

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