

Mary in the Morning

(a versification of a prose meditation written by Mary Blair on 10-15-02)

I wake up before the mornings—
when light lies around the corner
of the earth.

Darkness soon will drop away,
and the coffeepot's muffled roar
pulses for me,
while I open in
anticipation's awe again
the door onto the deck.
Ahh! Coffee in its cup.
Another canopy of night's glory
to stand beneath.

Black, black,
you are a mystery pallet
of designer dots
displayed
for those who navigate,
or paint,
or simply turn
in dizzy circles, like me,
on decks of any type.

I, your human telescope,
chart you.
With glee, your dippers
dip,
and once again I sip
to see your floating emblem
in the black
of night
that tells your mystery.
For I look up,
and see myself the cup
that speaks of me
containing Thee.

By the lake, the pelicans and geese
slip off to southward.
I migrate into Thee
in my uncertainty,
and your warm coastlands
make my winters warm.
Change is never new to You,
oh axis, that turning,
turneth not.
In your mirror,
I look insignificant and small,
not a Mary very tall,
or a frame for
much great thought.

But You, designer Sir,
see my thankful tears,
that your stars, once made—
to last appointed years—
though they at the daybreak fade,
yet stay my early fears
that they have fickle played
and disappeared.

One more day,
I walk out to the driveway,
now by daytime's hidden stars,
to fetch the paper—
to see what it will say
of how what warring countries
will confer in some new way
to settle up the dues of
all this anger.
What role will each play?

Some new hidden stars
will lead the way unseen
by day,
until in night's black pitch,

earthlings, not knowing which
way to turn,
Your little stars will appear and burn,
contracted,
selfless shining,
consumed along the way,
as stars must be.

Thus they show their light,
and guide the blind
to throw away their sight
if seeing they would find.
(BC-10-15-02)