

***ONE BODY, 2007***

Winner of the Connecticut Book Award in Poetry

**“Transparent”**

One day I will not wake in my body as you know it  
or go from the bed to the open  
door to breathe in the fresh glory of the morning.

Although you will not see me, by afternoon I will be  
wind, unfenced in the expanse  
between towering clouds of oyster and plum air.

I will be in the oak, in the ivy, in the spillway  
and banks thick with iris,  
yellow-eyed and blue, and in the tannic and bittersweet

silk of the pond over which clouds pause and reflect  
before shattering the surface.  
I will be in the rain, in the stone, in the root, in the fruits

of the garden. You will take me into your mouth  
(as so often you have)  
and we will be one body of solitudes and barrens and wilds.

We will be mountain and cirrus, salamander, owl in the dark  
husk of winter, a crescendo  
of cicadas in summer. We will fly in a flash of green light

over fields taking shape in the early morning mists. Here,  
always here. So close, there is  
nothing more I can tell you than what we already know.