



Now

I inhale

my back against the wooden slats
of a dining chair near a window

Lungs are full

I feel my well-upholstered bottom
against the seat's worn padding,

a shoulder pinch distracts attention,
my rotator cuff acting up as it does,

I exhale held breath

notice the lawn where blackbirds
peck green grass for food.

I inhale

A pair of mourning doves pull
strands of fiber from flower pots
empty on the porch.

Orange pods on the cottonwoods
complement the sky's blue.

I hold this breath a moment

Then let go the certainty of now.

—Mary Redman

Jane Soodalter - In the Beginning