

KNOWING OF LOVE

Ciardi and Nemerov-- at their best as lovers.
And not mere lovers but hearers and doers
of the word. Unlike Hemingway, who said
he left his best books in bed, they brought
the best of it to the page.
They understood the stuff of source
like the apiarist knows his bees, like
him listening in his dark for the hum
of venom in his blood, knowing
it's become salvation. And knowing
when and where to let the hive swarm
to gather the most sweetness. Knowing too,
the secret essence of building-- like how
the perennial arch, its center stones
long wedded, edges planed to match,
falls together to lift its singular wonder.

--Glenna Holloway