

# susan stewart let me tell you about my marvelous god

Let me tell you about my marvelous god, how he hides in the hexagons  
of the bees, how the drought that wrings its leather hands  
above the world is of his making, as well as the rain in the quiet minutes  
that leave only thoughts of rain.

An atom is working and working, an atom is working in deepest  
night, then bursting like the farthest star; it is far  
smaller than a pinprick, far smaller than a zero and it has no  
will, no will toward us.

This is why the heart has paced and paced,  
will pace and pace across the field where yarrow  
was and now is dust. A leaf catches  
in a bone. The burrow's shut by a tumbled clod  
and the roots, upturned, are hot to the touch.

How my god is a feathered and whirling thing; you will singe your arm  
when you pluck him from the air,  
when you pluck him from that sky  
where grieving swirls, and you will burn again  
throwing him back.



POETRY  
FOUNDATION