

## POEM

### Her Moment, Ours

by George Bowering

She's lived a poem and composed a life, and for once, for  
once, one of us got it in the right order.

She let us know the heart has an organ known as the eye,  
known for eternity as a poem for love.

For love she would split open your proverbs, lift you by  
the hands and teach you to walk.

There is no alien corn where she walks, all mothers are  
sisters, all songs are source, all listen well.

Jesus pursued her as she ran, into our arms she ran, at the  
finish line that just plain disappeared.

Go to the origin, he told her, go to the heart of the  
poorest, help him learn a life, be a poem.

Note the flash of light from the underside of a leaf, and  
do not sully it with a poor human simile.

You are sight, you are what we need to see a world, call  
it physical if that is enough, call it home.

# 15

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You are the second person and there is no third, you are a vision we are treated to see, you are we.

Bless you for being here on the margin where we all must live, blessings be upon you for this venture.