



*The Heart's  
Necessities*

LIFE IN POETRY

JANE TYSON CLEMENT with BECCA STEVENS

# The Heart's Necessities

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L I F E   I N   P O E T R Y

Jane Tyson Clement  
with Becca Stevens

*Edited by Veery Huleatt*



P L O U G H   P U B L I S H I N G   H O U S E

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NOTE ON PHOTOGRAPHY

The ocean and outdoor photos in this book were taken at Bay Head, New Jersey, by Tim Clement (Jane Tyson Clement's son, pictured above), October 2018.

The photos of Becca and her home in Brooklyn were taken by Clare Stober, Richard Mommsen, and Melinda Goodwin, October 2018.

The photos of Jane and her family are used courtesy of the Clement family.

## Editor's Note

**T**HERE'S MORE THAN ONE story here, and this little book contains several parts. First, selected poems by Jane Tyson Clement, presented more or less chronologically. In between the poetry I've sketched the details of Jane's life to give some context, and to make this remarkable woman's life available to those who love her remarkable words. But what makes it more than another biography or poetry collection is the interspersed commentary by Becca Stevens, a singer-songwriter who, decades later, is giving Jane's words new life even as the poems help her express the essence of her own art.

What could Jane and Becca have in common? As I worked with Becca on this book, the connections between these two women sometimes seemed too tenuous, the differences separating them all too concrete. What could Jane's life—a

Manhattan upbringing, Smith College, courtship and marriage in the midst of World War II, a home and a big family, and then the radical decision to join the Bruderhof community, a rag-tag bunch of Christian pacifists—possibly have to do with Becca, child of a musical North Carolina family raised on Bach and bluegrass, a graduate of the School of Jazz at the New School, a musician who has collaborated with the likes of David Crosby, Troy Miller, and Jacob Collier, based in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn, but always on the go, taking her music all over the world?

But when I listened to these two artists, instead of looking at the particulars of their lives, a clear pattern began to emerge. The art of both women is a tribute to authenticity and personal integrity, the fruit of hard decisions taken to find and stay faithful to the truth about themselves and the world. In this book, and in Becca’s music, you can hear them in conversation, and in harmony.

What are the heart’s necessities? Jane and Becca both have far better answers than I, so I’ll let them tell you. Or, I should say, if you let their art and their lives speak to you, they might guide you to answers of your own. I hope that, through this book, many others will hear and heed the wisdom in Jane’s poetry and Becca’s music, and feel, with them, the divine discontent that moves us to love, to believe, to question, and to create.

*Veery Huleatt  
Walden, New York*

## Prelude

TWO YEARS AFTER THE PASSING of my dear friend and musical collaborator Kenya Tillery, I was still struggling to find the words to honor her life through song. I had tried many times to write a song for Kenya, but the words I chose either fell flat or seemed heavy-handed – rooted in sorrow rather than the celebration of Kenya’s life. She was passionate about bringing people together to share and create, so it is easy to imagine her smiling down the day I opened a book of poems by Jane Tyson Clement and found the perfect words to finish her song. Kenya would have treasured this book not only because of her deep appreciation of artistic collaboration, but also because her love planted the seeds that brought it all together.

KENYA TILLERY WAS THE KIND OF PERSON who inspired everyone fortunate enough to cross her path. Her infectious

attitude moved even chronic pessimists to see the preciousness of life. Thinking back, it's hard to believe I only knew her for about six months.

Kenya first reached out to me through Myspace, early in my career, announcing herself as my "biggest fan" and requesting my presence at her birthday bash in our hometown of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. We had many mutual friends, and her letter made me smile, so I called her to find out more.

On the phone, Kenya shared that it was her dream to celebrate an evening of performances by her favorite musicians with her family and closest friends. She offered to fly me home early for Christmas, so that we could spend a few days together in her home studio working on songs for the party and recording vocals for her upcoming album.

The conversation took a turn when Kenya said, "Full disclosure: I've recently undergone treatment for a relapse of breast cancer. I've lost my hair, and I'm sporting only half a pair up top, but I promise that what I lack, I make up for in determination and admiration!" She paused, and added, "I know this is a little intense, and I hope it won't deter you, but I completely understand if you choose not to come."

