

*The Beginning of Wisdom*

You have brought me so far.

I know so much. Names, verbs, images. My mind  
overflows, a drawer that can't close.

Unscathed among the tortured. Ignorant parchment  
uninscribed, light strokes only, where a scribe  
tried out a pen.

I am so small, a speck of dust  
moving across the huge world. The world  
a speck of dust in the universe.

Are you holding  
the universe? You hold  
onto my smallness. How do you grasp it,  
how does it not  
slip away?

I know so little.

You have brought me so far.

Denise Levertov (1923–1997)