

JOY RETURNS

Almost overnight that sweetening
and joy returns,
more mine, more real than self
though I dream it gone—as if a dry well
disavowed the miracle of water.

In unison the cherry trees
who danced themselves up out of the earth
now sing themselves into flower,
pink and white
among the dark pines.

Wild and windblown joy tosses all my plans.
I am as I was long ago,
a child—
creature made for sun and air.

Constant
of full and empty, flower and fall,
sun and its long absence like a father's absence,
bright and dark of the moon.

One day, late or soon,
you will be gone—not you
but my fond sight of the form you wear.

Joy, now near and green,
will withdraw again into its depth.
But can I let it lead me deeper?
Dig my well
all the way down, down
to the unfailing single source.