

The New Criterion

Poems May 1984

Drink, eat, sleep

by *Jane Kenyon*

I never drink from this blue tin cup
speckled with white
without thinking of stars on a clear,
cold night—of Venus blazing low
over the leafless trees; and Canis
great and small—dogs without flesh,
fur, blood or bone . . . dogs made of light,
apparitions of cold light, with black
and trackless spaces in between
The angel gave a little book
to the prophet, telling him to eat—
eat and tell of the end of time.
Strange food, infinitely strange,
but the pages were like honey
to his tongue

This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 2 Number 9 , on page 52

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