

Mercedes Lawry

WHAT MIGHT SUSTAIN US

What is a beggar but one
who reaches into the mouth of a lion?
Why shouldn't there be mercy
as the geese hope for bread
from your hand? The tall man
takes off his glasses and sings
to the child. What are the uses of love?
The sky gives us something,
even the brown weeds,
little sadnesses that warm our bones.

THE QUIET

The comparative hours, what is unfinished,
forgotten. We gather these moments,
weigh them, study them, worry a bit
about them. Yet still, they spill into years
and there you are. Today, the mountains
were a feast, that is, they came out of the gray
monotony and I came over the hill.
Together, startling. I was glad again.
I could imagine fresh snow.
I thought of all the snows of my childhood,
listening to the screech, our boots
under moonlight, the cold stars.
Everything becomes our life.