

## **Annunciation**

Even if I don't see it again,—nor ever feel it  
I know it is—and that if once it hailed me  
it ever does—

and so it is myself I want to turn in that direction  
not as towards a place, but it was a tilting  
within myself,

as one turns a mirror to flash the light to where  
it isn't.—I was blinded like that—and swam  
in what shone at me

only able to endure it by being no one and so  
specifically myself I thought I'd die  
from being loved like that.

—Marie Howe