

POEM

“remember dear, you are one of the ones
from whom I do not run away”
—Emily Dickinson,
in a letter

1.

Do you understand?
You could point out things
Like the lodge-pole pine,
And I was grateful—
Nothing in the present tense
Except a view, recollected, of that feathery tree

Whatever grows
I hoard only water, release everything else
Do you understand?
There are men I could spend eternity with,
But not this life

2.

When I left the Garden of Eden
My dress was wrong side out.
No matter, said the man, take an extra pair of shoes
For the city's mechanical pageant,
Corruption has to begin somewhere

Whatever happens
I will not be disappointed
Your sweetness, and indifference,
The angel at the gate