

## Meadow

*(to my daughter—in explanation of her name)*

Balance is what we mean the name  
to tell her when she's suckled news  
into her brain that birth knits her  
into the nervous system of  
the spastic, plastic planet,

the mediation of the seen  
oases in the dance of heat  
viewed sidewise by desert fathers  
as a vision of the presence,  
greasy burden of dominion;

a coming with the world to know  
why we gather and shape to life  
germ, egg, milk, grass-seed, tree-seed, meat,  
to live—share and plowshare—with beasts  
and trees working God's own green fate,

a community with the elect—  
proving ourselves and proving God  
in the communion of his breath  
all toads and weeds and field mice weigh  
in peril with our infant will;

the name may remind her, when she  
can mind the name, that we chose birth  
as an experiment in restraint,  
which she may join in dance, in song, in  
concert with this lurching earth.

