

The Broken Song

I have seen the strong, black lacework
of winter trees against the dim, smooth
sky, after the sun has set.

I have heard the song of a meadowlark
curve through the sunny air.

I have felt the top of a river as it
slid beneath the palm of my hand.

And as I have done these things, my mind
—with its quick-running thoughts, all melting
into each other—has paused a moment,

And one thin, gentle thought
has whispered to me,

“Hold these moments deep—deep and long,
for they are of true beauty,
Rare, and to be treasured always.”

The Three Moments

One day, while walking through the woods,
I heard a small bird—high up in the elm
tree—trilling a fragile, rippling song.
But a breeze fluttered by just then,
And broke the song into pieces
Which fell to

the
earth,
note
by
note.

But though the notes fell to the ground,
Their shadows fell into my mind.
And here they hum softly their one
part of the song.
Hoping someday to string themselves together
Into their melody again

For if they can do this—
The God of things Beautiful will let them drift out
Upon the quivering air once more.

DIANA HARVEY