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Cycles of Grace

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Cycles of Grace

Mary Dengler

Silent white swirling,
softly lighting,
many-pointed
white design on white,
melding, soldering,
blankets
dead brown leaves,
shed from breaking with trees,
and strands of dust,
a broken toy and rusted tool,
keys lost,
a rutted field
and lightning-stained tree,
cold-tearing my one open eye
strained
to find my way
from school.

Finding my path
erased, I wander,
circling,
stopping
blind, meditating
on the sway of such silent stuff
to end my way
in nothing
or of nothing bring my once expected way.

Forgotten,
dazzling through the crisscross strands of mud,
it stays debris,
melting down the rutted field
and fire-stained tree,
exposing my forgotten key,
then floating up to white clouds billowing,
to fall down clear
and soft, catch light in bows,
or bounce in hardened balls
to feed or crush the grass, the lips
of deer and pigs and cows
that pass, then rise
to fall in
silent white swirling.