

The Recognitions by Irving Feldman

in *Earth's Daughters* #80, p. 43.

Not the god, though it might have been,
savoring some notion of me
and exciting the cloud where he was hidden
with impetuous thunder strokes of summoning
—it was merely you who recognized me,
speaking my name in such a tone
I knew you had been thinking it
a long, long time, and now revealed yourself
in this way. Because of this, suddenly
who I was was precious to me.