

POETRY

Graced

By Polly Howell

I do not mean to brush you aside
with the flick of a hand,

to dismiss you as not worthy,

to avoid looking you in the eye
for fear I will shatter to pieces.

But if I can just, for a moment,
let you go, and remember –

the advent of snowdrops I saw today,

the symphony in the fast-flowing stream

the camaraderie of tits on the feeder,

and most importantly
that I am here to love and be loved –

Then I can return to you with grace,

with fullness of presence,

empty of being.