

## THE ESSENTIAL RICHARD WILBUR

Who else but you could make  
a poem pirouette in place  
to its own music?

Such art  
can never simply happen  
without the sense of something  
else invoked—some mystery,  
some secret.

Call it a miracle  
that guides the hand and heart  
when pen and paper meet.  
Call it what mutes analysis  
or calculation.

It answers  
to nothing but itself.

To be  
accepted and known, it needs  
no more than to be felt  
as love is felt and forgotten.