Briefly It Enters, and Briefly Speaks

Jane Kenyon
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I am the blossom pressed in a book  
and found again after 200 years . . .

I am the maker, the lover, and the keeper . . .

When the young girl who starves  
sits down to a table  
she will sit beside me . . .

I am food on the prisoner’s plate . . .

I am water rushing to the wellhead,  
filling the pitcher until it spills . . .

I am the patient gardener  
of the dry and weedy garden . . .

I am the stone step,  
the latch, and the working hinge . . .

I am the heart contracted by joy . . .  
the longest hair, white  
before the rest . . .

I am the basket of fruit  
presented to the widow . . .

I am the musk rose opening  
unattended, the fern on the boggy summit . . .

I am the one whose love  
overcomes you, already with you  
when you think to call my name . . .