Finishing Up

By A. R. Ammons

I wonder if I know enough to know what it’s really like to have been here: have I seen sights enough to give seeing over: the clouds, I’ve waited with white October clouds like these this afternoon often before and taken them in, but white clouds shade other white ones gray, had I noticed that: and though I’ve followed the leaves of many falls, have I spent time with the wire vines left when frost’s red dyes strip the leaves away: is more missing than was never enough: I’m sure many of love’s kinds absolve and heal, but were they passing rapids or welling stirs: I suppose I haven’t done and seen enough yet to go, and, anyway, it may be way on on the way before one picks up the track of the sufficient, the world-round reach, spirit deep, easing and all, not just mind answering itself but mind and things apprehended at once as one, all giving all way, not a scrap of question holding back.

Notes:
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