

James Sallis

ANIMALS

1

When there are again
fields, and you within them,
I hope

you will recall also
something
of our occasional
kindness,

how sometimes
we touched you with warm hands,

that man will not be for you
only that blinding, final light.

2

We were
of you, but would not be.

Because we had words,
because we were choked in dreams
of understanding,

we divided ourselves, not (as you
before us) *into*, but *from*.

The walls grew, as walls
will.

Perhaps we understood they must come down.
Perhaps this is how
The earth will remember us, finally

delivering ourselves
back into her.