

Now

wishing there were words
to meet this morning's moment,
to preserve its truth

pelicans diving
for breakfast of chilled herring,
starting their day, too

blue herons flying
to their daily hideaway,
knowing their way back

our globe is spinning,
giving us this fine morning,
moon's nightshift is done

this eternal now
cannot be captured and kept
for there are no words



Photo: Full moon setting over Sarasota Bay, 18 March 2022, 8:00 am

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