



An Altar in the Middle of Life

Early mornings, the door is open to conjure
the north wind and empty the house
of night's wet heat.

I twine my legs against the door jam
to keep the narrow cat
inside.

Later we'll walk the length of the island,
pick blueberries before the day
warms.

Then watch white lilies open in the heat,
sleep all night at the open window,
mark time by the moon,

and light a candle when morning comes.