

Ready

Georgia O'Keeffe as a child
always ate round the raisin in the cookie:
sought more sky than land in her world,
but held the jewel at core: renewal
saved best for last.

I recall the black child
of nine or ten, a girl
who told me with gem-clear eyes
how her mother'd say "Always wear clean undies,
for you never know when you might get hit by a truck."

What it amounts to is a scrupulous sense of privacy:
There is no way—we can take in every contingency.
We'd always keep a clean sweep of sky—in mind:
We'd be prepared, at the same time,
For the loss of it all—the coming clean.

Likely as we are to tread
in the wrong places, like god's little foxes,
at any time:
There is no way we can meet the day with a strong enough
sense of the holy.