**Remembering William Carlos Williams in a Sestina for the New Year**

On the first day of the new year, there is an essence

filtering through gray morning light without words.

A certain kind of knowing permeates the future year

of stark winter branches, soft light, and a poem

that cannot exist without a holy presence.

And, I say to my soul, "What a life!"

I will choose to celebrate this existence and life-

seek to uncover the words of the remote and hidden essence

that was seen in the face of a rare presence.

In a different time, before our own, there were words

that were left in a jar and spoken in a poem.

It is not in our imagination, but a real fact for this year!

We can search for, and locate, the meaning of the next year.

An underlying meaning that brings our imagination to life.

It will be revealed as we reach through the layers of the poem.

We will be rewarded when we touch that fresh essence.

It comes with the actual circumstances and words-

We lay them down as a gift in the unspoiled presence.

Perhaps it can begin with a thought in the satisfied presence?

Actually there, before us, every minute of the year.

Our ears can recover the underlying sound of the words

Our eyes can see, in a particular face, the life

likely to appear in the most unlikely essence,

a fact that is quickly revealed in creating a poem.

Spiritual gifts are gathered, as the words of a poem -

bring together the pictures of a life in the presence.

Speak! Do not tremble as you begin to feel the essence.

Such a visit might be discovered in fulfillment of the year.

An entire afternoon can be spent, reactivating a life

in which we meet to search for the source of the words.

We search for, and locate, the recaptured lost words.

Bring them to new life in the lines of the poem.

We reawaken the world of nature and a possession of life-

the smallest details in winter branches and light are part of the presence

shared in the history of each new year

when we are confronted by energized forces of poetic essence.

Essence lies at the confluence of words -

begins a fresh year in search of a new poem.

The imagination holds the presence - brings forth the life.

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Featured in YAWP Literary Review, 2000.

Revised by the author, April 2012.