A Blessing

By James Wright

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,

    Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies

    Darken with kindness.
They have come gladly out of the willows

    To welcome my friend and me.
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture

    Where they have been grazing all day, alone.
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness

    That we have come.
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.

There is no loneliness like theirs.

At home once more,

They begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.

I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,

For she has walked over to me

And nuzzled my left hand.

She is black and white,

Her mane falls wild on her forehead,

And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear

That is delicate as the skin over a girl’s wrist.

Suddenly I realize

That if I stepped out of my body I would break

Into blossom.


Source: Above the River: The Complete Poems and Selected Prose (1990)