WHAT MIGHT SUSTAIN US

What is a beggar but one who reaches into the mouth of a lion? Why shouldn’t there be mercy as the geese hope for bread from your hand? The tall man takes off his glasses and sings to the child. What are the uses of love? The sky gives us something, even the brown weeds, little sadnesses that warm our bones.
THE QUIET

The comparative hours, what is unfinished, forgotten. We gather these moments, weigh them, study them, worry a bit about them. Yet still, they spill into years and there you are. Today, the mountains were a feast, that is, they came out of the gray monotony and I came over the hill. Together, startling. I was glad again. I could imagine fresh snow. I thought of all the snows of my childhood, listening to the screech, our boots under moonlight, the cold stars. Everything becomes our life.