

The hemlock's needles move  
and do not move, in light  
eking into the pre-dawn wind,

a little daybirth  
lost in the grain, a slow rising.

They keep time, like these phrases,  
my voice's impulse, its overtone,  
a sort of measure  
filling itself with its own promise.

I walk down Jordan to Woods Creek,  
my being a fine how-de-do,  
a scandal and reproof to newsprint,  
a here fading into celebration.

I mark myself with this,  
sit down by the thorn tree, and weep.

Joyous from the first moment.

