

Richard Jones

Epithalamium

for Anthony and Marianne

I tell my students I don't have the wisdom
to explain beauty and mystery, and most days
I know I don't know much about anything,
and will be held accountable for teaching
those who hope to gain some small
insight into the inscrutability of this world;
yet I know the real heart of things, the love
we lack and must rekindle, will not be found by
taking notes or reading past midnight; love is
incarnational, born in the grace-filling hour when,
the book closed, a wife climbs the stairs to join
her husband, that young student who suffered
beside her through school as if lashed to his desk,
his eyes on her as he waited for the lesson to end.

The Blessing: The Correct Spelling and Exact Meaning
Port Townsend, Copper Canyon Press, 2010:54