


There Is Nothing You Cannot Ask of Me

Kim Stafford

—  —
The village has burned,
my old ones are almost gone.
In this way, there is nothing

I won't give away,
leave in the snowy grass
beside the path. See this

old tea urn fallen in the weeds?
See this clutch of shavings
from the preparation

of the prayer pole? All
falls away. All is given
after the burning of a life,

plans become ash,
worries drifting up the valley
with smoke from the burning field.

So, friend, there is nothing
you cannot ask of me.
We plant seed, water young trees.

See this path ahead?
It leads us deep beyond
what we no longer need.