Blessed He who made me a woman,
that I’m earth and Adam
and tender rib;
blessed who made me
circles upon circles—
like wheels of planers
and like circles of fruit—
who gave me living flesh
which blossoms,
and made me like
a plant in the field—
that bears fruit;
so what your cloud tatters,
slide like silk
on my face and thighs;
and I am big
and want to be a girl,
weeping from sorrow
and laughing, and singing
with a voice, thinner than thin—
like a wee cricket
in the chorus of your lofty
cherubs—
smallest of the small—
I play
at Your feet
my creator!

(1969)