

Saint Francis and the Sow by Galway Kinnell

The bud stands for all things,
even for those things that don't flower,
for everything flowers, from within, of self-blessing;
though sometimes it is necessary
to re-teach a thing its loveliness,
to put a hand on its brow of the flower
and retell it in words and in touch,
it is lovely until it flowers again from within, of self-blessing;
as Saint Francis put his hand on the creased forehead of the sow,
and told her in words and in touch
blessings of earth on the sow,
and the sow began remembering all down her thick length,
from the earthen snout all the way through the fodder and
slops to the spiritual curl of the tail,
from the hard spininess spiked out
from the spine down through the great broken heart
to the sheer blue milken dreaminess spurting and shuddering
from the fourteen teats into the fourteen mouths
sucking and blowing beneath them:
the long, perfect, loveliness of sow.

~*~

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