

Mementos · *W.S. Merwin*

Sunflowers are brought to me on the morning of your death
in the clear day hands you did not see
a face unknown to you and never expected
accompany the stems through the gate
repeating an unfamiliar
name under a few high clouds

beyond the flowers there is still the sea
beyond the writing the waves go on overflowing
here is a long envelope
from which a picture of a black lake emerges
far away between my fingers while the trees are flying

a friend with a passion for freedom
said a piece of a poem and got it wrong
and put it in a letter to me
it was a passage by someone
of whom she knew I thought little
and she sent it
to surprise and remind me but she
misquoted it and wrote *Even*
the newt the worm the germ the first spit
sing the day in full cry

and how does it go now