

Easy (Does It?)

by [Muriel Nelson](#) in the [August 2023](#) issue

Gifts for the gods my PT calls the lifts my shoulders won't do
while our honeysuckle grows buds and does it,
pink hands full of honey—*See!*

I try and try to be a “real soprano” with high notes
full and glorious. When I rest for a moment
the toddler next door warbles an octave above.

On the coast, wind is so strong it's hard to walk windward,
yet seabirds point beaks up, spread wings,
rise without flapping, bank, and swirl—*Easy!*

I believe the impossible when it happens—hands
touching backs of heads that I've stared at,
your glance on impulse preventing a crash,

stories of arms appearing unwilling
to catch falling babes, and my hand snuffing flame
from a cat's tail before I could think and before the cat knew.

Ask a bud, a toddler, a birdbrain, a skeptic like me if you like.
There's a world we tend not to attend to nearby where
a hand *does* things, a glance brings safety, and strong arms float out
unwilled. It's an easy world with uncanny timing. Right here. Waiting.