

The Finger

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*In any instant the sacred may wipe you
with its finger.*

—Annie Dillard, *For the Time Being*

or stick its thumb in your pie,
extract the choicest plum,
the one you saved for yourself
but might, for the sheer joy of it
have given to someone hungrier.

It might poke its finger in your eye
that is so blind to others' suffering,
or your ear so deaf to its refrain:
"I came to love, left to return
forever in each moment's subtle,
searing, and unfettered touch."