

Days of Plenty

(for Nina)

A good place,
this time, this mental space;
everything going well,
far as I can tell
and slowly, but surely
the weight,
abates.

Leaving,
for this life
something like
a summer forecast:
promising clear skies
lots of sun
fresh breezes
everyday, ongoing.

I know, somewhere
out there,
in that hint of thereafter,
the future...
some storm will come,
to deliver upon me:
Pain.
Loss.
Judgment.

Still, such suffering
will perhaps,
be easier to bear;
carrying the memory of these days.
The ones outside my window
filled with singing birds,
inside my room
graced by my sleeping wife,
all around this house
of family and activity.

The days of plenty
begin today.

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