

Lacunae

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [August 10, 2004](#) issue

I praise the button hole's accomplishment,

praise trash cans so rusted and broken,
they puzzle the garbage man,

praise the water-well dowser's uncanny walk
as he extends an iron rod or a beach branch:
which ever will most surely remember
the dry land's hallowed grief.

I praise the woman who thought to embroider
upon an altar cloth both cutwork angels
and *Containing within itself all sweetness.*

I praise the Calusa Indians of Charlotte Harbor
of whom it has been said: *If their hands and noses
were cut off, they took no account of it.*

Who can say if the pleasure of acceptance
is better than the power of denial?

O, reader, in the midst of this, our conversation
here in our paper garden, I praise our silences.