

*Seeing for a Moment*

I thought I was growing wings—

it was a cocoon.

I thought, now is the time to step

into the fire—

it was deep water.

Eschatology is a word I learned  
as a child: the study of Last Things;

facing my mirror—no longer young,

the news—always of death,

the dogs—rising from sleep and clamoring

and howling, howling,

nevertheless

I see for a moment

that's not it: it is

the First Things.

Word after word

floats through the glass.

Towards me.

~ Denise Levertov