

## Trust Me

Who did I write last night? leaning  
over this yellow pad, here, inside,  
making blue chicken tracks: two  
sets of blue footprints, tracking out  
on a yellow ground,  
child's colors.

Who am I?  
who want so much to move  
like a fish through water,  
through life...  
                    Fish *like* to be  
underwater.

Fish move through fish! Who  
are you?

And Trust Me said, There's another way to go,  
we'll go by the river which is frozen under the snow;

my shining, your shining life draws close, draws closer,  
God fills us as a woman fills a pitcher.

—Jean Valentine