

*Intrusion*

By Denise Levertov

After I had cut off my hands  
and grown new ones

something my former hands had longed for  
came and asked to be rocked.

After my plucked out eyes  
had withered, and new ones grown

something my former eyes had wept for  
came asking to be pitied.

Denise Levertov, "Intrusion" from *Poems 1968-1972*.  
Copyright © 1972 by Denise Levertov.

