

THE GARDEN

I praise you, says the sunflower to the day
and each one raises their heads towards the majesty of light.
Every morning, Baba opens the day the same:
pulls the sun from His great shoulders, drapes
its luminous tapestry above my head.

Tell me, O Widening Field:
Is it true, the sunflowers face each other to pray
in the absence of god?
Does the ruby-throated hummingbird bow
in dusty gold nectar of the tender buds?

And what of the Gold-winged warblers?
The ones who chase each other into the blinding sky...?
What gifts the ladybug her red?
This one, right here, who walks between my eyes
and loses herself in the dense forest of my hair.

I can ask the world anything I want
because today I own my life.
Today, I hide from Baba in the tall grass.
I don't have hands for labor, but I know what devotion is:
to lose myself completely in this peopleless kingdom,

how my girlish legs swing above and eclipse heaven.
All day, I listen to the earth's singular song.
I want nothing else but this: Let me stay a child a little longer.

after Mary Oliver