

## HARMONY

One morning when I dig  
brown earth with bare fingers and  
listen to the light wind  
shuffle through oak and elm,  
I hear the silver of chimes  
dangle from a thin wire,  
the cadence of children  
laugh themselves dizzy  
like swirls of bubbles at play.

A choir of robins  
trills gossip and questions,  
a thicket of poems in the understory.  
Each voice  
from each perch  
sings  
through a window of sky.

I remember  
to remember  
how good this day is:  
to slow through creation  
along with the breeze  
as it gentles and  
praises the trees.