

Great & Unobtrusive

by *Hannah Ramsey*

Title taken from the following excerpt by John Keats: "We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us – and if we do not agree, seems to put its hand in its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great & unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself but with its subject. – How beautiful are the retired flowers! How they would lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway crying out, 'admire me I am a violet! Dote upon me I am a primrose!'"

Absent of sound, replete with speech
Was smeared the wax of heav'n
It mingles fresh with breath and light
And like the bread unleavn'd -

Bespeaks and as it commends itself,
"Hurry for time - we've not!"
Obedient, beneath its gaze,
Tempestuous and toss'd,

But for the palm that formed it so,
Still to and fro He bends,
In humility and silence -
And stills our buzzing end.

"For me and to myself," says He
The one upon the Throne -
The clouds - they scream - but quietly,
until at last - I'm home