

The discipline of gratitude

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [January 20, 2016](#) issue

I am told to be grateful  
as I wake each morning  
wrapped in the unfolding blanket of dawn,  
shake off the moon, dying stars,  
and taste the beige-gray breath  
of incipient day.

Grateful to whom or what?  
To the rain that coats the pavement  
with its timid sheen, the birds' silence  
in the settling damp, the bodies  
of neighbors rising, reluctant,  
in boxes of houses that line the street  
with woe and weariness?

Let me drink strong coffee,  
toast my bread with dailiness,  
uncurl myself to a day lit only  
by a hidden sun. I might have been  
rich or famous, cured cancer,  
saved the world. For now,  
let me watch butter  
melt as a golden flower.