

## *Ascension*

Stretching Himself as if again,  
through downpress of dust  
upward, soul giving way  
to thread of white, that reaches  
for daylight, to open as green  
leaf that it is...

Can Ascension  
not have been  
arduous, almost,  
as the return  
from Sheol, and  
back through the tomb  
into breath?

Matter reanimate  
now must relinquish  
itself, its  
human cells,  
molecules, five  
senses, linear  
vision endured  
as Man –  
the sole  
all-encompassing gaze  
resumed now,  
Eye of Eternity.  
Relinquished, earth's  
broken Eden.

Expulsion,  
liberation,  
last  
self-enjoined task  
of Incarnation.

He again  
Fathering Himself.  
Seed-case splitting.  
He again  
Mothering His birth:  
torture and bliss.

– Denise Levertov