She apologized for not being able to pay more – she was using her savings and "extra money" from insurance for treatment to throw this party. Without hesitation I responded, "I'm in!" We stayed on the phone for hours, making a long list of

our favorite songs, enthusing over our shared Elliott Smith obsession, and figuring out vocal parts she could sing on my originals. I distinctly remember feeling, the moment I hung up, that I had just found a long-lost sister.

Kenya had already been through treatment twice, and from our conversation I assumed that she was on the mend. But even at that point she must have had some premonition that her cancer would return. She had lost a great deal of time already, and wanted to enjoy the time she had left. I think that's why the party meant so much to her.

A few months later, we met at her home studio in the garage of her mother's house in Winston-Salem. When I pulled up, she came running out in a flowing white linen dress, grinning ear to ear, confidently owning her bald head and altered figure. We spent four days laughing, singing, writing music, and working on her album. Her songs were so strong both musically and lyrically, addressing her fears and drawing light from her struggles.

We'd occasionally take "tea breaks," and it was during one of these that Kenya told me about her dreams. She yearned to take her music on the road and share it with the world, but she was held back by cancer, by having to stay close to home for treatments and rest, and by the fear of more cancer. She said she could speak to me in a way that she was reluctant to with her close friends and family because she felt so much guilt for putting them through this struggle for the second time.

Kenya's birthday bash was on January 26, 2008, and her friends and heroes flew in from all over the world. The event was a celebration of love and great music. Kenya was overjoyed.

A few days later she made a guest appearance on one of my local gigs, singing for my friends and family, and I noticed her energy was down. Less than a week later, on the morning that I was scheduled to return to New York, she called me from the hospital. She'd had another relapse, but this time the cancer had spread much worse than before. My dad and I rushed to the hospital so we could hug her before driving to the airport. I spoke to her on the phone a few more times after that, usually late at night when her spirits were down. I was convinced she would get through.

Kenya passed away on March 7, 2008. The invitation to her funeral came while I was out on tour. I was shocked by her death, and devastated that she didn't get more time to share her gifts. It felt unfair that I was missing her funeral while I was living the dream that she didn't get to fulfill. I promised then to honor Kenya by making the most of my time as a musician, and to keep her story alive by writing a song, a reminder of how lucky we are to still be here enjoying music, collaborating, and celebrating the lives of those we love.

EARLY VERSIONS OF THAT SONG were titled "Kenya's Song" but eventually it became "Tillery." For years, I would write a draft, demo it, decide it wasn't good enough for her, and put

it away for six months to a year, before repeating the whole process. I was on the fourth rotation of this when I had the urge to pull a poetry book off my shelf for lyrical inspiration. I had settled on a theme about seasons and written a melody and lyrics about spring but was searching for lyrics that would paint a picture of winter, touching on metaphors of loss without feeling too cold and dreary.

Jane Tyson Clement's *No One Can Stem the Tide* had languished unopened on my bookshelf for nearly a year, a neglected stocking stuffer my father had given me as an aid to unlocking inspiration in songwriting. Why hadn't I opened it sooner? Stubbornness, most likely, being stuck on the ideal of finding the perfect words myself. But, for some reason, in that moment the book caught my eye. I picked it up, thought of Kenya, and then opened to a random page. I was stunned to see two poems about winter side by side, titled "Winter" and "February Thaw." Not only did they capture the season of loss so perfectly, but they did so with exactly the right rhythm and number of syllables to fit the melody I had already written.

I immediately reached out to Jane's publisher and her surviving family to ask for the rights to pull phrases from those two poems to write a song. When they were so generous and accommodating, letting me use Jane's poems in whatever way would spread them to more people, I thought to myself: I'm definitely going to set more of her poems to music!

Now I have five:

- ▶ “Tillery”
- ▶ “105”
- ▶ “For You the Night Is Still”
- ▶ “Response to Criticism”
- ▶ “I Am No Artist”

Meanwhile, thanks to the power of Jane’s words and Kenya’s inspiration, “Tillery” has taken on a life of its own: it has been recorded on four different albums in four completely different settings, and even become a band name.

MY FIVE JANE TYSON CLEMENT SETTINGS were written in various Brooklyn apartments during my years living in New York. Wherever it is, my home is my creative haven—a safe, quiet space where I can write when I’m off the road, reunited with my instruments and in control of my time.

