

Precisely

The steady news of horror tries its best and would  
succeed,  
but then a poem is read, a gate left open, or stones  
appear  
throughout the shallow creek bed, sunlight struck  
along their rims. Impossible to scrape the watery golden  
hue  
into the hand, to carry it like a talisman—but not  
impossible,  
not at all, to carry forth all day the thought of having done  
so,  
the palpable, shimmering, bottomless-to-savor thought.