
Making Space at Table

we breathe words like clouds breathe rain
is the new reality so easily satisfied

somewhere below the sidewalk
behind the shadow of the tree

where time's legs flail in air
and you and I might not qualify

a new world though perhaps not brave
a minus world evading our existence

we say love love but mean don't go
if there will be mouths what shall they do

can we opt out, cut a deal
ignore its anti-gravitational pull

go down singing
The day Thou Gave Us, Lord, Is Ended

are yesterday and today as we know it
who lives our lives, dies our deaths

tomorrow may awaken in heaven
or bring its own silver to table
