

Episode 177 - "Epicurus And His Philosophy" Part 29 - Chapter 12 - The New Hedonism 06

Post by "Joshua" of June 4, 2023 at 11:37 AM

And also the poem I wrote in response to that passage from Horace:

Firewood

While walking in the woods, I am at pains
To pause at each cold circle of burnt stone.
A totemic blending of the profane
And sacred: a human altar where none
So human live—where memory and time
Are sacrificed in their concentric rings,
The ageless for the transitory. Each
Ring is a dolmen, or a stele of lime,
And tells of the past in a varied speech.
It gives me pause, this strange *chaleur vitale*¹.
I think on sacred groves—such that deterred
Thoreau², and Horace, with that old Ital-
ic saw: *Do you think Virtue naught but words,*
A forest only firewood? For though
The greater mass goes up in flame, pile
Upon pile of charcoal lying near
Sighs at this loss; of what, I do not know—
But that it pleases me to wander here.

¹French, [Vital Heat](#)

²Walden; "I would that our farmers when they cut down a forest felt some of that awe which the old Romans did when they came to thin, or let in the light to, a consecrated grove (*lucum conluare*), that is, would believe that it is sacred to some god."