

JANE MEAD

Experience as Visitation

That which comes unwilled comes shining—
 Pulls up the sun from out dark waters—
Moves through mist, a mind in motion—
 (There is a harbor there, within you).

(Comes unwilled, comes shining)—
 Wolves lift their heads to ghost-sound—
The bird inside the box, calling—
 (Rose, birdcall, wind—come shining).

Comes of nothing comes, unbidden—
 The lunar and the mutual mission—
The mutual order and the lack—
 (Every ruptured and unclaimed fact).

That which comes unbidden comes directly—
 (Comes unleashed, uncharted and—comes shining).