

Helping the morning

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [March 9, 2004](#) issue

This morning shows up at my bedside
like a mother holding a glass of water,
so I say *thank you*, glancing out the window
at the tiny farmhouse flung into the lap
of emerald hills below, and feel the sweetness
sleep has brought, such sweetness I feel
I could pen a volume on the history of sugar,
and make readers love it. I am giddy
with the lack of war, of pain, amazed
at the silent terrible wonder of my health.
So I make a rosary of the room, I pray
the bedpost, the window panes. I put
our children on two doorknobs, our sick
friends on chair rungs. Like the aperture
of a camera, the morning opens and keeps on
opening till the room is filled with rosy
light and I could believe anything,
that my ancient mother may still get well
and thrive, that later when someone robs
the bank, all the tellers may survive.