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.