

The work

I've spent the half-day on a line of fence
That runs around my nearest, smallest, field—
No outer force had pressed its competence,
Nor had it shown a secret mind to yield,

And as fields go, there wasn't much to see,
Unless you count the marble tenancies,
Whose presence gave no task to any greed,
Or human urge, or human urgencies.

Yet still, no gauge as clear as getting through
For love, instead of for necessity,
And different from my list of things to do,
For this, I hold it to its own degree—

To give and give and let go unperceived:
The soul, the task, in strict complicity.