

Gift

by [Nancy Neiman-Hoffman](#) in the [October 6, 2009](#) issue

—after Czeslaw Milosz

A morning so still.

Rain ended while I slept.

Light in the east awakened me.

A Carolina wren began his “Teakettle” song.

By my study window I drank tea, and read.

The first Beatitude spoke to me,

“Blessed are the poor in spirit” being everything

 I need to know.

There was nothing on earth I could not let go.

Solitude held and sustained me,

Emptiness a companion I walk beside.

Looking out, I see the clearing sky.