

For Now, Enough

Thursday rain confounded all our crafted random plans.

We exhausted our understanding on that droning keen.

Friday, brilliant as it was, as if by lingering

among the shattered storm clouds the inspired sun shone more brightly, still showed no kindness.

The week gone,

who were we to work our thwarted wills upon the Sabbath?

The miles moved beneath our wheels until at noon our hunger

for quiet stilled our wanderlust.

We sat among willows tended like flowers

and ate our Colby and Galas in relative silence.

The year has turned and we with it.

Time again to decree a truce for weary spirits.

This hour tomorrow we will walk the water's edge.

For now it is enough to know that tides wait for washed-out souls

who, measuring hours, long to venerate the days;

who, wedged in minutes, wish to mark the week

for which we have been waiting. For now, enough.

