

work

the work of wildflowers is to sprawl over the field
attracting honey bees with their wide open bodies

the work of a new mother is to wonder if she is good enough
and grow into her imperfect loveliness

the work of a musician is to play to their own soul
so another heart might sing

the work of memory is to lead down an ever changing path
reminding us perspective changes
as the sun travels through the day

the work of the dying is to wildly abandon the body
the work of the birthing is to curiously enter this world

the rise of tides

the fall of snow

the breath of horses in chill air

the desire of lovers

the longing of mothers for unreturned sons from war

the mourning of taps on Veteran's Day

the work of this life—

to be present to pain, to sorrow

as much as pleasure, as joy

to welcome, as Rumi says, all visitors

my work is to notice the beauty of wildflowers

sprawl my heart open across this meadow world

and dance to the bee buzzing melody

with the desire of a lover

longing of a mother

with the abandon of the dying

and curiosity of the newborn

rising with the tides
falling with the snow
immersed in breath of horses

work, beautiful, work

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