

Briefly It Enters, and Briefly Speaks

By Jane Kenyon

I am the blossom pressed in a book,
found again after two hundred 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 there in 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. . . .*