An important part of my music-writing process is recording my ideas. I make home demos, using a lo-fi, homespun, DIY approach to recording. I then use the recordings to teach the songs to my bandmates, and finally send the demos to a producer who helps me craft and capture them in a professional recording studio.

I treasure these original home demos as time capsules that capture the essence of my original instincts, the unadulterated song at its core, before it was influenced by outside factors

and opinions. I've often thought about making a whole record that way, foregoing the glossy perfectionist studio approach to embrace the more intimate and instinctive process, and to expose my deepest and truest sound.

When I learned that Jane, too, wrote from home, and that those who knew her thought of her as a teacher (and didn't even know she was a poet), I decided that this "Becca + Jane" collaboration was the perfect project to incorporate this homespun recording approach I have considered sharing for so long. The self-recorded audio of these five poetry settings led to five music videos filmed at my apartment in Brooklyn. (You can view these videos at [plough.com/hearts-necessities](http://plough.com/hearts-necessities).)

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK, *The Heart's Necessities*, comes from Jane's poem "Winter" (the first Jane poem I ever read, and a lyric in "Tillery"). Here is its original stanza:

The heart's necessities  
include the interlude  
of frost-constricted peace  
on which the sun can brood.

I've often found it strange and beautiful that the heart aches when emotional elements are out of balance. When someone "breaks your heart," or when you miss someone, the chest grows heavy, the heart tugs, and pulls. But these painful seasons are to Jane part of the necessity of being human, and

without these periods of grief and “frost-constricted peace,” the sun has no place to brood, to heal us, and to bring us back to springtime with the fruits of winter mourning.

Like Kenya, Jane wrote from the heart. Not because she was being hounded by a publisher or a record label, and not by any means to pay the bills. She wrote because it was her “heart’s necessity.” I hope that this heart-driven approach comes through in my recordings of Jane’s poems, filmed and commissioned by the very people to whom Jane’s poetry led me back in January of 2011, almost exactly three years after Kenya’s birthday bash.

I’VE ALWAYS GOTTEN THE SENSE that Jane was a strong, brave woman because her poems have a sensitivity that I’ve only ever found in the strongest people. She has a deep yet honest approach to sharing her emotional journeys, writing in a way that is universal, yet personal. Jane also has a gutsy style, speaking her mind with class and without shame, and standing her ground even when admitting imperfection. I admire her deeply, even though we’ll never meet outside the world of her poetry and stories.

No matter your beliefs or your struggle, you can find solace in Jane’s words because she’s woven them with a mastery that welcomes anyone. I often find myself returning to a poem I’ve read before and perceiving it in a completely new light due to a change in my own mood. This is the mark of a great artist:

that she can write something as if she's speaking directly to you at a particular moment, and yet, with the same line, speak just as clearly to you in a different moment.

Since I first reached out to Plough in 2011, I have had the great pleasure of connecting with Jane's family members around the world. I've sung songs and shared meals with her son Tim (who took all the nature photography in this book) and her granddaughter Anita, and relished hearing stories about Jane from the people who knew her well. I can't help thinking Kenya would get a kick out of seeing all these new connections and collaborations unfold as a result of her song.

My sincere hope is that this book will make the wisdom and beauty of Jane's life and poetry available to more people. I hope that my musical contributions will draw poetry enthusiasts to the music, and music enthusiasts to the poetry. I hope the backstory and commentary in this book will bring depth to the words that have added so much beauty to my life. Most of all, I hope Jane Tyson Clement's poems will bring the reader many years of solace and inspiration, just as they have done for me since the moment I read the first word.

*Becca Stevens*  
*Brooklyn, New York*  
*November, 2018*

REBA JANE TYSON  
ELLEN EMERSON HOUSE  
SMITH COLLEGE  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.  
From the Sea

HORACE MANN AUDITORIUM  
1935 Senior Class Play  
FRIDAY EVENING  
NOVEMBER 23, at 8:30 o'clock  
Row 1  
Seat 21  
Friday Evening  
8:30 o'clock

Gift

The sea will follow me through all my years,  
Will lift at heart in song, will quench my tears,  
Will lay benignant hands upon my head,  
At discontented whispers, sorrow led.

