

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

Robert Lampros
Most Days

Most days I wonder,
where are you from?
What world, which realm,
revolving in what
as yet unnamed galaxy?

I hear your voice
in how a bird lands,
and how a butterfly
flaps its wings, yet
I still can't find you.

Aloft in the clouds,
within us somehow,
God's distant kingdom
soon brings us home,
and yet, most days...

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Until

The wind speaks truth,
and the rains do fall,
and the birds sing
quiet, soulful echoes
beneath a tender sky.

God makes his home
here, among fallen
branches, and gladly
gathers us up, and
gives us new life.

People travel, flying
or slowly walking,
illuminating sidewalks,
and lending harmony
to every blessed step.