

# It Is Enough

*by Anne Alexander Bingham*

To know that the atoms  
of my body will remain

to think of them rising  
through the roots of a great oak  
to live in  
leaves, branches, twigs

perhaps to feed the  
crimson peony  
the blue iris  
the broccoli

or rest on water  
freeze and thaw  
with the seasons

some atoms might become a  
bit of fluff on the wing  
of a chickadee  
to feel the breeze  
know the support of air

and some might drift  
up and up into space  
star dust returning from

whence it came  
it is enough to know that  
as long as there is a universe  
I am a part of it.