

On Rilke's Poems to God

Kenneth Garcia

One imagines him hunched over a spade
turning soil in the hot sun.
Pruning excess, transplanting, and
toiling for months, just

to make a flower open so gently,
revealing its inner life—and ours,
calling forth from mysterious depths
what it is we must become.

Words, strung together
with concision and tightness,
float into the mind,
lodging there, pulsing.

These words, just these,
are right, and where they should be.
No lightning bolt here,
just the easy unfolding

of dusk into dawn
within the soul.