

Title Page

Held by Nature

Poem

By Mary Ricketson

Held by Nature

Thank you, birds who call the day,
and morning mist that hangs soft,
quiet, gives a hug.

Thank you, little dog who waits
on the porch, ready to walk
with me awhile.

Thank you, wild turkeys who graze
early in the field and walk across
my road, into safety of the woods.

Thank you, sunglow creeping over
the mountain before full bright.

Thank you, trees who keep standing
in their bark that keeps on holding.

Thank you, honeysuckle in the wild,
where you do no harm to crops
of beans or blueberries.

Thank you, cobwebs in the weeds,
and pretty daisies, red clover,

and buttercups, lovelies strong
enough to survive a brush
with the mower.

Thank you, peaceful sky, as pensive
dark turns to wide-open blue.

Thank you for the way you touch
my tender heart before I brace
to face the world.