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Jeff Hardin

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A Thought Is Full of Drifting

An afternoon of chapel quiet is proof of how
a thought is full of drifting dust on light.
I love how I'm moored
to a leaf on the wind.

If I sit for an hour and no thoughts come,
I nod and wait some more, as a white oak will do.
I feel my farther edges
trembling out with shoots.

I want to resurrect the word "abide" and say it
daily to those I meet,
to hear a lack of irony
in staying in a place and being satisfied.

I used to grip wheat stalks to touch some place
down deep in the earth a seed touched first
and wakened,
inheriting the width of the sky.

Light on a windowsill is almost too much,
but some days offer staring into endless sky
till sight
seems one more thing to let go of.