

# 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  
      &nbsp;  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.