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What We Keep

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PATRICIA TRAXLER

WHAT WE KEEP

In all of this, the flowering impatiens, elm and laurel, a lark, the worm on the leaf, the call of a redbird, call of the evening news,

and then after a long darkness
the pressure of skin on skin, breath's urging,
the ring of a blade through grass, that

sweet breaking, a scent of loss and having (*Love bears all things, believes all things...*). And now, past God's body an empty table, shadow verging, the worm

on the tongue, and the sun the dark the sun (*...hopes all things, endures all things*). The child in the tree sings on the wind, barely visible,

shivering limb to limb, eucalyptus at nightfall, dark canyon, an open eye and a word in the air, then no words, only desire's

eternal unknowing, and a name to keep near at hand on the earth, in place of birth or touch, just this, *all this All*, while the days spin down to dust.