

Rest

by Brooke Haynes

The breeze a sigh,
creation pauses to rest on a busy day.

Like me
on my front porch,
feet propped on a peeling post,
body slouched into a worn wooden rocker.

My eyes caress familiar contours
of hill and valley,
seek movement in dips of the earth.

Turkey, deer, and cattle
graze, chew, and sniff fragrant sod.

My thoughts
wander
as my gaze . . . free to focus
here or there,
to scan billows of white
or span of blue,
to note a wild goose honking in flight
or to watch a leaf drift
slowly . . .
to the ground.

Oh, gentle joys of living,
my breath in unison
with breezes
that lift leaves on trees
and play with strands of my hair.