

Blessings

by [D. S. Martin](#) in the [August 2024](#) issue

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1st Blessing

When there are holes in your sail
a gash in your hull you know better
than to head for open river

Knowing better might mean
knowing your rowing is weak your
skills the wrong sort to deliver

like when you seek a shore too far
for splintering oars for hands blistered &
pierced with each sliver

Being sovereign over nothing readies
you to believe in the kingdom that can
knock you back into kilter

Once your sinking spirit knows how
blessed it is to receive you can be open
your sea chest filling with silver

2nd Blessing

Burning into your soul like a scorching
sun that bakes soil breaks stones
shrivels corn

it takes both head & heart first the
knowing & then the ache of knowing
that makes you mourn

Because your cry for compassion
in this dry & thirsty land feels so
inadequate you scorn

your tears as useless to make
even one parched stick bloom
But then to be regretful & forlorn

can be both the beginning of wisdom
& the break in the dam that brings
solace to the torn

It seems first we're shaken before
being soothed Comfort comes
to those who mourn