Death will find my body  
The ghastly shadows of  
Will choke my singing  
To beauty which with  
The proofs of god, wh  
Restored by gentle f

Yes, Death will find  
Who cling with ear  
But not forever-  
The sea shall raise  
My song again, re

Morning

I stood at the

With unbeliev  
By an ocean  
Men running

and at

(st

For who have worried the world  
and heard the music with  
shiver your heart with pain  
and keep it true.

Let not the world down  
urge to a better price  
keep faith with beauty now,  
since you shall find.

R.J.T.

March 10th 1938



01

## Shelter Your Heart with Patience

*You who have watched the wings of darkness lifting  
and heard the misted whisper of the sea,  
shelter your heart with patience now, with patience,  
and keep it free.*

*“Faith”*

**W**HEN REBA JANE TYSON (known as Jane) won the poetry award on graduating from Horace Mann School in 1935, her father took the liberty of sending the prize poem, a lovelorn sonnet beginning “What trace of tears shall I now find . . .” to several of his colleagues at Columbia University. His pride is evident in the exclamation points that punctuate his observations, but is tempered with fatherly concern: “She’s a queer mixture,” he admits in one letter. “We’re sure we have something in her, but she puzzles us sometimes with her maturity and this queer introspective touch.”

His daughter was puzzled too. Who was Jane Tyson? The question occupied her throughout her early life. The outward details are simple enough to relate: two brothers, Jim older and David younger than herself, a middle-class upbringing near Columbia College, where her father held several administrative positions. The Tysons lived on Claremont Avenue, in the midst of New York’s great educational institutions: Columbia, Barnard College, Julliard School of Music, Union Theological Seminary, International

House, and Horace Mann, which Jane attended from first grade through high school. Jane considered the beautiful Columbia campus her backyard, and spent hours playing there with her brothers. Her education included a good dose of New York culture: the Bronx zoo, operas at the Met, and hearing the New York Philharmonic perform under Arturo Toscanini. The family spent summers at their grandparents' farm in Pennsylvania, and later at Bay Head on the New Jersey coast, where the ocean seized Jane's heart and imagination. "The sea will follow me through all my years," she writes in an early poem, and it did: she would still be writing about it in the 1990s.

It was a sheltered childhood, but not completely. Jane was born in 1917, and the shadow of World War I hung over her early years: her father's closest friend had died in the trenches, and Jane, a sensitive child, observed the pain that war had caused her family and others. This seems to have been the foundation for her lifelong pacifism. Social causes were also close to her heart. Jane's father was a staunch Democrat – unusual in his milieu – and his father had been a lawyer who never made much because of his habit of representing coal miners and others who couldn't pay him in full. After the Wall Street Crash of 1929, when Jane was just eleven, she became accustomed to the sight of unemployed men on street corners, selling apples to passersby. Her mother never passed them without buying fruit, which Jane noticed and remembered.



As a teen, Jane became increasingly uncomfortable with the conventional Christianity she observed in the church her family attended. Churchgoers tolerated war, nationalism, racial inequality, and injustice, which Jane could not square with Jesus' teachings about love and peace, or with her own instincts about the preciousness of life. At seventeen, she announced to her father that she was an agnostic, and quietly stopped attending church.

But agnosticism was never a place to stay. It was a way of journeying, of admitting to herself and others that she was on a quest for truth. Jane never doubted that there was something out there, far greater than herself. A juvenile poem begins:

I believe in some great god,  
Some strange god of the sea,  
A laughing god, a mocking god,  
A god with peace in his arms,  
A gift yet unbestowed.  
A god of small moods,  
A giver of insights too deep to be touched by words . . .

Her quest eventually brought her to Riverside Church, led by the famous pastor Harry Emerson Fosdick. Knowing that Fosdick was both a pacifist and deeply concerned about injustice, Jane worked up the courage to ask to meet with him. She remembered later: "I poured out my questions and doubts; he quietly listened and encouraged me to continue my search, to hold on to my belief in peace, and I would find what I was looking for, he was sure of that."



