

# Grace

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Water, birds, wind and flame—  
they weave through my poems like that  
other word: grace.

It is the stone in the creek  
that turns smooth flow to foam,

the fringed wing  
slicing thin air.

It is breath—not soft breath  
but rage of gale, shaping the stark trees,

the hot tongue  
refining the story I tell.

So all my words come to this: grace.  
I cannot out-run it, out-see,  
out-speak, out-write it—

pulse of the universe,  
hum in my blood,  
center of all my circling:

grace.

