

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 stormclouds
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.