

GIFTS

I have a great gift and it is nothing,
no thing at all but a vessel's emptiness,
when I listen deeply,
that you may open to yourself
in the stillness of being.
Nothing, yet it calls for everything,
the whole of you.

I have a great gift and it is nothing
no thing at all but a smile.
Friend, it says,
you're not alone in this rough life.
And look, look at light, broken and strewn
on the rough weathered faces of lakes,
and on the sea,
the sun not single now
but yielding, spread like a cloth of gold,
the moon a cloth of silver.
Smooth cannot do that, my friend.

I have a great gift and it is nothing,
no thing at all, almost, but tears.
Doesn't a child bring you his tears?
With a stab of joy you take them
and he goes free,
running back to his life.
A friend once gave me this diamond gift:
long held tears she feared to offer
stormed the old mud wall
defending my heart,
and ruined it, washed it away.