

Wild Honey, Tough Salt

Why do these things come touch my sleeve—
a dream of my father working the fields, a bird
singing before first light, a sense in my body that now
I can do the hard things? I stay in place and changes
come to me. I do not move and I am moved, hold still,
crowded by legions of emergency and sweetness.

Salt and honey—harder to tell the difference now.

A friend does beauty without cause, it is honey.
A friend dies after pure pain, we feel an odd
sweetness knowing with a jolt the pure passage—
like the time those monks gave up the old vat of wine,
poured it out down the road, a sudden purple scarf
along the stones alive with bees and butterflies

gone crazy with sweetness as it passed away.

—by Kim Stafford, from *Wild Honey, Tough Salt*
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