

Moved

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [November 12, 2014](#) issue

*Life smooths us, perfects as does the river the stone,  
and there is no place our Beloved is not flowing,  
though the current's force you may not like.  
—St. Teresa of Ávila*

This rounding roughs us even as it smooths,  
the force of God's water strong,  
tumbles the small stones even as it soothes  
and carries them lightly along,  
The rain falls full and fills the streams.  
The river drinks their love.  
The trees bend heavy with dreams.  
There's nothing that does not move.

Borne along by fire and flood,  
by wind that tongues and grooves,  
our bodies brimmed with blood  
that feeds us as it proves  
perfection is no steady state.  
It's on the way and always late.