Dust

By Dorianne Laux

Someone spoke to me last night, 
told me the truth. Just a few words, 
but I recognized it. 
I knew I should make myself get up, 
write it down, but it was late, 
and I was exhausted from working 
all day in the garden, moving rocks. 
Now, I remember only the flavor — 
not like food, sweet or sharp. 
More like a fine powder, like dust. 
And I wasn’t elated or frightened, 
but simply rapt, aware. 
That’s how it is sometimes — 
God comes to your window, 
all bright light and black wings, 
and you’re just too tired to open it.

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