

There

Beyond the losses: loves taken or refused
and all the animosities, the fights
and ugliness, tries time after time
– when these are gone the places surprise us, the fields
are green and living; there is a spaciousness
as far as we see and farther. Heavy still
with our losses, we move slowly or sit quiet
in the quiet. We brought our lusts and angers along
but we pass their occasions and this wideness seems to us now
to have been, even from the beginning, our real intention.

– William Bronk