

work

the work of wildflowers is to sprawl over the field
attracting honey bees with their wide open bodies

the work of a new mother is to wonder if she is good enough
and grow into her imperfect loveliness

the work of a musician is to play to their own soul
so another heart might sing

the work of memory is to lead down an ever changing path
reminding us perspective changes
as the sun travels through the day

the work of the dying is to wildly abandon the body
the work of the birthing is to curiously enter this world

the rise of tides
the fall of snow
the breath of horses in chill air
the desire of lovers
the longing of mothers for unreturned sons from war
the mourning of taps on Veteran's Day

the work of this life—
to be present to pain, to sorrow
as much as pleasure, as joy

to welcome, as Rumi says, all visitors

my work is to notice the beauty of wildflowers
sprawl my heart open across this meadow world
and dance to the bee buzzing melody
with the desire of a lover
longing of a mother
with the abandon of the dying
and curiosity of the newborn

rising with the tides
falling with the snow
immersed in breath of horses

work, beautiful, work

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