

A Tuesday Without a Prize

Death makes beauty possible: the mortal earth can be a paradise without pretending it will last.

At last, the Tuesday asks no prize but care,
The old rewards grow dim beneath the sky;
Yet coffee, fruit, and gardens wait there,
And teach the heart to live without a why.

Let rain and flowering seasons rise again,
Let snow make room for feelings we can know;
For grief and joy return, not fixed, but then,
And changing weather tutors hearts to grow.

Before they fly, the waking birds take flight,
Where misty fields dissolve beyond recall;
Death mothers beauty, making brief things bright,
And fallen fruit still sweetens life for all.

No heaven need be distant from the heart;
The earth, though perishing, can be its part.