In the midst of all this, Jane's talent began to emerge in little poems about nature, her beliefs, creativity, and love. ("But don't worry," she noted in the margin of a lovesick poem sent to a friend, "I haven't depended on anyone so greatly as yet.") "Have I within myself found restless springs?" she asks in an early poem, and in another, "Why not lay down the power-less pen at last / admit defeat?" She was beginning to think of herself as a poet, but, despite the graduation prize, was also already doubting her creative abilities. "Take back my poet's soul. I cannot give / Its rich designs a worthy utterance. / Take back my soul, or give me poets' strength . . ." The restless springs of creativity and discontent were the source of new questions about the world, about God, and about herself.

High school graduation was soon followed by enrollment in Smith College, in the autumn of 1935. There Jane studied literature and poetry, taking classes with scholars like Charles Jarvis Hill and Howard Patch, and with the poet Grace Hazard Conkling. In 1936, she met the poet Archibald MacLeish, whose famous poem "Ars Poetica," (the art of poetry) she had probably read and taken to heart: "A poem should be equal to / Not true. . . . A poem should not mean / But be." Jane described their encounter in a poem of her own, "To Archibald MacLeish." While the actual meeting seems to have been a disappointment – "I touched his hand, but he will not remember" – it reveals Jane's new sense of self and purpose: "I aim to be a poet. That I have over him. / I aim at what he is. The fight is mine."

At times, her new self-confidence bordered on arrogance. In a letter home to her mother a few months later, Jane wrote: “You ought to get used to different styles of writing. For that reason I am sending home two books I think you would find helpful. . . . The Hemingway is rather warm and you probably won’t like it but it is a good style to get used to, and a good kind of subject matter to get used to. If you shy away from that sort of thing you lose a lot.” Smith College was transforming an introverted girl into a confident young woman.

Jane’s heart was receiving an education as well. In a comparative religion class she encountered the writings of George Fox, the seventeenth-century reformer and founder of the Quakers (also known as the Society of Friends). No doubt Fox’s vivid, almost poetic prose – “I saw, also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God” – attracted her, but it was his honest, uncompromising search for “the faith which purifies and gives victory” that rang true to Jane, and she soon discovered, to her joy, that Quakers still existed – even on the Smith campus.

The Smith College chaplain, Burns Chalmers, was a Quaker, and he and his wife, Elizabeth, hosted open evenings for students. It was at their house that Jane met other students who were part of the peace movement, a loosely defined association that began as a reaction to the atrocities of World War I, and continued to be active as a

second world war threatened. Jane also began attending Quaker services in a small chapel in the college library.

During Jane's sophomore year, her father accepted the presidency of Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and the family moved there, away from the Manhattan home of Jane's childhood. During her senior year, Jane decided to pursue teaching and applied for several positions. Through her new Quaker connections, she was accepted for a teaching internship at Germantown Friends School, at the edge of Philadelphia.

College graduation, like high school commencement four years before, brought with it a literary prize. For her long narrative poem, *Strange Dominion*, Jane won the Mary Augusta Jordan Prize, awarded for the "best original literary work" of the graduating class. The final six poems in this chapter are taken from *Strange Dominion* – where they are like interludes that break up the blank verse of the narrative. A friend with connections in the publishing world sent the manuscript off to Macmillan while Jane, after a summer at Bay Head, was off to teach school.



## BACH INVENTION

If I could live as finished as this phrase,  
no note too strong; each cadence purposed, clear,  
the logic of the changing harmony  
building and breaking to a major chord  
strangely at home within a minor web  
of music; if I could define my end,  
from the beginning measures trace my course,  
I might be old and prudent, shown by laws  
how to devise a pattern for my days  
and still be free, unhampered, yet refined.  
He sat before the keys and turned the notes  
into a fabric of design and peace;  
here are the notes, the keys, my fingers free  
to run them through their course, and here my mind  
seeing his wisdom work within the chords,  
finding his knowledge in the finished line.  
I would be wise if such restraint were mine.

1939  
*Smith College*

*Becca:* I stand behind every word of this poem! Bach's music takes my breath away, gathers my focus with its dancing lines, and inspires me with its intricacy, confidence, and sensitivity. Three centuries after his death, Bach's voice is still like no other, and his music is as inspiring as the day he first "sat before the keys and turned the notes / into a fabric of design and peace."

Bach is my desert island composer. His compositions are spiritual, perfect, complex yet direct, meditative, and, even after thousands of listens, they never cease to reveal something new. I love Jane's idea of life like a Bach phrase, "no note too strong; each cadence purposed, clear . . . at home within a minor web," embodying the balance of restraint and freedom in Bach's writing.

