



To the New Year

BY LUIGI DE BERNARDINI | MON DEC 31 2018

With what stillness at last
you appear in the valley
your first sunlight reaching down
to touch the tips of a few
high leaves that do not stir
as though they had not noticed
and did not know you at all
then the voice of a dove calls
from far away in itself
to the hush of the morning
so this is the sound of you
here and now whether or not
anyone hears it this is
where we have come with our age
our knowledge such as it is
and our hopes such as they are

invisible before us

untouched and still possible

W. S. Merwin, "To the New Year" from *Present Company*