

Gratitude

By *Lisa Ghuock*

Reverently opening the front door,
I take tentative barefoot steps
On a yielding mulch path.
The smell of earth, decay and new life.

With a gnarled stick,
I delicately push aside
Last fall's decomposing maple leaves,
Searching for treasure.

Sun warming my back,
I uncover the green tipped buds,
Each new discovery transmitting a thrill
Consecrated by the cardinal's aria.

The stock market may fall
Jobs may come and go,
But I am nurtured by the Great Mother
Who sends gifts from her infinite storehouse.