

**Pilgrim visits Julian of Norwich,
April 1410**

by [Scott Dalgarno](#) in the [April 2023](#) issue

Through a tight window, Julian
crouches over a bit of handwork.
Known for going nowhere
she has redefined the words *home*,
here, *prison*, *exile*. Your eye,
single, beholds her face. Her eye
never leaves her needle.
Unlike you, she knows where
she will die. She breathes eats
sleeps a seamless meditation.

Her chair is every chair,
her bed, every bed, her cell,
a wilderness, the first garden,
a temple of the spirit, the city
of God. She sets her face to go
nowhere.

Forever chaste, she greets you
like her own firstborn, Confesses
to you, as to a priest, that sometimes
shuffling about her tiny cell
she forgets where she is,
where she's going,
who she even is.