

## Martin Willitts Jr

### Psalm

“How shall the heart be reconciled/ to its feast of losses?” --- Stanley Kunitz, *The Layers*

I have seen people die.  
Watched them turn into the light,  
as if to catch it before they go  
to take it with them  
to a place so full of Light  
it can always take more.

I, too, want to hold light.

I have moved through continents of lives,  
numb to the things around me,  
forgetful of things that are important.

Please remind me  
if I ever forget again,  
if I forget to appreciate what I have.

Sometimes we slip in and out of life  
like we were trying on shoes  
to see which will fit us.

I, too, want to hold onto light  
like it was air.

Whose cheek did I first touch?  
What first unknown door did I open?

What did I leave behind?

If I leave anything behind,

let it be love.

Let it be an everlasting love

like tender rain in you.

Let it give you light to hold in your hands.

Let it be love.

**Psalm**

“Hope is the thing with feathers” --- Emily Dickinson (#254)

my troubles are light as feathers,  
light as light as it settles its wings on the garden  
where I have been tending to your work  
knowing it will nurture me

you are the hoe planting in me  
that which makes me fertile

I am songbird in flight of harmony

Hope is a nest that had been blown off a tree  
with five light-blue robin eggs still intact,  
blue as the cloudless sky

its nest of long coarse grass, twigs, paper,  
and feathers, is a testament  
of the work we all must do,  
the intense work we must all do,  
so we can survive whatever happens

so we know  
what we need to know

my troubles blow away as loose feathers  
in dancing winds