

The still pilgrim's thoughts upon rising

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [December 23, 2015](#) issue

Blessed sleep and the long call of light.
The morning a mercy of birds.
Returned from the black hole of being,
she finds all as she left it last night.
The chairs askew, the table crumbs,
the dishes stacked up in the sink.
Yesterday's dress tossed across the bed.
It's enough to make her think

of how the world just waits for us
attending to its nightly song,
of how we breathe in time with it
and rise again with each new dawn,
of how we bear the miracle
and find ourselves where we belong.