

II

How your gifts could hurry the blood or push
Orange coals into the loins, or ~~send~~ needles
Of rain into the pores to cleanse the eternal core.
How we search for ~~those~~ certain bass ^{to be that unimagined} and treble ^{notes} ~~notes~~
You pried from wind and sea ~~and~~ ^{to} played in our heads.
You decoded mountain graphs and sun signals, ~~you~~
Heard poetry in the babble of children, in the
Clanging language of lance and shield, in ^{love's} ~~the~~
^{night} ~~Climax cry of love~~ ^{outcry}. You felt it at the last breathing,
~~You~~ saw it, a God-ground magnifying mirror
Of man, unsoftened, unretouched.
This is the ^{moving} target you left us
~~As we~~ ^{to} aim with shaky shafts, ~~our~~
Skinny watery quills, ~~our~~ fat fountaining pens.
Our mirrors are smoke-smeared, concave ~~convex~~ ^{warped}.
Our furnaces are flawed, ~~and dissipated and~~
Our ore is not ^{as} refined.
But it may be that the purest poetry of all is faith.
Even fading, squirming, on the way out.
And best of all coming back.