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The Holy Ground We Stand On

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The Holy Ground We Stand On

Let me just go home and cook,
and bake fine bread.

Let me open the door
to the sound of children's laughter,
and hear the birds diving for insects in the evening
sifting the wind with their wings.

Let me walk into the kitchen
and find a bird there on the floor,
a bird small and hunched, wide-eyed
and lost, and a little frog, the size of a dime.

The silence will walk around me
like a long lost friend, the perfume of dust,
of sawdust and pine sap seeping into my pores
and up into my nostrils, filling my lungs with wild sweetness.

Let me walk out onto the porch
as the sun sets over Greenhorn mountain
and the air blossoms with essence of gold light,
the kind that comes only rarely in a weary lifetime,
the kind that makes you wake up and stare and discover
that the bush that burns and is not undone is love,
and though you have come a long and dusty road to know this,
the ground your dumbstruck feet are standing on is holy.