

## Your Careful Listening

I have so much to thank you for—  
the sky falling out in colours  
just this way.

The blue is in the exchange,  
knowing I need you  
to complete the seeing.

Who would I be without you  
to read the thin line of clouds  
that gather sometimes

on certain afternoons  
as if in anticipation  
of a prairie sunset. And

who would know god went by  
if it weren't for your careful listening?

And the quiet rain that falls afterwards on  
small green coastal towns making grey  
so worthy of praise?

The page must be turned in faith  
with the understanding that words  
will grace the other side.

The wind providing  
the illusion of a hawk  
in flight means we are  
being written.

The ferry makes the islands  
possible, and the ocean  
is everything

else left over  
in the language of our  
lives.