

Listening to the Teeth of Lions

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Abstract

Once again, undergoing an early childhood education. A consideration of memory, kin, and summer arriving.

Keywords: *early childhood education, kin, poetry*

Listening to the Teeth of Lions

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“Blow away . . .

Dandelion.”

Here’s to

that acrid modulation that

John Lennon perfectly missed,

Like childhood bites of Dandelion Stems. 1967.

Me 16 going on 17. Flipside.

@ 2:01.

Yellow sunfruiting springs overhead

Listening to the teeth of lions. Youngbursts. Kin.

Mid-May and such melodies.

Longstanding frogs in the ditches ripe with a fluent runoff.

Melt still throating down the driveway. To puddle it with our

Boots is the only way to save the Earth. To hear which step

Quiets the frogs is the only way to save the Earth.

To wait still till they start up again will save the Earth.

I hold at arm’s length only
Pain and grief for *nostos*, home never exactly again
be’coming. An

Age I’ll never be again. A grandson already
outliving me.

Daresay it’s sweet, listening like that.

Choruses of noticing.

Choruses of being noticed.

Algos.

Grieving leaving him already. Grieving the grief it
will bring him.

What to do?



Bite stems.
Puddle.
Plant peas.
Let joy override the indulgencies of grief.
It is not a way to ignore it. It is, instead,
Proper attention finds its measure in the object of
affection.
I can only love my passing by. Otherwise I afflict
and divert.

great liberations up out of dark
brown conspiracies of soil.
Great out-of-focus closeness,
white orb planetary miraculous
every single time in the
details of dirt:



Because the species have already shifted
hereabouts. The hereabouts has taken pains to
adjust perfectly properly. Only one Raven at the
feeder lately. Mates for life, I've heard amongst the
teeth of lions. Acrid air. Clusters pick the bones of
a roadkill.

39 of 600 peas were already up, last count. Will
check this morning, again, of course. Part of the
course of tending and waiting. 68 yesterday. Will
check again this morning again for fresh
white-green arcs again this morning, as go the
editing returns of writing up to 394 a few days on,
with snow in between, of course. Eastern Slopes.

405 of 600, May 20th.

You can hear them grow,
414 of 600 May 21st.

And in the while of waiting, will throw myself on
the tender of Dandelions and a grandson again.
This be apocryphal, that a Queen so loved
dandelion yellowing that she asked they be spared
on a Royal Visit to the Dominion.

“Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.”
A poem I typed out back when I was 16. 1966.

And this one too:

“Now as I was young and easy under the
apple boughs about the lilting house
and happy as the grass was green”
Dylan Thomas' *Fern Hill* (1971, p, 195)

So young to be that old. First thought of it since.
Hah-memory is a-flickering.
Like the Flickers in my backyard childhood home.
A'bobbing red-head-dabs
Blood-sudden-shrieks in the sunstruck green.

Up and picked and composted vines. September 8. **References**

Feel Like a Shepherd Over Lost Sheep
(2024)

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Drying the Basil
Crying the Tarragon
Weeping the Smells of Them
Then.
This.

Brooke, R. (1910). The Hill. Online:
<https://poets.org/poem/hill-0>

Thomas, D. (n.d.). Fern Hill. Online:
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Author Bio

Small pocket of dried green missed in the corner of
the drying tray.
I had to sweep it up and save it.
Leaving it behind seemed utterly tragic
Utterly ruinous of doing this drying at all.
I've felt this way before with
A dried oat on the stone counter missing the
porridge making
It had to be saved.

David Jardine is professor emeritus in the Faculty of Education at the University of Calgary. He is the author of sixteen books including *Under the Tough Old Stars: EcoPedagogical Essays*, and *Why Study for a Future we Won't Have? Commiserations and Encouragement for Ecologically Sorrowful Times* He can be reached at djardine3@gmail.com

That last weed pulled as the soils go to rest in their,
well,

Tenderednesses.
I use the term loosely. Get it?
Just like the Crying Tarragon flying above
was a typo
when I flew by.
I liked it. I left it. I can wait to find out
If it means much at all.
Next year...