Dedicated to my grandfather Peter Forgue, an artist in wrought iron, who also hand-built a house by the sea.
To The House


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V.S.


To The House<br>Robinson Jeffers

I am heaping the bones of the old mother
To build us a hold against the host of the air;
Granite the blood-heat of her youth
Held molten in hot darkness against the heart
Hardened to temper under the feet
Of the ocean cavalry that are maned with snow
And march from the remotest west.
This is the primitive rock, here in the wet
Quarry under the shadow of waves
Whose hollows mouthed the dawn; little house each stone
Baptized from that abysmal font
The sea and the secret earth gave bonds to affirm you.

| Poem by Robinson Jeffers. <br> Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers, edited by Tim Hunt, Volume I. Copyright © 1938, renewed 1966 by Donnan Jeffers and Garth Jeffers. <br> © Jeffers Literary Properties. Used with the permission of Stanford University Press, www.sup.org. No further use, reproduction, distribution in any or by any means, are permitted without the prior written permission of the publisher. |
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Robinson Jeffers and his wife Una moved in 1914 to Carmel, California, at the north end of the rugged Big Sur coast. Here he would build Tor House (and later, Hawk Tower) from granite on the site, and celebrate the work with this poem that invokes the four classical elements of earth, air, fire, and water.

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