**As For Poets**

By Gary Snyder

As for poets  
The Earth Poets  
Who write small poems,  
Need help from no man.

The Air Poets  
Play out the swiftest gales  
And sometimes loll in the eddies.  
Poem after poem,  
Curling back on the same thrust.

At fifty below  
Fuel oil won't flow  
And propane stays in the tank.  
Fire Poets  
Burn at absolute zero  
Fossil love pumped backup

The first  
Water Poet  
Stayed down six years.  
He was covered with seaweed.   
The life in his poem   
Left millions of tiny  
Different tracks  
Criss-crossing through the mud.

With the Sun and Moon  
In his belly,  
The Space Poet  
Sleeps.  
No end to the sky-  
But his poems,  
Like wild geese,  
Fly off the edge.

A Mind Poet  
Stays in the house.   
The house is empty  
And it has no walls.  
The poem   
Is seen from all sides,  
Everywhere,  
At once.