

# “For the New Year, 1981”

DENISE LEVERTOV

I have a small grain of hope—  
one small crystal that gleams  
clear colors out of transparency.

I need more.

I break off a fragment  
to send you.

Please take  
this grain of a grain of hope  
so that mine won't shrink.

Please share your fragment  
so that yours will grow.

Only so, by division,  
will hope increase,

like a clump of irises, which will cease to flower  
unless you distribute  
the clustered roots, unlikely source—  
clumsy and earth-covered—  
of grace.