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The Perspiculum Worm

Robert Bly

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And the shoats wildly stabbed in the barley,
the tears that fall down my face,
the reeds bending inside the river’s veins,
water that drops to the knees,
the rooster boxed in his cage of pain,
what comes forth without saying goodbye,
the perspiculum worm curling and uncurling woven into his
reedy universe of time,
snow that pours down out of the mountain,
the stiff anther that rises to meet the sun,
the peony—rose and pink—opens in the mist,
and only the hermit wandering alone sees it.