I picture a twenty-two-year-old Jane at the piano, playing through a Bach invention, moved to peace and poetic inspiration by the musical fabric, and admiring the restraint and maturity with which it was woven.

I relate to Jane's sentiment here: "I would be wise if such restraint were mine," especially when I read her poetry. Jane exemplifies that restraint, but the fact that she doesn't recognize it in herself makes her that much more beautiful as an artist, always reaching and seeing her own potential beyond her grasp.

When I was in my late teens (around the same age Jane was when she wrote "Bach Invention") I was moved to write a

poem inspired by the seventh of Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. Several years later I composed a choral arrangement setting of that poem, commissioned by the Melodia Women's Choir of New York City. Here's that poem:

Soli Deo Gloria\*

When that first note is flung into stillness  
So begins a perfect minute and sixteen seconds  
Brilliant & resolute

A breathless instant I await;  
the first roulade sung so light and sweet  
Like drops of water thrown effortlessly  
From the wings of a bird

As the cadence subtly slows I know  
I am leaving a perfect moment in time, by and by  
Which will without fail  
Be followed by a strange awareness of my every hair and then  
Silence  
The gift of this music is forever  
Fresh in my mind like a secret

\*Soli Deo Gloria means "To God alone be the glory." Bach sometimes put the initials SDG at the end of his works to indicate where the attention should be. While the *Goldberg Variations* were not church music, they touch me, as does all of Bach's music, on a divine and spiritual level, as if the music is a connection between human listeners and God.

TO R.A.C. V

*Finis*

It's not what happens that decides our end;  
it's how the heart takes hold of it and makes  
an open wound of pain, or wisdom's scar.  
What my heart makes of this, the days will tell.

Therefore return in some safe-distanced year  
to see if I am invalid and lame  
or scarred but otherwise quite wise and well.  
But do not look to find me quite the same.

*April 21, 1940*  
*Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania*

SONNET

Seeking the fact that lies behind the flower  
the soul will break its own mortality;  
searching the time that lies beyond the hour  
the soul will yield its blind serenity;  
that is but briefly to be ill at ease  
and then forever to be tranquil-eyed,  
stirring the wrath of temporal deities  
who hurl pale lightning when they are defied.

The least fine sheaf of millet will repay  
the soul's slow contemplation, and the still  
ages of starlight between day and day;  
the climb is steep to mount a sudden hill;  
but if man, fearless, follows stars, he'll find –  
lo, he is more than stars, and more than mind.

*January 25, 1941*  
*Lancaster*



WINTER ►

The dark emerging trees  
from the new-winter wood  
are lovelier than leaves,  
as cold is also good.

The heart's necessities  
include the interlude  
of frost-constricted peace  
on which the sun can brood.

The strong and caustic air  
that strikes us to the bone  
blows till we see again  
the weathered shape of home.

No season of the soul  
strips clear the face of God  
save cold and frozen wind  
upon the frozen sod.

*December 1955–June 23, 1956*  
*Woodcrest*

*Becca:* This is the poem that started my relationship with Jane's poetry. You can find the complete story in the Prelude (page ix), but in short, I was trying to write a song to honor the life of my friend Kenya Tillery. My early attempts at lyrics were sounding too dark and rooted in my feelings, which was making the song more personal and less universally accessible. For years, the song was like a puzzle that I couldn't crack. Then this poem solved the puzzle. Jane manages to paint the darkness of winter so beautifully, alongside her deep acceptance of its purpose.

Once again, Jane invites us to see the good in seasons of loss and mourning. These "necessary evils" are the "heart's necessities," without which we would not know the sun's warmth or the coming of spring.

The third stanza paints the bitter cold wind that "strikes us to the bone" as an awakening force, shaking us awake and making us see home for what it truly is.

I chose the final stanza as the chorus of my song. Within the context of my song for Kenya, this stanza means that the dark season following loss is the hardest time for the soul, and that nothing breaks down our faith like suffering. But as Jane's first and second stanza suggest, without this frost-constricted interlude we wouldn't be ready for the awakening of the soul when the bright sun comes back. The deeper the loss, the colder the winter, the more beautiful the spring. The devastation and

