

ON A PHOTOGRAPH

It goes to the heart. It couldn't have happened again.
And it's all there.

The beard is part of it, and the full gaze,
But speak any further and I realize
What would have been lost in speaking,
And only was preserved because

Some way, some way or other,
In a random yard, in an off season,
This one-time flower,
This transcendental still, recalled to paper
What each of us in his room alone will see:

You as you might have been;
You as, in spite of everything, you are.