

KATHY ENGEL

Gratitude

This morning the sun souses
and shimmers through trees swaying

in an arc over a road I've never before
noticed called Millstone: two syllables,

accrued weight. Soon leaves
will flame and fall to the ground like prayer

reminding me why I keep vigil at the town
square, draft statements, help build a school.

This morning after the first sip of Native Thunder
coffee roasted by a neighbor, I pick up last

night's cups stuffed with crumpled tissue, not
annoyed about the mess but grateful the messers are

here walking through the house in underwear
and unbrushed endless hair. They are my life, as is

the light seducing the trees. My daughters, blinking
like stars dropped into life on earth, appear on this

summer morning and first Johnny Cash
then Chucho Valdez ripples through the house.

We plan what we will cook for dinner; green beans
their father grew spill out of baskets and bowls.