



NO EFFORT NEEDED

The curve of the clouds
crowd the empty blue behind
as I listen to the melodic strings
of a mandolin playing
Vivaldi on my car radio.

Everything is amplified today
in the ease of the midsummer air.
The wide sky. The bright day.
It's like that sometimes
where the world feels right.

No effort needed.

Yet nothing has changed—
the bank balance,
the body's argument as
I walk to the mailbox,
the laundry ... nothing new,

but everything is different,
where life that was once
just a backdrop
for the mind-of-the-day,
is revealed in such fullness,

this surprising appreciation
for a scene of summer,
flaunting itself inside the
notes of *The Four Seasons*—
a day that could have

easily slipped by unnoticed,
invisible, because of these
pernicious thoughts
preoccupied with driving,
with yesterday's news,
with tomorrow's schedule.

—Marilyn Joy