

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/3

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Idle Blessings

If you want to be blessed

be idle

Like a farmer waiting

for the rain

Out of reach of charms

and spells

Be idle, in suspense

for what is unbidden

Keep your hopes a quiet whisper

wait until

Idleness itself becomes

a blessing

Never earned, carelessly unproductive

always there

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Life breaks your heart

Not once,
But over
and over again

We carry the fragments
in our pockets.
Our fingers worrying
the shards.
Searching for the mending glue of
reassurance, connection, love.
Most of all, love.

We patch the cracks
as best we can, but
the heart remains wobbly, vulnerable
and beautiful as life's light
pours through the crooked seams.

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The crib in the alley

Next to the trash cans
in the alley behind the house.
a baby's crib

Pure white with a satin ribbon
It shimmered in a halo of midday light
Incongruous amidst the shabby leftovers of life

An involuntary ahh escaped my lips
I approached as if I could see the baby
who once slept there

A modern day baby Jesus
The alley rather than a manger.
No animals other than the flies buzzing around the trash.

The innocence of the white cloth stared up at me and
I wondered if the baby had outgrown its bed.
Now taking its first steps

Already pushing its mother away to claim independence
No need for a crib
even this shining white one in the alley