

## What Was Told, *That*

by Jalalu'l-din Rumi

What was said to the rose that made it open was said  
to me here in my chest.

What was told the cypress that made it strong  
and straight, what was

whispered the jasmine so it is what it is, whatever made  
sugarcane sweet, whatever

was said to the inhabitants of the town of Chigil in  
Turkestan that makes them

so handsome, whatever lets the pomegranate flower blush  
like a human face, that is

being said to me now. I blush. Whatever put eloquence in  
language, that's happening here.

The great warehouse doors open; I fill with gratitude,  
chewing a piece of sugarcane,

in love with the one to whom every *that* belongs!

© 2009, Academy of American Poets. All Rights Reserved.