

Jane Hirshfield

EACH WE CALL FATE

What some could not have escaped
others will find by decision.

Each we call fate. Which forgetfulness—
sister of memory—will take back.
Not distinguishing necessity from choice,
not weighing courage against betrayal or luck.

“Did you than have your life?” the black crows will ask.

“Scent of black tea,” you may answer.
“Color of swimming tuna, seen from below.
Grounds of the palace illimitable with mice and rabbits.”