

Mischa Willett

SEE, I NEVER LEFT MY HANDS OF MY WORKS

After A Line By Julian Of Norwich

How much descent, how down
this dove, this now
I know comes in the hush and how
arrived the night backs, summits grade,
the pent and meddlesome winds
shaken as from a purse take their place,
and sea stills.

If so,
 if this low,
 if *inmost*,

then I am hemmed and all beclothed,
even gross ghost, even nude decent,
even still sent.