

READING

“Once or Twice or Three Times, I saw Something”
By Marie Howe

Once or twice or three times, I saw something
Rise from the dust in the yard, like the soul
Of the dust,

Or from the field, the soul-body of the field-
Rise and hover like a veil in the sun
Billowing-as if I could see the wind itself.

I thought I did it- squinting- but I didn't.

As if the edges of things blurred- so what was in
Bled out, breathed up and mingled: bush and cow
And dust and well:

breathed a field I walked through
Waist high, as through high grass or water,
My fingers swirling through it-
Or it through me. I saw it.

It was thing and spirit both: the real world:
Evident, invisible.