

# To Be Held

By Linda Hogan

To be held  
by the light  
was what I wanted,  
to be a tree drinking the rain,  
no longer parched in this hot land.  
To be roots in a tunnel growing  
but also to be sheltering the inborn leaves  
and the green slide of mineral  
down the immense distances  
into infinite comfort  
and the land here, only clay,  
still contains and consumes  
the thirsty need  
the way a tree always shelters the unborn life  
waiting for the healing  
after the storm  
which has been our life.

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