

A Day of Miracles

Snow tumbling down, a white silence,
the house warm when I sipped my morning tea.

The surrender and comfort of prayer.

A surprise writing image of a woman who
wears her clothes inside out except on her birthday.

Wandering through memories of 2015, family
pictures, again mesmerized by my granddaughter:
that Bonny face, longer legs, her word play.

The pleasure of latte and crisp toast.

Teasing my husband, our voices traveling
thousands of miles, and with that same
little phone later laughing with my daughter
who swoons at Madrid's smooth natillas.

A new friend hands me his gift,
hours spent creating a disc of videos
celebrating children and bookjoy.

Outside, I breathe. Walk. Watch my companions—
rabbits and blue jays—in our desert garden,
piñon trees around us and on nearby hills.

The sweet scent and flavor of the familiar
that I best never assume.

And now, my friend, what of your day of miracles?

Wishing you health and joy,

Pat Mora, 2015