

# 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  
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.

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