

# The Goddess Who Created This Passing World

By Alice Notley

The Goddess who created this passing world  
Said Let there be lightbulbs & liquefaction  
Life spilled out onto the street, colors whirled  
Cars & the variously shod feet were born  
And the past & future & I born too  
Light as airmail paper away she flew  
To Annapurna or Mt. McKinley  
Or both but instantly  
Clarified, composed, forever was I  
Meant by her to recognize a painting  
As beautiful or a movie stunning  
And to adore the finitude of words  
And understand as surfaces my dreams  
Know the eye the organ of affection  
And depths to be inflections  
Of her voice & wrist & smile

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