THE LIFE OF A POEM

by Susan Jefts

First it will lie in your open palm, in the creases there
the curved lines, of flesh
then on your tongue where it will stay for a while
feeling how it moves, how it sounds
and it tells this to your mind
and to your heart
where it will lay for some time
if you let it, for here it has a home.

But lay a poem upon the world
extend it out from yourself to the whole
wide world.
Watch grace fall
with it to earth
watch the world and all its edges soften
its contours fold around its quiet joy.