

Blessings to each on this Memorial Day Weekend.
Peace, Love, Hugs, Safe Passage,
Molly

In the spring, at the end of the day, you should smell like
dirt. ~Margaret Atwood

Raingatherer

I have said, "Dear God," under my breath a thousand times
Rolling I have wrapped the thousand night sheets around the days
I could not reach, could not hold.
Each day is just beyond my fingers:
my madness, my family's madness, the world's.
Our Father have mercy on us who gather rain.
Our Father have mercy on me
one of these the least of Your raingatherers.
In a world of earthenware I come with a paper cup.

Franklin Brainerd

A Wren

Quiet among the leaves, a wren
fearless as if I were invisible
or moved with a silence like its own.

From bush to bush
it flies without hesitation,
no flutter or whirring of wings.
I feel myself lifted,
lightened, dispersed:

it has turned me to air,
it can fly right through me.

--Denise Levertov