



In the Beauty of Earth Itself
(For Laura)



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 disappointed
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
sheltering the future of her species
bearing 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 with 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 earth
spinning brilliant among brilliant stars.

