

## The Sea of Blessings Is Beyond Measure

Out the window, a hollyhock  
 toppling under a welter of bees,  
 And the heart-shaped leaves of the morning glory —  
 its blossoms already puckered —  
 Spiraling up the handle of a hoe  
 propped against the chainlink fence.

Under the feeder, squabbling,  
 starlings in twos and threes —  
 Their tails bobbed, their breast feathers  
 grease-splattered —  
 Stalking stiffly, flatfooted,  
 As though on snowshoes, unmoved

By the downpour on their heads —  
 a jay on the feeder, with the side  
 Of its bill, shoveling birdseed over  
 in its own clumsy hunger.  
 And here I am, lazy  
 in the lull of sleeping past noon

And loath to leave its peace —  
 the room I'm nestled in, seductively rustic,  
 The city humming along this one day  
 without me, just as — one day —  
 All days will be without me,  
 an endless newsreel of clouds

Rolling in over the coastal range.

Even if there were no other winds  
Blowing off the sea than these,  
how could I not

Bow down to them?

How could anyone, finally,

Not?