

## All the Wondrous Things

Today I'm hopeful.

There's a little garden in the eye of the city,  
in the center of the church, a slice of heaven.  
A cross covered in moss  
in the fountain in the center of the garden.  
And in the garden of that old Catholic Church  
I asked for Your help and You sent me  
vines, then flowers, and eventually  
pumpkins that plopped from my pen to this page,  
that answered my prayers that yes, life will go on.  
The leaves will continue to grow greener and brighter  
then turn burnt orange before dying and falling  
and being reborn once again. Just like how I was reborn in You.  
The sun casts a shadow through the clouds  
like a lace doily upon the cross.

## All the Wondrous Things

### On Richwood Avenue

And at once they all decided to jump.  
Leaves from every tree on the block,  
committed suicide last night, leaving those  
beeches and maples bare.  
The evergreens and firs mock them.  
Covering the ground like a blanket of snow,  
caramel, blonde, java, and mocha, they add  
life to the once dead streets,  
the sacrifice of the trees each year.  
And every spring the cycle renews,  
growing as green as before,  
and jumping all over again.

## All the Wondrous Things

### Down by the Mon

Beyond the honeysuckle banks,  
Past the rotting fish,  
and garbage filled dam  
she walked to fill the silence.  
The crickets chirped their tunes and  
the birds sang the daylight away.  
She stopped by that sunflower,  
touching God. She prayed  
for change, for health, for rain.

## All the Wondrous Things

The world outside

I

Do you ever notice how the sky  
turns yellow during some storms?  
That lightning lights up the world blue?

II

Snow falls from the trees into  
the tufts of my hair, onto  
my warm tongue, its cold.

III

We sit outside on the porch  
counting between each roar of thunder.  
Lightning dances across the sky.

IV

Fog pours off the mountain.  
The sun tries to peek out  
and see the world below.

## All the Wondrous Things

### The Things I Remember

The sun hits the grass through the trees in my front yard,  
the multi-colored grass, as bright as the mint in our backyard.

My Golden, Copper.

The fresh smell of spring right around the corner;  
you know, that earthy smell, like right after it rains.

Mixed with my mother's Cashmere Mist.

The tranquility you can capture out here  
in the country, with no city sounds around.

Like the butter yellow daffodils that greet  
the fireflies taunting late May. And the cicadas join in,  
you'll know it when you hear them.

And the moon comes out to play with them,  
so bright among the jet black of night, no city lights in sight,  
only the matching stars, painting the sky with their pictures.