

After so many years, I come walking to you.  
You say, "You have come after so long?"  
I could not come earlier.  
My shabby mouth, with its cavernous thirst, ate the seeds of longing that should have  
been planted.  
Awkward and baffled, dishonest, I slept. And I dreamt of sand.  
Your eyes in sorrow do not laugh.  
I say, "I have come after so many years."  
— Robert Bly, "Conversation with a **Holy Woman** Not Seen for Many Years"

The Bone Gatherer by Imelda Maguire

"She set me to gathering bones,  
the ones I'd lost;  
set me to travelling old roads,  
and off the roads, into wild spaces,  
long-forgotten.

My basket began to fill,  
and she set me to naming the bones,  
feeling the places from which  
they'd fallen,  
marking the spot where they landed.

She set me to minding the bones,  
sitting with them,  
rubbing their ridges and spurs,  
looking and watching and noticing...  
This is the shape of that bone,  
there is the mark of its pain.

She set me to seeing the whole,  
to piecing the bones together,  
the slow and gentle work.

As I sit now with the bones,  
look at this strange harvest  
of mine, I hear a humming,  
a chant, low and gentle,  
and know, she is with me now,  
watching over the bones."

Whitney Houston's Bow

<https://www.instagram.com/reel/DSdRtuKkWIZ/?igsh=MTBIMjQ0eTFjcXd4MA==>