

The International Journal of Ecopsychology (IJE)

Volume 6
Issue 1 *Foundations III*

Article 12

5-29-2023

POEM: Adrienne Rich's (1955) "Ideal Landscape"

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/ije>



Part of the [Alternative and Complementary Medicine Commons](#), [Cognitive Psychology Commons](#), [Community Psychology Commons](#), [Counseling Psychology Commons](#), [Environmental Public Health Commons](#), [Environmental Studies Commons](#), [Health Psychology Commons](#), [Human Ecology Commons](#), [Medical Humanities Commons](#), [Other Philosophy Commons](#), [Outdoor Education Commons](#), and the [Place and Environment Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(2023) "POEM: Adrienne Rich's (1955) "Ideal Landscape"," *The International Journal of Ecopsychology (IJE)*: Vol. 6: Iss. 1, Article 12.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/ije/vol6/iss1/12>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. It has been accepted for inclusion in The International Journal of Ecopsychology (IJE) by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Ideal Landscape

We had to take the world as it was given:
The nursemaid sitting passive in the park
Was rarely by a changeling prince accosted.
The mornings happened similar and stark
In rooms of selfhood where we woke and lay
Watching today unfold like yesterday.

Our friends were not unearthly beautiful.
Nor spoke with tongues of gold; our lovers blundered
Now and again when most we sought perfection,
Or hid in cupboards when the heavens thundered.
The human rose to haunt us everywhere,
Raw, flawed, and asking more than we could bear.

And always time was rushing like a tram
Through streets of a foreign city, streets we saw
Opening into great and sunny squares
We could not find again, no map could show—
Never those fountains tossed in that same light,
Those gilded trees, those statues green and white.

Adrienne Rich

(1955)

“... The human rose to haunt us everywhere,
Raw, flawed, and asking more than we could bear ...”

