

A Name for Anna · *Jim Gauer*

Today there is nothing to hide. Today the white house that is
Hides none of its whiteness, that stone bridge holds nothing
More stonelike inside it, even the trees seem to stand
In their own quiet limelight, as green
As green trees are, and lit up by being
Within the being that owns them, that one
Shining example of themselves.
Today the long crooked finger
Points at its finger, and when the strange man passes
He says what his name is, he names
What his voice says, and his is
The voice that it names.
The magician is asleep. The day has cast its spell.
Anna walks through the park and the shy grass gathers
At her feet as she walks here, with nothing to hide.
Anna puts her ear to the air and the patient wind tells her
What its heart has written there, using only the words
That its heart has written there, words made of
Air made of air.
Anna finds a seat on a bench and the world finds her sitting
On the bench she is sitting on, watching the clouds
Show the heartshapes they hide
In their cloudshaped chests, knowing each cloud shapes
Its heart with the best of them, a white heart it makes up
In its own clear blue head.
The magician is asleep. The evening mends his sleeve
With a dark thread passing through the light here,
A moving thread of moments, the shining sleeve of days.
And Anna on a park bench, carving her perfect heart
On a tree she feels inside her, and writing in a name
Where nothing in the cunning world to come
Can change it: the *Anna* that was
When the house was white, and the bridge
Was stone, and the world
Had nothing to hide.