

Dove

You were murmuring before I woke.
I lay in my bed with my eyes still shut
and half-asleep, listened and listened.

Outside the room – voices and traffic,
the green-leaved rafting of a tree.
I kept still, trying to hear more of you.

'Ku *kuu*-ru, ku *kuu*-ru, ku *kuu*-ru.'
I let your language seep into mine,
drinking it in like a Latin or Greek.

Then heard you sing in Virgil's lines,
when he sees you 'gliding' in Rome,
and in Matthew's verses where you

break out of the hot bare Jordan sky
and hover around the head of Christ.
You throbbed, throbbed into my thoughts

a logos as ordinary, as quietly insistent
as the innumerable small acts of love
that nurture a marriage, or parent a child.

