

JEAN BERRETT

## The Question of Water, of Air

An inch of land, of time, no home.  
What's born most innocent is fear.  
Ask nothing. Nothing is left undone.

I feel it in the longest bones.  
I start out from a darkened pier.  
An inch of land, of time, no home.

What other counsel can be known?  
Your water voice is all I hear.  
Ask nothing. Nothing is left undone.

Scribbled on the smallest stone  
The tide brings in your face, those years.  
An inch of land, of time, no home.

How would the dry sand answer foam?  
The grass lies down like broken spears.  
Ask nothing. Nothing is left undone.

I cannot see what you've been shown.  
Distance is what's drawing near.  
An inch of land, of time, no home.  
Ask nothing. Nothing is left undone.

