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A Scrap in the Blessing Jar

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A Scrap in the Blessing Jar

—after *Czeslaw Milosz*

For once, the dog was content to snooze under Kelly's piano,
and leaf blowers and lawn mowers rested

in garages and basements. All the wars were on the other side
of the world, every hunger behind me.

Bright sun streaked through backyard pines,
winds gone quiet. I watched a while

from the kitchen window, then read a lovely story by Andre Dubus
and thought of my own daughter sleeping all day

in another city and of my wife away at school,
happy to be writing and studying again.

Suddenly, it seemed, I needed nothing.

I wrote this on a scrap of paper and dropped it
into our blessing jar.