

Briefly It Enters, and Briefly Speaks · *Jane Kenyon*

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. . . .