

Jeff Hardin

Who Even Knows What His Own Voice Is

for it ebbs and flows like spring water
and so easily could be confused for a sparrow,
for a dove, in the moments after sunrise,
and maybe your voice is mine or mine
yours and all things of the imagination
interchangeable, as Williams told us
between patients, their griefs entering
his own, for how else be the happy genius
of a household, or why want only
a singular voice anyway when there are
so many species of thoughts, so many
butterflies to follow sunny days, for
maybe you haven't heard the news yet,
but you don't have to die in your own
mind and heart but have been welcomed
into others, mine if you need rest, mine
if this be your last day, as always it is,
for we are never midway on life's journey,
dear Dante, dear Issa needing radishes
to point the way, this moment, too, ebbing
and flowing, gathering David's psalm
*for God is sheer beauty, all generous
in love* and Rilke's ninth elegy where
we're the most fleeting of all, we who
begin where we end, one voice into another,
way leading on to way, for where else
should we go but where we are going,
the two of us gathering whoever will go,
me reaching your way, you reaching mine.