

Friday, February 26, 2021

Psalm 19: 1 – 4. (New International Version)

The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands. Day after day they pour forth speech; night after night they reveal knowledge. They have no speech, they use no words; no sound is heard from them. Yet their voice goes out into all the earth, their words to the ends of the world.

From Maren Tirabassi, *The Depth of Wells*

Walking in Maine

I walk along the narrows
over grey rock,
crunching the shell shatters
of old gulls' feast.
The grey-white tree bones
bend in wind
that cuts my face
and draws tears.

I have come to Maine
to cry.

Green of conifer,
sleeps in the quiet hills,
beyond the bay, distance
softening horizon.

The broken shell of whelk
or moon snail
lie in my hands –
the spiral is exposed.

My life is turning
and chambered,
secret, sometimes even
without prayer, so
holy is the twist
of hidden music
of the sea.