Often I Am Permitted to Return to a Meadow

By Robert Duncan

as if it were a scene made-up by the mind, 
that is not mine, but is a made place,

that is mine, it is so near to the heart, 
an eternal pasture folded in all thought 
so that there is a hall therein

that is a made place, created by light 
wherefrom the shadows that are forms fall.

Wherefrom fall all architectures I am 
I say are likenesses of the First Beloved 
whose flowers are flames lit to the Lady.

She it is Queen Under The Hill 
whose hosts are a disturbance of words within words 
that is a field folded.

It is only a dream of the grass blowing 
est east against the source of the sun 
in an hour before the sun’s going down

whose secret we see in a children’s game 
of ring a round of roses told.

Often I am permitted to return to a meadow 
as if it were a given property of the mind 
that certain bounds hold against chaos,

that is a place of first permission, 
everlasting omen of what is.

Robert Duncan, “Often I Am Permitted to Return to a Meadow” from The Opening of the Field. 
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Source: Selected Poems (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1993)