held it on his tongue, "Air-th,"
as if it were the best place, like heaven:
spacious, intricate, infinitely rich,
with swells of color and cloud,
forest stipple and patches of swale,
the "r" rolling along like the hills.
As if it were the best word
in the language, better even than love.