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Jon Remmerde

In the Beauty of Earth Itself

I want you to write about me,
she said.

Yes, he said, I will.

He wrote about hummingbirds
wildflowers,
animals who roam the earth
free

The beauty of earth itself
and gave her the poems.
She felt disappointment
that he had left her out of his vision.

She walked the slowly-eroding mountain
and saw a hummingbird in her nest.

Still as the tiny bird's awareness
of the very large human,
for a moment, she became the tiny bird,
sheltered the future of her species,
bore the future
through danger,
as she had borne
and protected her children,
her love
for him, for life.

She became the grey doe,
stepped quietly under trees,
stopped motionless
and blended into background
of pine trees, duff, low brush,
became earth itself, spinning
eternal in an eternal universe.

Poetry recreated itself in her senses.
She understood he had always written about her,
when he wrote about the hummingbird,
when he wrote about the motionless grey doe,
when he wrote about the beauty of the earth
spinning brilliant among brilliant stars.