

The Still Time

I know there is still time—
time for the hands
to open,
to be filled
by those failed harvests,
the imagined bread of the days of not having.
I remember those summer nights
when I was young and empty,
when I lay through the darkness
wanting, wanting,
knowing
I would have nothing of anything I wanted—
that total craving
that hollows the heart out irreversibly.
So it surprises me now to hear
the steps of my life following me—
so much of it gone
it returns, everything that drove me crazy
comes back, as if blessing the misery
of each step it took me into the world;
as though a prayer had ended
and the changed
air between the palms goes free
to become the glitter
on common things that inexplicably shine.
And the old voices,
which once made broken-off, choked, parrot-incoherences,
speak again,
this time on the palatum cordis,
saying there is still time
for those who can groan
to sing,
for those who can sing to heal themselves.

- Galway Kinnell