

# The Poem

by George Ella Lyon

is elbowing her way down Fifth Avenue  
 on a snowy day    the poem is coming up  
 from the subway    the poem is scrubbing  
 coal dust out of work pants  
 in a galvanized tub  
 she is knee-deep in pot vessels  
 the poem is on her way to the moon  
 the poem is grinding the lens  
 for the world's largest telescope  
 the poem is undergoing surgery  
 she is calculating how to hide something  
 outside space and time    she knows  
 the mathematics of Elsewhere  
 the poem is at the gym  
 she is strengthening her pecs  
 and loosening her hamstrings  
 the poem enacts the last anointing  
 she is turning off the respirator  
 the poem is a mite in the red-  
 tailed hawk's feathered armpit  
 she has built the sweat-lodge fire  
 gowned and masked she carries  
 the newborn, sucking on his fist  
 she is stuck in traffic  
 she is trying to turn the drone around  
 she is in jail for praying on federal  
 land    the poem has crossed the line  
 she sat down opposite the reactor  
 the poem huddles in the crawl space  
 she shields her eyes from laserlight  
 with her crushed hand  
 the poem has made a pie  
 full of redwing blackbirds  
 they are singing  
 soon they will lift off  
 and perch in the tree  
 that shelters your heart's garage.