

# Helping the morning

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [March 9, 2004](#) issue

This morning shows up at my bedside  
like a mother holding a glass of water,  
so I say *thank you*, glancing out the window  
at the tiny farmhouse flung into the lap  
of emerald hills below, and feel the sweetness  
sleep has brought, such sweetness I feel  
I could pen a volume on the history of sugar,  
and make readers love it. I am giddy  
with the lack of war, of pain, amazed  
at the silent terrible wonder of my health.  
So I make a rosary of the room, I pray  
the bedpost, the window panes. I put  
our children on two doorknobs, our sick  
friends on chair rungs. Like the aperture  
of a camera, the morning opens and keeps on  
opening till the room is filled with rosy  
light and I could believe anything,  
that my ancient mother may still get well  
and thrive, that later when someone robs  
the bank, all the tellers may survive.