

A poem for the first ordinary Tuesdays of retirement

What if fulfillment does not arrive after life's work, but becomes visible in the coffee, weather, garden, and conversations already here?

Subject: A poem for the first ordinary Tuesdays of retirement

You may find something unexpectedly useful in Wallace Stevens's "Sunday Morning." It begins with coffee, oranges, and sunlight-but lets the old pressure of spiritual obligation enter the room. Its central question is whether living abundance should be surrendered to a remote promise, or cherished as something like heaven.

The poem never offers a tidy answer. It argues that divinity may live within changing passions, weather, loneliness, flowering forests, and remembered seasons. More provocatively, it suggests that death is "the mother of beauty": impermanence may be what makes an ordinary morning matter rather than making it meaningless.

Would you be open to reading it one quiet morning-not as another project, but as company for the unsettled space between achievement and fulfillment?